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EDGAR ALLAN POE

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POEMS OF EDGAR
ALLAN POE & WITH
INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES



NEW YORK
THOMAS Y CROWELL
AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

THE
2/ COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE /

EDITED BY
JAMES A. HARRISON
PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

1/ POE, E /

WITH TEXTUAL NOTES BY R. A. STEWART, Ph. D.

INTRODUCTION BY
CHARLES W. KENT, Ph. D.

NBHD
1902
POE, L

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PREFACE.

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In the textual study of the Poems Professor Harrison and Dr. Stewart have worked up the sources on entirely independent lines, going back where it was possible either to the original or to the best-approved form of a given poem. Identity of results with those of other editors will, of course, be here and there apparent, but the careful student will not fail to notice important deviations. It is confidently believed that never before has the Poe student been put in so complete or so detailed possession of all the available means of studying the poet from every possible point of view as is placed before him in the present edition.

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THE sensitive man — and what poet was ever free from sensitiveness — shrinks from the minute examination of his life and protests that he will be judged by his work, not by himself. But no poetry of subjective character can be rightly estimated without consideration of the poet's life. This is true even when the relation between the life and its expression is neither intimate nor obvious. Indeed in poetry of allegorical interpretation or of indistinct meaning, where the element borrowed from experience or personal observation seems insignificant, it may be all the more important to find in the poet's surroundings the background against which his writings become clearer, or in his own life, presumably his inner life of thought and emotion, the key to the puzzling hints and suggestions. It is not meant for an instant that knowledge of the poet's life will explain all the mysteries of his poetry, but that not knowing his life prevents its full explanation. With all our investigation of the poet's life our ascertained information will be incomplete and we may yet miss the true interpretation of his work, but if we do not know his life at all we shall certainly fail to approach the proper understanding of his real purpose. This has its direct application to Poe. While his poetry may be "out of space out of time," it must of necessity have some points of contact with the transitory and

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The story of his life has been told in the first volume of this edition, and there is no reason to fear that those who are fascinated by his letters will neglect his romantic biography with its added charms of unsolved problems and unexplained mysteries. In the tangled web of events that give the skeleton of his life, neglecting all else, we seek now his preparation for the poet's office and his pursuit of his passion for poetry. It is true that there is nothing in American letters prior to him from which the orbit of his literary career can be forecast and nothing in his environment that will fully account for it, but in his own antecedents and in the development of his own life the peculiar character of his poetry may be found. For example, it was inherent in his life that he should be a romanticist, and, in spite of his admiration for Byron, that he should belong to the art school dominated by Tennyson rather than to the poets of energy of whom Byron was chief."

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Fast upon these home experiences came the travel and schooling abroad. The impressionable boy is next found in Kilmarnock, whither the Allans went to see Mr. Allan's sister. Some years before, this Scotch city was made famous by a single small volume, which kept Burns from going to America and made him instead the hero of Scotland. America had now sent to this poet's home a boy whose poems in time should

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be almost as well known in the whole realm of Great Britain as were the more inspired songs of the Scottish bard. From this town, where his trim figure was well known in the streets, he probably went with the Allans on their extended tour on the Continent. It was on this trip that he made that poetic acquaintance with Continental localities which he turns to such good account in his tales. Could he have found in Scotland some tarn that gave him his picture of the solitary lake surrounded by a wall of black rock, or did he find this in Switzerland or elsewhere? There are no close poetic associations with these localities, but these wanderings were adding to the romantic training of this dreamy poet. Neither travel nor study abroad now confer any particular distinction, for the Old World and America are so close together; but in the days of Washington Irving the "grand tour" made a man notable, and in the boyhood days of Poe to be educated at an English school was far rarer for a Virginia boy than to attend an English or Scotch University. To be trained at home for a foreign university was not an unusual course, but to be trained abroad for an American University was then a curious reversal of ordinary experience. And thus these profitable school days at Stoke Newington were adding to the singular and extraordinary experience that was fitting him less and less for the routine and prosaic duties of humdrum living.

Thus far all of his experiences had been unusual and so romantic as to develop his sense of art without materially increasing his common sense. His return to practical America did not supply the corrective, for, by no fault of his own or of his foster parents, his position was false. His supremacy in intellectual training and his

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easy physical prowess made him the most illustrious school boy in Richmond, but he was not allowed to derive pleasure from this high eminence. His play-mates, too well trained in genealogy and taught an extravagant pride of ancestry, did not let him forget that his mother was an actress and that the privileges he enjoyed and they envied were owed to the beneficence of a Scotch merchant. These reminders of his inheritance and environment forced him into an unnatural moodiness and deprived him in large part of that frank and friendly companionship based upon a sense of total equality.

No doubt where much was said far more was understood. The sensitive boy felt himself tolerated rather than desired, suffered rather than sought. It is very probable that he exaggerated both their ill will and his own loneliness, but in this matter of sensitiveness fancy is as serious as fact. In such a mood the unselfish and frank kindness of a cordial friend deeply impressed him. All of his powers of appreciation — and they were not slight — were concentrated on this mother of one of his school friends. The sudden and sad death of this lady, whose courtesy he had magnified into affection, whose person his idolatrous adoration had transmuted into queenliness, hurled him from perilous heights into the abysmal depths of an artificial but intense despondency. He had known "the loveliness of loving well" and had read in her death the "symbol and token" of all misery. With her burial was introduced into his life and later into his poetry the element of grave-yard brooding. Reflections upon death, not with forebodings of its terrors, but with reminiscences of its deprivation, filled his mind and permanently changed his temperament. There is

no one event in his life to which so much of his poetry may be referred as the death of a beautiful young woman, and the two foci of the elliptical orbit of his poetic career are first the death of Jane Stith Stanard and, later, that of Virginia Poe.

From Richmond with its memories and its occasions of poetic expression Poe went to the University of Virginia, carrying with him his love of solitude and his moody seriousness, but coveting the solace of companionship. Escape from himself might be found in serious studies or rollicking fellowship; escape from these, when ill-suited to his mood, in long, solitary rambles in The Ragged Mountains. The new institution with its illustrious father and only less illustrious godfathers, with its novelties of feature and plan, its reminders of the Old World in architectural structure and in imported professors, must have appealed strongly to the tastes and temper of this remarkable student.

The crass contrast which was inevitable between his romantic training and the matter of fact obligations of this every-day world came when Poe was placed in Mr. Allan's counting room. The experiment and its result might both have been predicted. If Poe had not had the gift of poetry, perhaps he might have been a successful business man. Had he been less a genius, he might at least have compromised with his ideal and become part maker of verse, part maker of money. But for him there was no compromise nor could he face about at command. His training and his taste alike were averse to this occupation, and he took refuge in flight. From his Richmond imprisonment he turned naturally to the freedom symbolized by his birth. At Boston, which his mother had loved, he entered upon the career of a soldier. But before this he

had published his first volume of poetry. It was a small booklet of forty pages, entitled "Tamerlane and other Poems. By a Bostonian. Boston: Calvin F. S. Thomas, Printer, 1827."

This volume contained ten poems, *Tamerlane*, *To—*, *Dreams*, *Visit of the Dead*, *Evening Star*, *Imitation*, "*In Youth have I Known one*," &c.; "*A wilder'd being from my birth*," *The Happiest Day*, and *The Lake*. These poems, which Poe says were written in 1821-1822, were obviously rewritten or revised at a later day. It is true that Poe began to write while a school boy in Richmond and equally true that he was a versifier while at the University of Virginia in 1826. The poems show maturity of powers almost inconsistent with the earlier date and surprising even for a collegian of seventeen. Obviously the latest date possible for the composition of these poems is the most probable. The poems went to press in the spring of 1827. Poe left the University of Virginia after Dec. 20th, 1826. It is not likely that these poems were written during the short period he was chained to a desk in Richmond and even less probable that they were prepared during his wanderings from Richmond to Baltimore or Boston. If then they were not made ready for the press during these unsettled months it is very probable that he was busy with them while at the University in 1826. This view is substantiated in part by the fact that these poems show in many ways the influence of Byron, and Byron was one of Poe's college enthusiasms. But these poems have no particular reference to his *Alma Mater*. On the contrary the author, who always writes in the first person, assumes the rôle of a *blasé* man of the world and deplores the passing of his happiness and his consequent woe. The brightness of his past life

was a joyous dream, the misery of his present living due to the rude awakening. No explanation of his happiness or loss is clearly vouchsafed, but it is obvious that it associates itself with a grave around which even the *Spirits of the Dead* hover. "Pride and power" mingle in all his youthful dreams, but *Tamerlane* tells with deep regret how ambition for these killed love. In *The Lake* there is the only hint to be found in Poe's poems of voluntary death as a coveted and legitimate exit from these earthly worries. In spite of the pathetic sadness of these unnatural meditations of a premature youth, "the luxury of grief," the interest he has in "wearing his own deep feeling as a crown," lessens our sympathy for his suffering. It all seems "but a dream within a dream." Yet Poe incidentally gives us the key to his own failure, for he "trusted to the fire within for light" and missed the clearer and steadier light of the world's best experience.

Enlisted as a private in the United States army, he enjoyed at least the diversions of removal from fort to fort. His duties may have been irksome but they were so faithfully performed as to merit the commendation of his commanding officer. He must have seen his superiority in mental ability and culture to his comrades in arms and it was no doubt this more than military ambition that led him to desire to be ranked among the officers. To this end he wished to enter West Point and therefore withdrew from the army in January, 1829. While waiting impatiently for the slow and, in his case, halting processes of appointment, he issued through Hatch & Dunning, Baltimore, a volume of seventy-one pages, entitled "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems, by Edgar A. Poe."

The chief addition in this volume is "Al Aaraaf."

This poem is peculiarly puzzling. Its musical phrases, particularly its euphonious collocations of almost meaningless words, its ready and reasonless improvisations, mark its author as surpassingly skilful. But what does it mean, what is its purpose? Are those right who think it a mere exercise in metrical manipulation, with no higher purpose than beauty of sound? Was Poe deliberately perpetrating a huge hoax, challenging the wits to vain attempts at solving that which has no solution? Or, are we to take the poem more seriously? Fruit,¹ in his very valuable study of Poe's poetry thinks Poe here intends to teach, if he ever intended to teach anything, that Beauty is to be ranked above Love. Poe was hardly inferior to Keats in his love of the beautiful and this may be construed as "his championship of objective Beauty." For this volume he entirely revised "Tamerlane," in which he is the champion of Love as against Power.

Besides the revisions of earlier poems there are a few new ones, but these add little either in variety of theme or treatment.

West Point with its wearying routine, its unending round of compulsory details grew far more tiresome than the daily demands upon a private or non-commissioned officer in the regular army. His neglect of the technical regulations and his inattention to strict requirements led in a short while to his dismissal. There was nothing in this brief experience in a Military Academy to cultivate the art of poetry, but, nevertheless, the volume of 1831 furnished several things new and effective. These novelties were not the lines of sarcasm and scorn directed in rude jest against his instructors and betraying rather his rebellious mood than

¹ "The Mind and Art of Poe."—John Phelps Fruit.

for the anapæstic movement increased and finally he used with skill the trochaic form. That much of Poe's poetry seems to have a new swing, a movement with which we are not familiar, is due not to the choice of new measure, but his new use of old ones. His theory of poetry so suggestively expounded in "The Rationale of Verse" makes ample room for the variation of the line by the use of substituted feet. That is, in an iambic line what he terms a bastard anapæst, an anapæst of no greater length than an iambus, may be admitted, and as time equalities of the feet must on the whole be preserved and not any fixed regularity of accents, a single syllable may be prolonged until equal to a foot of two syllables, or four syllables be pronounced so rapidly as to be no longer than two. In general, variety of effect is easily possible when there is allowed full liberty in the use of substituted feet, resolution of feet into many syllables, prolonged syllables, or compensating pauses. More striking, however, than these purely metrical effects are the stylistic effects of parallelism and repetition. These differ in this respect, that parallelism is the repetition of constructions, while the technical term, repetition, is used to designate repeated words, phrases, clauses, and even sentences. These cannot be considered as original with Poe, but it is questionable whether before him they had ever been used so deftly or varied with such surety of purpose and certainty of success.

In much of Poe's poetry there is little progress of action, but rather an eddying of thought around a fixed idea. This central point, so to speak, is designated by some aptly chosen word, and by its frequent repetition the mind is kept closely tethered. This haunting, lingering effect is enhanced when the repe-

Ballad." It is natural to wish to identify this in some fashion with his marriage in the previous year, but no connection can be found. "The Haunted Palace" (1839) was embodied in "The Fall of the House of Usher" and is aided in interpretation by its setting. The echoing phrase *no more* occurs as the corporate "Silence" in the unclear poem of 1840. "To One Departed" in 1842 is another form of "To Mary," published in 1835, while "To One in Paradise," printed separately in 1843, had occurred in The Visionary, and the "Conqueror Worm" of the same year was taken from the tale Ligeia. "Dreamland" of 1844 seems a fantastic foreshadowing of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Prior to the collection of these and other poems in a single volume several poems were printed in 1845. "Eulalie," "To F," "To Mary," "F—s S. O." written originally for Eliza White, and "The Raven" published in the Evening Mirror in January, 1845. At the very end of this year (1845) "The Raven and Other Poems" was published in New York. Besides the poems already mentioned this volume contained "The Pæan" entirely changed and now called "Lenore."

It may be noticed that a number of these poems relate to the death of a fair woman. It is more or less customary to make these refer to the death of Helen (Jane Stith Stanard). That Poe's memory may have tenaciously held this experience is not at all impossible, but it seems more likely that this experience had been vividly recalled, or that some reminder of such a disaster had revived his wonted mood. Poe was devotedly attached to his wife and watched her with the constant anxiety of a single-minded love. His whole happiness

was in his home, and in 1841 Virginia's alarming illness had made her bed the centre of that simple home. With his natural fear of evils to come he evidently brooded over the imminent death of this adored girl, though he allowed no one else to mention even its possibility. He went not once but several times through the agony of her death and saw so vividly his impending woe that for his poetic soul the death that was to be had been. All of these later poems that present the death of a beautiful young woman, although written and published before Virginia's death, have to do with her and with Poe's sense of loss. It is this fact that leads him to mystify the origin of "The Raven" and to leave the meaning of other poems in doubt. There are no poems after this until 1847.

"You are my *greatest* and *only* stimulus now, to battle with this uncongenial, unsatisfactory, and ungrateful life," he wrote to Virginia, in June, 1846, and death removed her on January 30, 1847. For several years he had followed her to the very verge of death and then back to life again. His passionate devotion wavered between deepest despair and buoyant elation. The strain was fearful and there was no heartlessness in the relief and peace that came with her death. But this was not the relief of sanity, nor the peace of an assured hope. The strain would have been great for a mind undiseased, a body well nourished and strong, a soul with set purpose; but for a weak-willed man lacking sufficient food and with uncontrolled mind it was too great, and there is much in the few remaining years that hints of derangement. His first poem of 1847 was "To M. L. S.," an unpoetic and extravagant act of misplaced worship.

"Ulalume" of the same year is a fantastic description with vague allusions "to an October death." It is a triumph of metrical skill, but lacking in sanity of conception. The poems of 1848 are tributes to three of his numerous attachments. "To ——" is another gushing tribute to Mrs. Shew; "To Helen" is an overstrained eulogy of Mrs. Whitman; and "An Enigma" contains in its irregular sonnet form the name of Sarah Anna Lewis.¹

The calm before the stormy close, the brightness before the deepening dark, the flare before the flame extinguished may be found in his brief visit to Richmond, with his renewed interest in life, his new purpose and his altered plans. They may be found, too, in the poems of this year. Following "For Annie," written for some unknown lady of Lowell, and "A Valentine" to Mrs. Osgood, came the sonnet "To My Mother," worth in sincerity and sanity all the sentimental tributes combined. Just two days after his death appeared "Annabel Lee," a poem which it is well-nigh sacrilege to connect with any one but his lost Virginia. "The Bells" his last onomatopœic poem shows his powers in metrical effects at their very highest, and the "Eldorado" is a fitting close for a life of disappointed endeavor. He had pursued ideals and they had eluded him, but in their pursuit he had left a mazy path at times dark and gloomy, at times of dazzling brilliancy.

On Oct. 7, 1849, he was gathered to his fathers in Baltimore, the ancestral city of the Poes, and he was buried without pomp or ceremony. This sketchy account of his life, in so far as it is expressed in his poetry, has been written that the poems may not be read without true pity for the pathos of it all. Poetry

¹ Anna Estelle Lewis, see Vols. I. & XIII.

is not good because the poet's life demands pity. True enough, pathos is no substitute for power. But no true appreciation of this poet can be had, and no true interpretation of his poems, save by seeing life from his point of view, entering into his mood, and learning his manner. Surely, if one would not do this, then for him the poems themselves, even the volume, should remain a sealed book.

II. THE POET ; THE POETRY.

There are certain conclusions reached by the careful students of Poe's poetry to which the arrangement of the poems in this volume most surely leads. In the case of Bryant, for example, it might well be questioned whether the poems written near the end of his long life show any marked increase in poetical power over those written in his youth. Certainly there are not wanting those who would defend his "Thanatopsis" against the superior claims of any other of his poems. In the case of Poe, however, even though his life was so brief, there is a marked difference between his later and his earlier poems. This difference does not indicate any change of powers, but only a greater power, a fuller command of his own resources, a greater skill in his own peculiar manner. No one could select any one of the youthful poems and maintain its superiority to his later poems. The comparison is the more readily made because so many of these poems show the various stages through which they passed. Poe rarely published a poem once and then left it to its fate without modification or revision ; on the contrary, in each new volume he generally reprinted in revised form his previous poems. These revisions make it

clear that our poet was no chance artist hitting off by some inexplicable intuition a good effect, which he was unable to reproduce or intensify. His revisions and emendations show him a painstaking and practised artist, never satisfied with his first work, and never losing an opportunity to improve upon it. Perhaps this revision may at times be explained in a fashion more simple, if less complimentary.

There is indisputably a poverty of poetic themes evident in this volume. In contrast with the great poets whose hearts throb in verse and who seek no other expression for their thoughts, this poet leaves us under the impression that poetry was for him the vehicle for certain restricted thoughts and emotions. Looking back upon life, his vision reaches no further than his own narrow experience, and the reflections and meditations to which these experiences give direct birth. Of the wide range of history with its lessons and its lore, of the rich deliveries of poetic traditions he has received little or nothing. His past is at all times in his short life brief and meagre. Moreover, poetry is not his only means of portraying this limited past, and only the dominant moods are portrayed at all. Frequently with other poets the greatest sweep of vision has been toward the horizon of the future, but Poe's horizon in this direction is very near. With the future of his unearthly life, with its aspirations and hopes, its purposes in some lives so powerful, its plans in other lives so clear, this poetry has little to do. It is true that many of these poems portraying a happiness lost raise the question, often hopelessly answered, of a possible return of this transient joy, but there is no large or liberal conception of an opening and expanding future with immortal possibilities. Immor-

tality, of course, is presented, for this is a religious conception that the poetic sense always demands, but this large theme is handled with a vagueness beyond even that required by his theory of poetry.

Note then again that Poe's themes are limited because he allows himself no wide excursions into an unknown future, no remote journeys into a profitable past. More than this, he is not a poet to whom the present makes strong appeal, who is content to live for his day and to die when the song of his own people and his own time had been fitly sung. He makes no effort to become a country's laureate, or the mouth-piece of a nation. What songs he sings, what poems he writes are the personal expression of his own single and sometimes singular experience. Thus his themes in poetry are few, his treatment of them without great variety.

In poetry of this reflective personal caste we expect a more or less religious coloring. Frequently, indeed, it is possible to discover a poet's creed, or at least the great underlying truths upon which he builds his whole philosophy of life. Poe's belief in immortality has been mentioned; it is noticeable that the name of the Deity is everywhere present in his poetry, now in thoughtless ejaculation, now in reverent appeal, now in matchless attributes. From this it may safely be concluded that the poet, perhaps with no clear conception of His powers or person, believed in a creating and controlling God. His bare allusions to the Christ, and his deliberate erasure of the name Jesus from one of his poems in a later revision, as well as his entire omission of the Holy Spirit, would seem to indicate that he was not a Trinitarian. But speculation as to his religious views is hardly more profitable than the attempts to explain the entire absence of

patriotic sentiments and the weakness of his local attachments. His poetry has to do with persons, mainly with a single person, himself as in some wise related to others, and is the expression in musical form of his own mood.

III. THE ART FORM.

Waiving any analysis of Poe's own theory of verse, we need only recall that his sole purpose in poetry was pleasure. He is a worshipper of the Beautiful, and this Beauty must be vague and indistinct. He does not wish to inculcate a moral, for he is no preacher; he is not anxious to leave a lesson, for he is no teacher. His music may not suggest definite sentiments or present distinct pictures. It is of the essence of Poe's poetry that its hints should be indefinite and its impressions vague. But one thing it was intended to do, and that one thing it does without fail, give pleasure to the attuned ear. Its music is mainly in its melody, which is entrancingly complex, never severely simple, but there is no lack of harmony between the matter and manner of his poetry, for these beautifully aid each other. The merit of his poetry, and this fulfils his conception of verse, is in its manifold coördinations, or, as he would probably put it, its various kinds of equality.

The only measures that Poe recognizes in poetry are the iambic, anapæstic, trochaic, and dactylic, and these are in the order in which he used them, save that he made no use of the dactylic measure except for burlesque. He began with the iambic, and in the poems of 1827 and 1829 rarely uses any other form except occasionally the anapæstic. Later his fondness

for the anapæstic movement increased and finally he used with skill the trochaic form. That much of Poe's poetry seems to have a new swing, a movement with which we are not familiar, is due not to the choice of new measure, but his new use of old ones. His theory of poetry so suggestively expounded in "The Rationale of Verse" makes ample room for the variation of the line by the use of substituted feet. That is, in an iambic line what he terms a bastard anapæst, an anapæst of no greater length than an iambus, may be admitted, and as time equalities of the feet must on the whole be preserved and not any fixed regularity of accents, a single syllable may be prolonged until equal to a foot of two syllables, or four syllables be pronounced so rapidly as to be no longer than two. In general, variety of effect is easily possible when there is allowed full liberty in the use of substituted feet, resolution of feet into many syllables, prolonged syllables, or compensating pauses. More striking, however, than these purely metrical effects are the stylistic effects of parallelism and repetition. These differ in this respect, that parallelism is the repetition of constructions, while the technical term, repetition, is used to designate repeated words, phrases, clauses, and even sentences. These cannot be considered as original with Poe, but it is questionable whether before him they had ever been used so deftly or varied with such surety of purpose and certainty of success.

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tend is not a single word but a poetic phrase or a dynamic clause. These repeated forms are frequently given an added force by standing in rime either within the line or at the end. This identical rime is rendered artistic by the skill with which the emphasis is transferred from one word to another in this repeated group.

But the most interesting repetition is that of letters, specifically of consonant sounds, furnishing examples of alliteration. This is a common and well known device easily overused and frequently degenerating into a bald artifice. It is to the credit of Poe that alliteration though surprisingly frequent is rarely unpleasant or even noticeable in its obtrusion. A mere artistic variation of repeated consonant sounds is their use in the body of words rather than at the beginning. By the preservation of a significant consonant sound throughout consecutive lines the parts of the poem are held together and a pleasing continuity of sound is maintained. Frequently in poetry this verges on monotony, but in preventing this lies Poe's skill.

In giving, however, a fixed and determined tone to poems the art-poets pay more attention to vowels than to consonants. The difference, for instance, in tone quality between the low vowels such as *o* and *a* (ah) and the high vowels such as *e* and *i* is clearly recognized. It comes within the power of the skilful poet to vary this tone-color of his poem by changing from one class of vowels to another. The deeper vowels are the more musical and, hence, are more used in such poetry as is here considered.

Such arbitrary limitations of sound and especially

such free use of repetition have led some to suppose that Poe's vocabulary is meagre. Upon close examination this does not prove to be the case. No one has ever charged that his vocabulary in his Tales was inadequate, and his metrical licenses and his unusual verbal fluency leave no reason to think him hampered in verse. A minute scrutiny of his vocabulary shows that in seventeen youthful poems he used about 1,400 words, not taking into account the ordinary particles. These poems compared with the later ones established the fact that many of his youthful words were not used again, while a very large number of words were used in the later poems that are not found in the earlier. The richness of his vocabulary is materially increased by his very free use of figures of speech, which add to the beauty of language rather than to the concreteness or clearness of the thought. In many cases these figures are purely fanciful, but in some they do credit to his powers of observation.

In his earlier poems reds, greens, and yellows with various shades of each were the prevailing colors. Of these red seems to have been his favorite. In his later poems there is a preference for sombre hues. In nearly every poem it is possible to make out the entire color scheme: and the scheme suggests that his eye was almost as well trained as his ear. The sounds to which he was most sensitive seem to have been verse sounds. Poetry gave him more pleasure than music, though poetry set to music as interpreted by his girl wife most nearly met his ideal. In poetry he showed a fondness for such words as in their sounds recalled sounds in nature or suggested the thoughts expressed. His sensitiveness to odors, judging by his use of these sense epithets, was keener than to tastes, but far more

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than either of these he makes use of allusions to touch and to sensations of heat and cold.

It is noteworthy that the poet makes little use of flowers. Occasionally he gives to some flower a name created for its sound or mentions the poetic name of some well known flower, but in general his reference to flowers and trees is conventional, exhibiting no particular observation and certainly no minute and peculiar knowledge. In his earlier poems there are three kinds of scenery for which he shows especial fondness: the summit of the mountain, the depth of the woods, and the rock-bound lake. It is not fanciful to suppose that The Ragged Mountains may have revealed to him the first two, but no prototype of his lake is distinctly known. He rarely lingers in the description of scenery. A stroke, an impression, a hurried outline give the faint hint from which only a reader with poetic imagination can complete the picture. That these pictures are frequently confused and puzzling is only saying that Poe was never at pains to render his fancies vivid to the general reader.

IV. AN ANALOGY.

Several years ago in striving to fix in the American chorus the place of this "sad singer," the writer called attention to the obvious analogy between Poe and Chopin. This analogy suggests itself because of the fact that they were both born in 1809 and both died in 1849. But this coincidence is not as striking as the correspondence in their artistic aspirations, efforts, and achievements. The analogy, of course, is not perfect, but on the other hand it is not entirely fanciful and it is certainly suggestive. Chopin was an exile from home

with all the sadness that this denotes. No matter that his adopted home was gay and distracting Paris, his longing was for the home of his youth and his ancestors, and his life bore in it the sadness of this enforced absence. Perhaps his memories clustered about this home with its transient happiness, certainly his fancies gathered around an idyllic conception of a lost estate. His music has in it this haunting sense of a something lost. The melody with its plaintiveness, the variations with their lingering and recurring themes, suggest far more than they express. Here more is meant than meets the ear, and listeners of varying talents and aptitudes will perceive in these melodies different meanings. In these respects Poe's poems resemble Chopin's music. If there is complaint that thought is lacking, it is well to ask what kind of thought we are expecting. Poe is no man of mere talent putting his close and logical thinking in carefully elaborated verse. He is no prophet in a wilderness — no leader of a school with an avowed doctrine of life. He is no preacher proclaiming a new code or emphasizing the lessons of the old. He is not even the spokesman of a people uttering coherently but incompletely the incoherent longings and moods of his fellows. At most he suggests thought, and is a theorist in form. He is a musician of the Chopin order with gifts divine and entrancing graces.

Like Chopin Poe also was an exile, not in citizenship but in spirit. He belongs to the realm where Beauty reigns but is forced to exist in a world of crass ugliness, of clashing contrasts, of disastrous discords. Amid these surroundings he yearns for the service of his queen, and his poetic fancies are but the faint and inadequate murmurs of her lost home. The sadness of

it all is in the necessity that constrains him to love one life and live another. The lingering pathos, the inherent sadness, the perpetual incompleteness, the failure in finality of his poetry as of Chopin's music is thus explained.

Moreover, neither Chopin nor Poe ever fully expressed themselves in their music or in the thought it conveyed. It is necessarily true that all expression merely approximates completeness. Perfect artistic reproduction of an artistic conception is impossible. All representations fall short of that which is presented. But this is particularly true of these two artists. Both were artists by nature and by training. Each was dealing with an instrument imperfect in itself and rendered the more deficient because those who would use these instruments were humanly inartistic and frail. Let us make this plain. Chopin wrote music for the piano. The instrument is limited in its capabilities and is far from perfect. In variety of tone, in richness and melodiousness of volume, in flexibility and in lingering sweetness it leaves much to be desired. The violin can utter its unsatisfied yearning; through the flute the artist's soul may breathe: the mighty roll is of organ tones, and there are reed instruments that may emulate the human voice. But these and other effects it is impossible for the piano to simulate. Again the defects of the instruments will be aggravated by the deficiencies of the performer. The composer then in writing down his musical conceptions must have regard to the imperfections of the instrument and the inefficiency of the interpreter. Beethoven not infrequently wrote for song what no man or woman could sing. What more natural than that Chopin should have conceived in music what no pianist could render?

His music had to be adjusted to existing conditions. This I believe to be true : that Chopin the musician was far greater than his music, and independent of instrument and performer conceived that which he himself could not write. There are bird songs that can be reduced to no musical score ; there was in Chopin's soul music that could not be incarnated.

This thought, if followed out, may explain something of Poe's true worth. His conceptions were at times far beyond his own powers of expression and often unsuited for the ordinary vehicle of verse imperfect in itself and depending for its best interpretation upon a sympathetic reading. No doubt many of his conceptions were simplified to suit available language and conventional reading. Yet, much that was written is not understood, since with ears we do not hear, and with eyes we do not see, for both music and vision are for those of poetic temperament and artistic gift. If Poe is not always understood, it may at times be because we expect him to say in explicit terms what he is satisfied to suggest but faintly ; if we do not catch the meaning of his language, it may be that we are closely watching the denotation of each separate word unmindful that with Poe the sense as often depends upon the sequence of sounds and the movement itself. If the pictures are not clear, grant that the painter may be striving for impressiveness of whole effects rather than vividness of contributing details.

It is admitted that this is apologetic and that the necessity for apology is a confession of certain limitations and defects. If a poet's matter and manner require explanation and defence the poet cannot belong to that small number of the world's greatest poets whose every word is fatal and inevitable, whose thoughts are only

then obscure when they are transcendently profound, whose purpose is as obvious as their charms, though both may pass our understanding, and whose mastery of method and manner is sane and sure.

Poe's genius is acknowledged and therefore neither its essence nor its phenomena can be fully explained; but this may be said — his is the genius not of mental power but of melody. He remains a Chopin, not even a Mendelssohn, much less a Beethoven, still less a Wagner.

CHARLES W. KENT.

LETTER TO B——.¹

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, July, 1836.]

It has been said that a good critique on a poem may be written by one who is no poet himself. This, according to *your* idea and *mine* of poetry, I feel to be false — the less poetical the critic, the less just the critique, and the converse. On this account, and because there are but few B——'s in the world, I would be as much ashamed of the world's good opinion as proud of your own. Another than yourself might here observe, Shakespeare is in possession of the world's good opinion, and yet Shakespeare is the greatest of poets. It appears then that the world judge correctly, why should you be ashamed of their favorable judgment? The difficulty lies in the interpretation of the word "judgment" or "opinion." The opinion is the world's, truly, but it may be called theirs as a man would call a book his, having bought it; he did not write the book, but it is his; they did not originate the opinion, but it is theirs. A fool, for example, thinks Shakespeare a great poet — yet the fool has never read Shakespeare. But the fool's

¹ Printed, with the following note, in the second volume of the *Southern Literary Messenger*: "These detached passages form part of the preface to a small volume printed some years ago for private circulation. They have vigor and much originality — but of course we shall not be called upon to endorse all the writer's opinions." [*Poe's note.*]

This letter is really an introduction, inasmuch as "B——" is a fictitious personage. Originally it was prefixed to the *Poems* of 1831, but later Poe revised and corrected it slightly, and printed it in the *Messenger*, which text is here followed. — Ed.

neighbor, who is a step higher on the Andes of the mind, whose head (that is to say, his more exalted thought) is too far above the fool to be seen or understood, but whose feet (by which I mean his every-day actions) are sufficiently near to be discerned, and by means of which that superiority is ascertained, which *but* for them would never have been discovered — this neighbor asserts that Shakespeare is a great poet — the fool believes him, and it is henceforward his *opinion*. This neighbor's opinion has, in like manner, been adopted from one above *him*, and so, ascendingly, to a few gifted individuals who kneel around the summit, beholding, face to face, the master spirit who stands upon the pinnacle. . . .

You are aware of the great barrier in the path of an American writer. He is read, if at all, in preference to the combined and established wit of the world. I say established ; for it is with literature as with law or empire — an established name is an estate in tenure, or a throne in possession. Besides, one might suppose that books, like their authors, improve by travel — their having crossed the sea is, with us, so great a distinction. Our antiquaries abandon time for distance ; our very fops glance from the binding to the bottom of the title-page, where the mystic characters which spell London, Paris, or Genoa, are precisely so many letters of recommendation. . . .

I mentioned just now a vulgar error as regards criticism. I think the notion that no poet can form a correct estimate of his own writings is another. I remarked before, that in proportion to the poetical talent, would be the justice of a critique upon poetry. Therefore, a bad poet would, I grant, make a false critique, and his self-love would infallibly bias his little judgment

in his favor ; but a poet, who is indeed a poet, could not, I think, fail of making a just critique. Whatever should be deducted on the score of self-love, might be replaced on account of his intimate acquaintance with the subject ; in short, we have more instances of false criticism than of just, where one's own writings are the test, simply because we have more bad poets than good. There are of course many objections to what I say : Milton is a great example of the contrary ; but his opinion with respect to the *Paradise Regained*, is by no means fairly ascertained. By what trivial circumstances men are often led to assert what they do not really believe ! Perhaps an inadvertent word has descended to posterity. But, in fact, the *Paradise Regained* is little, if at all, inferior to the *Paradise Lost*, and is only supposed so to be, because men do not like epics, whatever they may say to the contrary, and reading those of Milton in their natural order, are too much wearied with the first to derive any pleasure from the second.

I dare say Milton preferred *Comus* to either — if so — justly. . . .

As I am speaking of poetry, it will not be amiss to touch slightly upon the most singular heresy in its modern history — the heresy of what is called very foolishly, the Lake School. Some years ago I might have been induced, by an occasion like the present, to attempt a formal refutation of their doctrine ; at present it would be a work of supererogation. The wise must bow to the wisdom of such men as Coleridge and Southey, but being wise, have laughed at poetical theories so prosaically exemplified.

Aristotle, with singular assurance, has declared poetry the most philosophical of all writings¹ — but it re-

¹ *Spoudaiotaton kai philosophikotaton genos.*

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quired a Wordsworth to pronounce it the most metaphysical. He seems to think that the end of poetry is, or should be, instruction — yet it is a truism that the end of our existence is happiness ; if so, the end of every separate part of our existence — every thing connected with our existence should be still happiness. Therefore the end of instruction should be happiness ; and happiness is another name for pleasure ; — therefore the end of instruction should be pleasure : yet we see the above mentioned opinion implies precisely the reverse.

To proceed : *ceteris paribus*, he who pleases, is of more importance to his fellow men than he who instructs, since utility is happiness, and pleasure is the end already obtained which instruction is merely the means of obtaining.

I see no reason, then, why our metaphysical poets should plume themselves so much on the utility of their works, unless indeed they refer to instruction with eternity in view ; in which case, sincere respect for their piety would not allow me to express my contempt for their judgment ; contempt which it would be difficult to conceal, since their writings are professedly to be understood by the few, and it is the many who stand in need of salvation. In such case I should no doubt be tempted to think of the devil in Melmoth, who labors indefatigably through three octavo volumes, to accomplish the destruction of one or two souls, while any common devil would have demolished one or two thousand. . . .

Against the subtleties which would make poetry a study — not a passion — it becomes the metaphysician to reason — but the poet to protest. Yet Wordsworth and Coleridge are men in years ; the one imbued in contemplation from his childhood, the other a giant in

intellect and learning. The diffidence, then, with which I venture to dispute their authority, would be overwhelming, did I not feel, from the bottom of my heart, that learning has little to do with the imagination — intellect with the passions — or age with poetry. . . .

“Trifles, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below,”

are lines which have done much mischief. As regards the greater truths, men oftener err by seeking them at the bottom than at the top ; the depth lies in the huge abysses where wisdom is sought — not in the palpable places where she is found. The ancients were not always right in hiding the goddess in a well : witness the light which Bacon has thrown upon philosophy ; witness the principles of our divine faith — that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man.

We see an instance of Coleridge's liability to err, in his *Biographia Literaria* — professedly his literary life and opinions, but, in fact, a treatise *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis*. He goes wrong by reason of his very profundity, and of his error we have a natural type in the contemplation of a star. He who regards it directly and intensely sees, it is true, the star, but it is the star without a ray — while he who surveys it less inquisitively is conscious of all for which the star is useful to us below — its brilliancy and its beauty. . . .

As to Wordsworth, I have no faith in him. That he had, in youth, the feelings of a poet I believe — for there are glimpses of extreme delicacy in his writings — (and delicacy is the poet's own kingdom — his *El Dorado*) — but they have the appearance of a better

day recollected ; and glimpses, at best, are little evidence of present poetic fire — we know that a few straggling flowers spring up daily in the crevices of the glacier.

He was to blame in wearing away his youth in contemplation with the end of poetizing in his manhood. With the increase of his judgment the light which should make it apparent has faded away. His judgment consequently is too correct. This may not be understood, — but the old Goths of Germany would have understood it, who used to debate matters of importance to their State twice, once when drunk, and once when sober — sober that they might not be deficient in formality — drunk lest they should be destitute of vigor.

The long wordy discussions by which he tries to reason us into admiration of his poetry, speak very little in his favor : they are full of such assertions as this — (I have opened one of his volumes at random) “ Of genius the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before ” — indeed ! then it follows that in doing what is *un*worthy to be done, or what *has* been done before, no genius can be evinced ; yet the picking of pockets is an unworthy act, pockets have been picked time immemorial, and Barrington, the pick-pocket, in point of genius, would have thought hard of a comparison with William Wordsworth, the poet.

Again — in estimating the merit of certain poems, whether they be Ossian's or M'Pherson's, can surely be of little consequence, yet, in order to prove their worthlessness, Mr. W. has expended many pages in the controversy. *Tantæne animis ?* Can great minds descend to such absurdity ? But worse still : that he

may bear down every argument in favor of these poems, he triumphantly drags forward a passage, in his abomination of which he expects the reader to sympathize. It is the beginning of the epic poem "*Temora*." "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light; the green hills are covered with day; trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze." And this — this gorgeous, yet simple imagery, where all is alive and panting with immortality — this, William Wordsworth, the author of "Peter Bell," has *selected* for his contempt. We shall see what better he, in his own person, has to offer. Imprimis :

" And now she 's at the pony's head,
And now she 's at the pony's tail,
On that side now, and now on this,
And almost stifled her with bliss —
A few sad tears does Betty shed,
She pats the pony where or when
She knows not : happy Betty Foy !
O, Johnny ! never mind the Doctor ! "

Secondly :

" The dew was falling fast, the — stars began to blink,
I heard a voice ; it said — drink, pretty creature,
drink ;
And, looking o'er the hedge, be — fore me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a — maiden at its
side.
No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was — tether'd to a stone."

Now, we have no doubt this is all true ; we *will* believe it, indeed, we will, Mr. W. Is it sympathy for the sheep you wish to excite ? I love a sheep from the bottom of my heart. . . .

But there *are* occasions, dear B——, there are occasions when even Wordsworth is reasonable. Even Stamboul, it is said, shall have an end, and the most unlucky blunders must come to a conclusion. Here is an extract from his preface —

“Those who have been accustomed to the phraseology of modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to a conclusion (*impossible!*) will, no doubt, have to struggle with feelings of awkwardness; (ha! ha! ha!) they will look round for poetry (ha! ha! ha! ha!) and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts have been permitted to assume that title.” Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Yet let not Mr. W. despair; he has given immortality to a wagon, and the bee Sophocles has transmitted to eternity a sore toe, and dignified a tragedy with a chorus of turkeys. . . .

Of Coleridge I cannot speak but with reverence. His towering intellect! his gigantic power! He is one more evidence of the fact “*que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu’elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu’elles nient.*” He has imprisoned his own conceptions by the barrier he has erected against those of others. It is lamentable to think that such a mind should be buried in metaphysics, and, like the Nyctanthes, waste its perfume upon the night alone. In reading his poetry, I tremble, like one who stands upon a volcano, conscious, from the very darkness bursting from the crater, of the fire and the light that are weltering below.

What is Poetry? — Poetry! that Proteus-like idea, with as many appellations as the nine-titled Corcyra! Give me, I demanded of a scholar some time ago, give

me a definition of poetry. “Très-volontiers,” and he proceeded to his library, brought me a Dr. Johnson, and overwhelmed me with a definition. Shade of the immortal Shakespeare ! I imagine to myself the scowl of your spiritual eye upon the profanity of that scurrilous Ursa Major. Think of poetry, dear B——, think of poetry, and then think of— Dr. Samuel Johnson ! Think of all that is airy and fairy-like, and then of all that is hideous and unwieldy ; think of his huge bulk, the Elephant ! and then—and then think of the Tempest—the Midsummer Night’s Dream—Prospero—Oberon—and Titania ! . . .

A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth ; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained ; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with *indefinite* sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry ; music without the idea is simply music ; the idea without the music is prose from its very definitiveness.

What was meant by the invective against him who had no music in his soul ? . . .

To sum up this long rigmarole, I have, dear B——, what you no doubt perceive, for the metaphysical poets, *as* poets, the most sovereign contempt. That they have followers proves nothing—

The Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.

DEDICATION TO THE EDITION
OF 1845.

To the Noblest of her Sex —
To the Author of
“The Drama of Exile” —
To Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett
Of England —
I Dedicate This Volume
With the most Enthusiastic Admiration
And with the most Sincere Esteem.
E. A. P.

PREFACE TO THE POEMS.

(EDITION OF 1845.)

THESE trifles are collected and republished chiefly with a view to their redemption from the many improvements to which they have been subjected while going "the rounds of the press." ¹ I am naturally anxious that if what I have written is to circulate at all, it should circulate as I wrote it. In defence of my own taste, nevertheless, it is incumbent on me to say that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself. Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not — they cannot at will be excited with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind.

E. A. P.

¹ Poe first printed: "If what I have written is to circulate at all, I am naturally anxious that it should circulate as I wrote it," and then changed it, in the J. Lorimer Graham copy, to the form above. — Ed.

NOTE BY POE.

- PREFIXED TO "POEMS OF YOUTH" IN THE EDITION
OF 1845.

PRIVATE reasons — some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems — have induced me, after some hesitation, to re-publish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed verbatim — without alteration from the original edition — the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.

E. A. P.

POEMS.

TAMERLANE.

KIND solace in a dying hour !
Such, father, is not (now) my theme —
I will not madly deem that power
Of Earth may shrive me of the sin
Unearthly pride hath revell'd in —
I have no time to dote or dream :
You call it hope — that fire of fire !
It is but agony of desire :
If I *can* hope — Oh God ! I can —
Its fount is holier — more divine —
I would not call thee fool, old man,
But such is not a gift of thine.

Know thou the secret of a spirit
Bow'd from its wild pride into shame.
O yearning heart ! I did inherit
Thy withering portion with the fame,
The searing glory which hath shone
Amid the Jewels of my throne,
Halo of Hell ! and with a pain
Not Hell shall make me fear again —

O craving heart, for the lost flowers
And sunshine of my summer hours !
The undying voice of that dead time,
With its interminable chime,
Rings, in the spirit of a spell,
Upon thy emptiness — a knell.

I have not always been as now :
The fever'd diadem on my brow
I claim'd and won usurpingly ——
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given
Rome to the Cæsar — this to me ?
The heritage of a kingly mind,
And a proud spirit which hath striven
Triumphantly with human kind.

On mountain soil I first drew life :
The mists of the Taglay have shed
Nightly their dews upon my head,
And, I believe, the winged strife
And tumult of the headlong air
Have nestled in my very hair.

So late from Heaven — that dew — it fell
('Mid dreams of an unholy night)
Upon me with the touch of Hell,
While the red flashing of the light
From clouds that hung, like banners, o'er,
Appeared to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy,
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar
Came hurriedly upon me, telling
Of human battle, where my voice,

My own voice, silly child ! — was swelling
 (O ! how my spirit would rejoice,
And leap within me at the cry)
The battle-cry of Victory !

The rain came down upon my head
 Unshelter'd — and the heavy wind
 Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.
It was but man, I thought, who shed
 Laurels upon me : and the rush —
The torrent of the chilly air
Gurgled within my ear the crush
 Of empires — with the captive's prayer —
The hum of suitors — and the tone
Of flattery 'round a sovereign's throne.

My passions, from that hapless hour,
 Usurp'd a tyranny which men
Have deem'd, since I have reach'd to power,
 My innate nature — be it so :
 But, father, there liv'd one who, then,
Then — in my boyhood — when their fire
 Burn'd with a still intenser glow
(For passion must, with youth, expire)
 E'en *then* who knew this iron heart
 In woman's weakness had a part.

I have no words — alas ! — to tell
The loveliness of loving well !
Nor would I now attempt to trace
The more than beauty of a face
Whose lineaments, upon my mind,
Are — shadows on th' unstable wind :
Thus I remember having dwelt

Some page of early lore upon,
With loitering eye, till I have felt
The letters — with their meaning — melt
To fantasies — with none.

O, she was worthy of all love !
Love — as in infancy was mine —
'T was such as angel minds above
Might envy ; her young heart the shrine
On which my every hope and thought
Were incense — then a goodly gift,
For they were childish and upright —
Pure — as her young example taught :
Why did I leave it, and, adrift,
Trust to the fire within, for light ?

We grew in age — and love — together —
Roaming the forest, and the wild ;
My breast her shield in wintry weather —
And, when the friendly sunshine smil'd,
And she would mark the opening skies,
I saw no Heaven — but in her eyes.

Young Love's first lesson is — the heart :
For 'mid that sunshine, and those smiles,
When, from our little cares apart,
And laughing at her girlish wiles,
I 'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears —
There was no need to speak the rest —
No need to quiet any fears
Of her — who ask'd no reason why,
But turn'd on me her quiet eye !

Yet *more* than worthy of the love
My spirit struggled with, and strove,
When, on the mountain peak, alone,
Ambition lent it a new tone —
I had no being — but in thee :
 The world, and all it did contain
In the earth — the air — the sea —
 Its joy — its little lot of pain
That was new pleasure — the ideal,
 Dim, vanities of dreams by night —
And dimmer nothings which were real —
 (Shadows — and a more shadowy light !)
Parted upon their misty wings,
 And, so, confusedly, became
 Thine image and — a name — a name !
Two separate — yet most intimate things.

I was ambitious — have you known
 The passion, father ? You have not :
A cottager, I mark'd a throne
Of half the world as all my own,
 And murmur'd at such lowly lot —
But, just like any other dream,
 Upon the vapor of the dew
My own had past, did not the beam
 Of beauty which did while it thro'
The minute — the hour — the day — oppress
My mind with double loveliness.

We walk'd together on the crown
Of a high mountain which look'd down
Afar from its proud natural towers
 Of rock and forest, on the hills —

The dwindled hills ! begirt with bowers
And shouting with a thousand rills.

I spoke to her of power and pride,
But mystically — in such guise
That she might deem it nought beside
The moment's converse ; in her eyes
I read, perhaps too carelessly —
A mingled feeling with my own —
The flush on her bright cheek, to me
Seem'd to become a queenly throne
Too well that I should let it be
Light in the wilderness alone.

I wrapp'd myself in grandeur then
And donn'd a visionary crown —
Yet it was not that Fantasy
Had thrown her mantle over me —
But that, among the rabble — men,
Lion ambition is chain'd down —
And crouches to a keeper's hand —
Not so in deserts where the grand —
The wild — the terrible conspire
With their own breath to fan his fire.

Look 'round thee now on Samarcand ! —
Is she not queen of Earth ? her pride
Above all cities ? in her hand
Their destinies ? in all beside
Of glory which the world hath known
Stands she not nobly and alone ?
Falling — her veriest stepping-stone
Shall form the pedestal of a throne —

And who her sovereign ? Timour — he
Whom the astonished people saw
Striding o'er empires haughtily
A diadem'd outlaw !

O, human love ! thou spirit given,
On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven !
Which fall'st into the soul like rain
Upon the Siroc-wither'd plain,
And, failing in thy power to bless,
But leav'st the heart a wilderness !
Idea ! which bindest life around
With music of so strange a sound
And beauty of so wild a birth —
Farewell ! for I have won the Earth.

When Hope, the eagle that tower'd, could see
No cliff beyond him in the sky,
His pinions were bent droopingly —
And homeward turn'd his soften'd eye.
'T was sunset : when the sun will part
There comes a sullenness of heart
To him who still would look upon
The glory of the summer sun.
That soul will hate the ev'ning mist
So often lovely, and will list
To the sound of the coming darkness (known
To those whose spirits harken) as one
Who, in a dream of night, *would* fly
But *cannot* from a danger nigh.

What tho' the moon — the white moon
Shed all the splendor of her noon,
Her smile is chilly — and *her* beam,

In that time of dreariness, will seem
(So like you gather in your breath)
A portrait taken after death.

And boyhood is a summer sun
Whose waning is the dreariest one —
For all we live to know is known
And all we seek to keep hath flown —
Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall
With the noon-day beauty — which is all.

I reach'd my home — my home no more —
For all had flown who made it so.
I pass'd from out its mossy door,
And, tho' my tread was soft and low,
A voice came from the threshold stone
Of one whom I had earlier known —
O, I defy thee, Hell, to show
On beds of fire that burn below,
An humbler heart — a deeper wo.

Father, I firmly do believe —
I *know* — for Death who comes for me
From regions of the blest afar,
Where there is nothing to deceive,
Hath left his iron gate ajar,
And rays of truth you cannot see
Are flashing thro' Eternity —
I do believe that Eblis hath
A snare in every human path —
Else how, when in the holy grove
I wandered of the idol, Love,
Who daily scents his snowy wings
With incense of burnt offerings

From the most unpolluted things,
Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
Above with trellic'd rays from Heaven
No mote may shun — no tiniest fly —
The light'ning of his eagle eye —
How was it that Ambition crept,
Unseen, amid the revels there,
Till growing bold, he laughed and leapt
In the tangles of Love's very hair ?

3

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye
To the loved object, — so the tear to the lid
Will start, which lately slept in apathy ?
And yet it need not be — (that object) hid
From us in life — but common — which doth lie
Each hour before us — but *then* only, bid
With a strange sound, as of a harp-string broken,
To awake us — 'T is a symbol and a token

4

Of what in other worlds shall be — and given
In beauty by our God, to those alone
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven,
Tho' not with Faith — with godliness — whose
throne
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down ;
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

A DREAM.

IN visions of the dark night
I have dreamed of joy departed —
But a waking dream of life and light
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah ! what is not a dream by day
To him whose eyes are cast
On things around him with a ray
Turned back upon the past ?

That holy dream — that holy dream,
While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro' storm and night,
So trembled from afar —
What could there be more purely bright
In Truth's day-star ?

“THE HAPPIEST DAY, THE HAPPIEST
HOUR.”

THE happiest day — the happiest hour
My seared and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride and power,
I feel hath flown.

Of power ! said I ? yes ! such I ween ;
But they have vanish'd long, alas !
The visions of my youth have been —
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee ?
Another brow may even inherit
The venom thou hast pour'd on me —
Be still, my spirit !

The happiest day — the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see — have ever seen,
The brightest glance of pride and power,
I feel — have been :

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offer'd, with the pain
Even *then* I felt — that brightest hour
I would not live again :

For on its wing was dark alloy,
And as it flutter'd — fell
An essence — powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.

THE LAKE : TO —.

In spring of youth it was my lot
To haunt of the wide world a spot
The which I could not love the less —
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that towered around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the mystic wind went by
Murmuring in melody —
Then — ah then I would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.

Yet the terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight —
A feeling, not the jewelled mine
Could teach or bribe me to define —
Nor Love — although the Love were thine.

Death was in that poisonous wave,
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining —
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.

SONNET — TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE ! true daughter of Old Time thou art !
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities ?
How should he love thee ? or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing ?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car ?
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star ?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree ?

AL AARAAF.¹

PART I.

O ! NOTHING earthly save the ray
(Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,
As in those gardens where the day
Springs from the gems of Circassy —
O ! nothing earthly save the thrill
Of melody in woodland rill —
Or (music of the passion-hearted)
Joy's voice so peacefully departed
That like the murmur in the shell,
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell —
Oh, nothing of the dross of ours —
Yet all the beauty — all the flowers
That list our Love, and deck our bowers —
Adorn yon world afar, afar —
The wandering star.

'T was a sweet time for Nesace — for there
Her world lay lolling on the golden air,
Near four bright suns — a temporary rest —
An oasis in desert of the blest.
Away — away — 'mid seas of rays that roll
Empyrean splendor o'er th' unchained soul —

¹ A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which appeared suddenly in the heavens — attained, in a few days, a brilliancy surpassing that of Jupiter — then as suddenly disappeared, and has never been seen since.

The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)
 Can struggle to its destin'd eminence —
 To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode,
 And late to ours, the favour'd one of God —
 But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm,
 She throws aside the sceptre — leaves the helm,
 And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,
 Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth,
 Whence sprang the "Idea of Beauty" into birth,
 (Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,
 Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,
 It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt)
 She look'd into Infinity — and knelt.
 Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled —
 Fit emblems of the model of her world —
 Seen but in beauty — not impeding sight
 Of other beauty glittering thro' the light —
 A wreath that twined each starry form around,
 And all the opal'd air in color bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed
 Of flowers : of lilies such as rear'd the head
¹ On the fair Capo Deucato, and sprang
 So eagerly around about to hang
 Upon the flying footsteps of — deep pride —
² Of her who lov'd a mortal — and so died.
 The Sephalica, budding with young bees,
 Uprear'd its purple stem around her knees :

¹ On Santa Maura — olim Deucadia.

² Sappho.

¹ And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnam'd —
 Inmate of highest stars, where erst it sham'd
 All other loveliness : its honied dew
 (The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)
 Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from Heaven,
 And fell on gardens of the unforgiven
 In Trebizond — and on a sunny flower
 So like its own above that, to this hour,
 It still remaineth, torturing the bee
 With madness, and unwonted reverie :
 In Heaven, and all its environs, the leaf
 And blossom of the fairy plant, in grief
 Disconsolate linger — grief that hangs her head,
 Repenting follies that full long have fled,
 Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,
 Like guilty beauty, chasten'd, and more fair :
 Nyctanthes too, as sacred as the light
 She fears to perfume, perfuming the night :
² And Clytia pondering between many a sun,
 While pettish tears adown her petals run :
³ And that aspiring flower that sprang on earth —
 And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,
 Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing

¹ This flower is much noticed by Lewenhoeck and Tournefort. The bee, feeding upon its blossom, becomes intoxicated.

² Clytia — The Chrysanthemum Peruvianum, or, to employ a better-known term, the turnsol — which turns continually towards the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day. — *B. de St. Pierre*.

³ There is cultivated in the king's garden at Paris, a species of serpentine aloes without prickles, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odour of the vanilla, during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not blow till towards the month of July — you then perceive it gradually open its petals — expand them — fade and die. — *St. Pierre*.

Its way to Heaven, from garden of a king :

¹ And Valisnerian lotus thither flown

From struggling with the waters of the Rhone :

² And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante !

Isola d'oro ! — Fior di Levante !

³ And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever

With Indian Cupid down the holy river —

Fair flowers, and fairy ! to whose care is given

⁴ To bear the Goddess' song, in odors, up to Heaven :

“ Spirit ! that dwellest where,

In the deep sky,

The terrible and fair,

In beauty vie !

Beyond the line of blue —

The boundary of the star

Which turneth at the view

Of thy barrier and thy bar —

Of the barrier overgone

By the comets who were cast

From their pride, and from their throne

To be drudges till the last —

To be carriers of fire

(The red fire of their heart)

With speed that may not tire

And with pain that shall not part —

¹ There is found, in the Rhone, a beautiful lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet — thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river.

² The Hyacinth.

³ It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges — and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood.

⁴ And golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of the saints. — *Rev. St. John.*

Who livest — *that* we know —
 In Eternity — we feel —
 But the shadow of whose brow
 What spirit shall reveal ?
 Tho' the beings whom thy Nesace,
 Thy messenger hath known
 Have dream'd for thy Infinity
¹ A model of their own —
 Thy will is done, Oh, God !
 The star hath ridden high
 Thro' many a tempest, but she rode
 Beneath thy burning eye ;
 And here, in thought, to thee —
 In thought that can alone
 Ascend thy empire and so be
 A partner of thy throne —

¹ The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form. — *Vide Clarke's Sermons*, vol. 1, page 26, fol. edit.

The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine ; but it will be seen immediately, that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the church. — *Dr. Sumner's Notes on Milton's Christian Doctrine.*

This opinion, in spite of many testimonies to the contrary, could never have been very general. Andeus, a Syrian of Mesopotamia, was condemned for the opinion, as heretical. He lived in the beginning of the fourth century. His disciples were called Anthropomorphites. — *Vide Du Pin.*

Among Milton's minor poems are these lines : —

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum Deæ, &c.
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus ?
 Eternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus exemplar Dei. — And afterwards,
 Non cui profundum Cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu, &c.

¹ By winged Fantasy,
 My embassy is given,
 Till secrecy shall knowledge be
 In the environs of Heaven."

She ceas'd — and buried then her burning cheek
 Abash'd, amid the lilies there, to seek
 A shelter from the fervour of His eye ;
 For the stars trembled at the Deity.
 She stirr'd not — breath'd not — for a voice was there
 How solemnly pervading the calm air !
 A sound of silence on the startled ear
 Which dreamy poets name " the music of the sphere."
 Ours is a world of words : Quiet we call
 " Silence " — which is the merest word of all.
 All Nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things
 Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings —
 But ah ! not so when, thus, in realms on high
 The eternal voice of God is passing by,
 And the red winds are withering in the sky !

* " What tho' in worlds which sightless cycles run,
 Link'd to a little system, and one sun —
 Where all my love is folly and the crowd
 Still think my terrors but the thunder cloud,
 The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean-wrath —
 (Ah ! will they cross me in my angrier path ?)
 What tho' in worlds which own a single sun
 The sands of Time grow dimmer as they run,
 Yet thine is my resplendency, so given
 To bear my secrets thro' the upper Heaven.

¹ Seltsamen Tochter Jovis
 Seinem Schosskinde
 Der Phantasie. — *Goethe*.

² Sightless — too small to be seen. — *Legge*.

Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly,
 With all thy train, athwart the moony sky —
¹ Apart — like fire-flies in Sicilian night,
 And wing to other worlds another light !
 Divulge the secrets of thy embassy
 To the proud orbs that twinkle — and so be
 To ev'ry heart a barrier and a ban
 Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man ! ”

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,
 The single-mooned eve ! — on Earth we plight
 Our faith to one love — and one moon adore —
 The birthplace of young Beauty had no more.
 As sprang that yellow star from downy hours
 Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,
 And bent o'er sheeny mountain and dim plain
² Her way — but left not yet her Therasæan reign.

PART II.

HIGH on a mountain of enamell'd head —
 Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed
 Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,
 Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees
 With many a mutter'd “ hope to be forgiven ”
 What time the moon is quadrated in Heaven —
 Of rosy head, that towering far away
 Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray

¹ I have often noticed a peculiar movement of the fire-flies ; — they will collect in a body and fly off, from a common centre, into innumerable radii.

² Therasæa, or Therasæa, the island mentioned by Seneca, which, in a moment, arose from the sea to the eyes of astonished mariners.

Of sunken suns at eye — at noon of night,
 While the moon danc'd with the fair stranger light —
 Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile
 Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthen'd air,
 Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
 Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
 And nursled the young mountain in its lair.
¹ Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall
 Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall
 Of their own dissolution, while they die —
 Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.
 A dome, by linked light from Heaven let down,
 Sat gently on these columns as a crown —
 A window of one circular diamond, there,
 Look'd out above into the purple air,
 And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
 And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
 Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,
 Some eager spirit flapp'd his dusky wing.
 But on the pillars Seraph eyes have seen
 The dimness of this world : that greyish green
 That Nature loves the best for Beauty's grave
 Lurk'd in each cornice, round each architrave —
 And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout
 That from his marble dwelling peeréd out,
 Seem'd earthly in the shadow of his niche —
 Achaian statues in a world so rich ?
² Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis —

¹ Some star which, from the ruin'd roof
 Of shak'd Olympus, by mischance, did fall. — *Milton.*

² Voltaire, in speaking of Persepolis, says, " Je connois bien l'admiration qu'inspirent ces ruines — mais un palais érigé au pied d'une chaîne des rochers stérils — peut-il être un chef d'œuvre des arts ! "

From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss
¹ Of beautiful Gomorrah ! O, the wave
 Is now upon thee — but too late to save !

Sound loves to revel in a summer night :
 Witness the murmur of the grey twilight
² That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco,
 Of many a wild star-gazer long ago —
 That stealeth ever on the ear of him
 Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,
 And sees the darkness coming as a cloud —
³ Is not its form — its voice — most palpable and loud ?

But what is this ? — it cometh — and it brings
 A music with it — 't is the rush of wings —
 A pause — and then a sweeping, falling strain
 And Nesace is in her halls again.
 From the wild energy of wanton haste
 Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart ;
 And zone that clung around her gentle waist

¹ " Oh, the wave " — Ula Deguisi is the Turkish appellation ; but, on its own shores, it is called Bahar Loth, or Almotanah. There were undoubtedly more than two cities engulfed in the " dead sea." In the valley of Siddim were five — Adrah, Zeboin, Zoar, Sodom and Gomorrah. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo thirteen, (engulfed) — but the last is out of all reason.

It is said (Tacitus, Strabo, Josephus, Daniel of St. Saba, Nau, Maundrell, Troilo, D'Arvieux) that after an excessive drought, the vestiges of columns, walls, &c. are seen above the surface. At *any* season, such remains may be discovered by looking down into the transparent lake, and at such distances as would argue the existence of many settlements in the space now usurped by the ' Asphaltites.'

² Eyraco — Chaldea.

³ I have often thought I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.

Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.
 Within the centre of that hall to breathe
 She paus'd and panted, Zanthé ! all beneath,
 The fairy light that kiss'd her golden hair
 And long'd to rest, yet could but sparkle there !

¹ Young flowers were whispering in melody
 To happy flowers that night — and tree to tree;
 Fountains were gushing music as they fell
 In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell ;
 Yet silence came upon material things —
 Fair flowers, bright waterfalls and angel wings —
 And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
 Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang :

“ ‘Neath blue-bell or streamer —
 Or tufted wild spray

That keeps, from the dreamer,

² The moonbeam away —

Bright beings ! that ponder,

With half closing eyes,

On the stars which your wonder

Hath drawn from the skies,

’Till they glance thro’ the shade, and

Come down to your brow

Like —— eyes of the maiden

Who calls on you now —

¹ Fairies use flowers for their charactery. — *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

² In Scripture is this passage — “ The sun shall not harm thee by day, nor the moon by night.” It is perhaps not generally known that the moon, in Egypt, has the effect of producing blindness to those who sleep with the face exposed to its rays, to which circumstance the passage evidently alludes.

Arise ! from your dreaming
 In violet bowers,
 To duty beseeching
 These star-litten hours —
 And shake from your tresses
 Encumber'd with dew
 The breath of those kisses
 That cumber them too —
 (O ! how, without you, Love !
 Could angels be blest ?)
 Those kisses of true love
 That lull'd ye to rest !
 Up ! — shake from your wing
 Each hindering thing :
 The dew of the night —
 It would weigh down your flight ;
 And true love caresses —
 O ! leave them apart !
 They are light on the tresses,
 But lead on the heart.

Ligeia ! Ligeia !
 My beautiful one !
 Whose harshest idea
 Will to melody run,
 O ! is it thy will
 On the breezes to toss ?
 Or, capriciously still,
¹ Like the lone Albatross,
 Incumbent on night
 (As she on the air)
 To keep watch with delight
 On the harmony there ?

¹ The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing.
 VOL. VII. — 3

Ligeia ! wherever
 Thy image may be,
 No magic shall sever
 Thy music from thee.
 Thou hast bound many eyes
 In a dreamy sleep —
 But the strains still arise
 Which *thy* vigilance keep —
 The sound of the rain
 Which leaps down to the flower,
 And dances again
 In the rhythm of the shower —
¹ The murmur that springs
 From the growing of grass
 Are the music of things —
 But are modell'd, alas ! —
 Away, then my dearest,
 O ! hie thee away
 To springs that lie clearest
 Beneath the moon-ray —
 To lone lake that smiles,
 In its dream of deep rest,
 At the many star-isles
 That enjewel its breast —
 Where wild flowers, creeping,
 Have mingled their shade,
 On its margin is sleeping
 Full many a maid —
 Some have left the cool glade, and

¹ I met with this idea in an old English tale, which I am now unable to obtain and quote from memory : — “ The verie essence and, as it were, springheade and origine of all musiche is the verie pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe.”

¹ Have slept with the bee —
 Arouse them my maiden,
 On moorland and lea —
 Go ! breathe on their slumber,
 All softly in ear,
 The musical number
 They slumber'd to hear —
 For what can awaken
 An angel so soon
 Whose sleep hath been taken
 Beneath the cold moon,
 As the spell which no slumber
 Of witchery may test,
 The rhythmical number
 Which lull'd him to rest ? ”

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,
 A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean thro',
 Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight —
 Seraphs in all but “ Knowledge,” the keen light
 That fell, refracted, thro' thy bounds, afar
 O Death ! from eye of God upon that star :
 Sweet was that error — sweeter still that death —
 Sweet was that error — ev'n with *us* the breath
 Of Science dims the mirror of our joy —
 To them 't were the Simoom, and would destroy —

¹ The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight.

The rhyme in this verse, as in one about sixty lines before, has
 an appearance of affectation. It is, however, imitated from Sir
 W. Scott, or rather from Claud Halero — in whose mouth I
 admired its affect :

O ! were there an island,
 Tho' ever so wild
 Where woman might smile, and
 No man be beguil'd, &c.

Ligeia ! wherever
 Thy image may be,
 No magic shall sever
 Thy music from thee.
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 In a dreamy sleep —
 But the strains still arise
 Which *thy* vigilance keep —
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 Where woman might smile, and
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For what (to them) availeth it to know
 That Truth is Falsehood — or that Bliss is Woe ?
 Sweet was their death — with them to die was rife
 With the last ecstasy of satiate life —
 Beyond that death no immortality —
 But sleep that pondereth and is not “ to be ” —
 And there — oh ! may my weary spirit dwell —
¹ Apart from Heaven’s Eternity — and yet how far
 from Hell !

What guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,
 Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn ?
 But two : they fell : for Heaven no grace imparts
 To those who hear not for their beating hearts.
 A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover —
 O ! where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)
 Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known ?
² Unguided Love hath fallen — ’mid “ tears of perfect
 moan.”

¹ With the Arabians there is a medium between Heaven and Hell, where men suffer no punishment, but yet do not attain that tranquil and even happiness which they suppose to be characteristic of heavenly enjoyment.

Un no rompido sueño —
 Un día puro — alegre — libre
 Quiera —
 Libre de amor — de zelo —
 De odio — de esperanza — de rezelo. — *Luis Ponce de Leon.*

Sorrow is not excluded from “ Al Aaraaf,” but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and which, in some minds, resembles the delirium of opium. The passionate excitement of Love and the buoyancy of spirit attendant upon intoxication are its less holy pleasures — the price of which, to those souls who make choice of “ Al Aaraaf ” as their residence after life, is final death and annihilation.

² There be tears of perfect moan
 Wept for thee in Hellcon. — *Milton.*

He was a goodly spirit — he who fell :
 A wanderer by moss-y-mantled well —
 A gazer on the lights that shine above —
 A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love :
 What wonder ? for each star is eye-like there,
 And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair —
 And they, and ev'ry mossy spring were holy
 To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.
 The night had found (to him a night of wo)
 Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo —
 Beetling it bends athwart the solemn sky,
 And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it
 lie.

Here sate he with his love — his dark eye bent
 With eagle gaze along the firmament :
 Now turn'd it upon her — but ever then
 It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

“Ianthé, dearest, see ! how dim that ray !
 How lovely 't is to look so far away !
 She seem'd not thus upon that autumn eve
 I left her gorgeous halls — nor mourn'd to leave.
 That eve — that eve — I should remember well —
 The sun-ray dropp'd, in Lemnos, with a spell
 On th' Arabesque carving of a gilded hall
 Wherein I sate, and on the draperied wall —
 And on my eye-lids — O the heavy light !
 How drowsily it weigh'd them into night !
 On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran
 With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan :
 But O that light ! — I slumber'd — Death, the while,
 Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle
 So softly that no single silken hair
 Awoke that slept — or knew that he was there.

The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon
¹ Was a proud temple call'd the Parthenon —
 More beauty clung around her column'd wall
² Than ev'n thy glowing bosom beats withal,
 And when old Time my wing did disenthral
 Thence sprang I — as the eagle from his tower,
 And years I left behind me in an hour.
 What time upon her airy bounds I hung
 One half the garden of her globe was flung
 Unrolling as a chart unto my view —
 Tenantless cities of the desert too !
 Ianthe, beauty crowded on me then,
 And half I wish'd to be again of men."

" My Angelo ! and why of them to be ?
 A brighter dwelling-place is there for thee —
 And greener fields than in yon world above,
 And woman's loveliness — and passionate love."

" But, list, Ianthe ! when the air so soft
³ Fail'd, as my pennon'd spirit leapt aloft,
 Perhaps my brain grew dizzy — but the world
 I left so late was into chaos hurl'd —
 Sprang from her station, on the winds apart,
 And roll'd, a flame, the fiery Heaven athwart.
 Methought, my sweet one, then I ceased to soar
 And fell — not swiftly as I rose before,
 But with a downward, tremulous motion thro'
 Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto !

¹ It was entire in 1687 — the most elevated spot in Athens.

² Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
 Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love. — *Marlowe*.

³ Pennon — for pinion. — *Milton*.

Nor long the measure of my falling hours,
For nearest of all stars was thine to ours —
Dread star ! that came, amid a night of mirth,
A red Dædalion on the timid Earth.

“ We came — and to thy Earth — but not to us
Be given our lady’s bidding to discuss :
We came, my love ; around, above, below,
Gay fire-fly of the night we come and go,
Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod
She grants to us, as granted by her God —
But, Angelo, than thine grey Time unfurl’d
Never his fairy wing o’er fairier world !
Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes
Alone could see the phantom in the skies,
When first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be
Headlong thitherward o’er the starry sea —
But when its glory swell’d upon the sky,
As glowing Beauty’s bust beneath man’s eye,
We paus’d before the heritage of men,
And thy star trembled — as doth Beauty then ! ”

Thus, in discourse, the lovers whiled away
The night that waned and waned and brought no day.
They fell : for Heaven to them no hope imparts
Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.

ROMANCE.

ROMANCE, who loves to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet
Hath been — a most familiar bird —
Taught me my alphabet to say —
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild wood I did lie,
A child — with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years
So shake the very Heaven on high
With tumult as they thunder by,
I have no time for idle cares
Through gazing on the unquiet sky.
And when an hour with calmer wings
Its down upon my spirit flings —
That little time with lyre and rhyme
To while away — forbidden things !
My heart would feel to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the strings.

TO, —.

THE bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds,
Are lips — and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words —

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined
Then desolately fall,
O God ! on my funereal mind
Like starlight on a pall —

Thy heart — *thy* heart ! — I wake and sigh,
And sleep to dream till day
Of the truth that gold can never buy —
Of the baubles that it may.

For what (to them) availeth it to know
 That Truth is Falsehood — or that Bliss is Woe?
 Sweet was their death — with them to die was rife
 With the last ecstasy of satiate life —
 Beyond that death no immortality —
 But sleep that pondereth and is not “to be” —
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 Wept for thee in Helicon. — *Milton.*

✓ TO —,¹

I HEED not that my earthly lot
 Hath little of Earth in it,
 That years of love have been forgot
 In the hatred of a minute :
 I mourn not that the desolate
 Are happier, sweet, than I,
 But that you sorrow for my fate
 Who am a passer-by.

¹ The earliest form of this poem will be found in the Notes. The MS. in the possession of Mrs. W. M. Griswold is practically the same as the 1845 text.

TO —.

[From the Griswold MSS.]

I heed not that my earthly lot
 Hath — little of Earth in it —
 That years of love have been forgot
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 Are happier, sweet, than I,
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 Who am a passer by.

E. A. P.

The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon
¹ Was a proud temple call'd the Parthenon —
 More beauty clung around her column'd wall
² Than ev'n thy glowing bosom beats withal,
 And when old Time my wing did disenthral
 Thence sprang I — as the eagle from his tower,
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³ Pennon — for pinion. — *Milton*.

And their moony covering
Is soaring in the skies,
With the tempests as they toss,
Like ——almost any thing ——
Or a yellow Albatross.
They use that moon no more
For the same end as before ——
Videlicet a tent ——
Which I think extravagant :
Its atomies, however,
Into a shower dis sever,
Of which those butterflies,
Of Earth, who seek the skies,
And so come down again
(Never-contented things !)
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings.

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand !
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-Land !


ISRAFEL.¹

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 “ Whose heart-strings are a lute ; ”
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
 In her highest noon,
 The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
 While, to listen, the red levin
 (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
 Which were seven,)
 Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
 And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
 By which he sits and sings —
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

¹ And the angel Israfel, [whose heart-strings are a lute, and] who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. — KORAN.



But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty —
Where Love 's a grown-up God —
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song ;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest !
Merrily live, and long !

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute !

Yes, Heaven is thine ; but this
Is a world of sweets and sour ;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Lo ! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the
 best

Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not !)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town ;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently —
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free —
Up domes — up spires — up kingly halls —
Up fanes — up Babylon-like walls —
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers —
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathéd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,

While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye —
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed ;
For no ripples curl, alas !
Along that wilderness of glass —
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea —
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air !
The wave — there is a movement there !
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide —
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow —
The hours are breathing faint and low —
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

THE SLEEPER.

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave ;
The lily lolls upon the wave ;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest ;
Looking like Lethe, see ! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps ! — and lo ! where lies
Irene, with her Destinies !

Oh, lady bright ! can it be right —
This window open to the night ?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop —
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully — so fearfully —
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.


Lo ! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand !
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-Land !

LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl ! the spirit flown for-
ever !
Let the bell toll ! — a saintly soul floats on the Stygian
river ;
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear ? — weep now
or never more !
See ! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love,
Lenore !
Come ! let the burial rite be read — the funeral song
be sung ! —
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so
young —
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so
young.

“ Wretches ! ye loved her for her wealth and hated
her for her pride,
“ And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her
— that she died !
“ How *shall* the ritual, then, be read ? — the requiem
how be sung
“ By you — by yours, the evil eye, — by yours, the
slandrous tongue
“ That did to death the innocence that died, and died
so young ? ”

Peccavimus ; but rave not thus ! and let a Sabbath
song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no
wrong !



The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope,
that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have
been thy bride —
For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her
eyes —
The life still there, upon her hair — the death upon
her eyes.

"Avaunt! — avaunt! from fiends below, the indig-
nant ghost is riven —
"From Hell unto a high estate far up within the
Heaven —
"From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the
King of Heaven."
Let no bell toll then! — lest her soul, amid its hal-
lowed mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the
damnéd Earth! —
And I! — to-night my heart is light! No dirge will
I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old
days!

THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell ;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sun-light lazily lay.
Now each visiter shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless —
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides !
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye —
Over the lilies three that wave
And weep above a nameless grave !
They wave : — from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep : — from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

THE COLISEUM.

TYPE of the antique Rome ! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power !
At length — at length — after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory !

Vastness ! and Age ! and Memories of Eld !
Silence ! and Desolation ! and dim Night !
I feel ye now — I feel ye in your strength —
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane !
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars !

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls !
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat !
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle !
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornéd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones !

But stay ! these walls — these ivy-clad arcades —
These mouldering plinths — these sad and blackened
shafts —

These vague entablatures — this crumbling frieze —
These shattered cornices — this wreck — this ruin —
These stones — alas ! these gray stones — are they
all —

All of the famed, and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me ?

“ Not all ” — the Echoes answer me — “ not all !
“ Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
“ From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
“ As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
“ We rule the hearts of mightiest men — we rule
“ With a despotic sway all giant minds.
“ We are not impotent — we pallid stones.
“ Not all our power is gone — not all our fame —
“ Not all the magic of our high renown —
“ Not all the wonder that encircles us —
“ Not all the mysteries that in us lie —
“ Not all the memories that hang upon
“ And cling around about us as a garment,
“ Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

HYMN.

At morn — at noon — at twilight dim —
Maria ! thou hast heard my hymn !
In joy and wo — in good and ill —
Mother of God, be with me still !
When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee ;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine !

SCENES FROM "POLITIAN ;"

AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

I.

ROME. — A Hall in a Palace. Alessandra and Castiglione.

Alessandra. Thou art sad, Castiglione.

Castiglione. Sad ! not I.

Oh, I 'm the happiest, happiest man in Rome !

A few days more, thou knowest, my Alessandra,

Will make thee mine. Oh, I am very happy !

Aless. Methinks thou hast a singular way of showing

Thy happiness ! — what ails thee, cousin of mine ?

Why didst thou sigh so deeply ?

Cas. Did I sigh ?

I was not conscious of it. It is a fashion,

A silly — a most silly fashion I have

When I am *very* happy. Did I sigh ? (*sighing.*)

Aless. Thou didst. Thou art not well. Thou hast indulged

Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.

Late hours and wine, Castiglione, — these

Will ruin thee ! thou art already altered —

Thy looks are haggard — nothing so wears away

The constitution as late hours and wine.

Cas. (*musings.*) Nothing, fair cousin, nothing — not even deep sorrow —

Wears it away like evil hours and wine.

I will amend.

Aless. Do it ! I would have thee drop
Thy riotous company, too — fellows low born —
Ill suit the like with old Di Broglio's heir
And Alessandra's husband.

Cas. I will drop them.

Aless. Thou wilt — thou must. Attend thou also
more

To thy dress and equipage — they are over plain
For thy lofty rank and fashion — much depends
Upon appearances.

Cas. I'll see to it.

Aless. Then see to it ! — pay more attention, sir,
To a becoming carriage — much thou wantest
In dignity.

Cas. Much, much, oh much I want
In proper dignity.

Aless. (*baughtily.*) Thou mockest me, sir !

Cas. (*abstractedly.*) Sweet, gentle Lalage !

Aless. Heard I aright ?

I speak to him — he speaks of Lalage !

Sir Count ! (*places her hand on his shoulder*) what art
thou dreaming ? he's not well !

What ails thee, sir ?

Cas. (*starting.*) Cousin ! fair cousin ! — madam !
I crave thy pardon — indeed I am not well —
Your hand from off my shoulder, if you please.
This air is most oppressive ! — Madam — the Duke !

Enter Di Broglio.

Di Broglio. My son, I've news for thee ! — hey ?
— what's the matter ? (*observing Alessandra.*)
I' the pouts ? Kiss her, Castiglione ! kiss her,
You dog ! and make it up, I say, this minute !
I've news for you both. Politian is expected

Hourly in Rome — Politian, Earl of Leicester !
We 'll have him at the wedding. 'T is his first visit
To the imperial city.

Aless. What ! Politian
Of Britain, Earl of Leicester ?

Di Brog. The same, my love.
We 'll have him at the wedding. A man quite young
In years, but grey in fame. I have not seen him,
But Rumour speaks of him as of a prodigy
Pre-eminent in arts and arms, and wealth,
And high descent. We 'll have him at the wedding.

Aless. I have heard much of this Politian.
Gay, volatile and giddy — is he not ?
And little given to thinking.

Di Brog. Far from it, love.
No branch, they say, of all philosophy
So deep abstruse he has not mastered it.
Learned as few are learned.

Aless. 'T is very strange !
I have known men have seen Politian
And sought his company. They speak of him
As of one who entered madly into life,
Drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs.

Cas. Ridiculous ! Now I have seen Politian
And know him well — nor learned nor mirthful he.
He is a dreamer and a man shut out
From common passions.

Di Brog. Children, we disagree.
Let us go forth and taste the fragrant air
Of the garden. Did I dream, or did I hear
Politian was a *melancholy* man ? *(exeunt.)*

II.

A Lady's apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden. Lalage, in deep mourning, reading at a table on which lie some books and a hand mirror. In the back ground Jacinta (a servant maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.

Lal. Jacinta ! is it thou ?

Jac. (pertly.) Yes, Ma'am, I'm here.

Lal. I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting.

Sit down ! — let not my presence trouble you —

Sit down ! — for I am humble, most humble.

Jac. (aside.) 'T is time.

(Jacinta seats herself in a side-long manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look. Lalage continues to read.)

Lal. "It in another climate, so he said,

"Bore a bright golden flower, but not i' this soil !"

(pauses — turns over some leaves, and resumes.)

"No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower —

"But Ocean ever to refresh mankind

"Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."

Oh, beautiful ! — most beautiful ! — how like

To what my fevered soul doth dream of Heaven !

O happy land ! *(pauses.)* She died ! — the maiden died !

O still more happy maiden who couldst die !

Jacinta !

(Jacinta returns no answer, and Lalage presently resumes.)

Again ! — a similar tale

Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea !

Thus speaketh one Ferdinand in the words of the play —

"She died full young" — one Bossola answers him —

"I think not so — her infelicity

"Seemed to have years too many" — Ah luckless lady !

Jacinta ! (*still no answer.*)

Here's a far sterner story

But like — oh, very like in its despair —

Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily

A thousand hearts — losing at length her own.

She died. Thus endeth the history — and her maids

Lean over her and weep — two gentle maids

With gentle names — Eiros and Charmion ?

Rainbow and Dove ! — Jacinta !

Jac. (*pettishly.*) Madam, what is it ?

Lal. Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind

As go down in the library and bring me

The Holy Evangelists.

Jac. Pshaw ! (*exit.*)

Lal. If there be balm

For the wounded spirit in Gilead it is there !

Dew in the night time of my bitter trouble

Will there be found — "dew sweeter far than that

Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon Hill."

(*re-enter Jacinta, and throws a volume on the table.*)

There, ma'am, 's the book. Indeed she is very troublesome. (*aside.*)

Lal. (*astonished.*) What didst thou say, Jacinta ?

Have I done aught

To grieve thee or to vex thee ? — I am sorry.

For thou hast served me long and ever been

Trust-worthy and respectful. (*resumes her reading.*)

Jac. I can't believe
She has any more jewels — no — no — she gave me
all. (*aside.*)

Lal. What didst thou say, Jacinta? Now I be-
think me

Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.
How fares good Ugo? — and when is it to be?
Can I do aught? — is there no farther aid
Thou needest, Jacinta?

Jac. Is there no *farther* aid!
That's meant for me. (*aside*) I'm sure, Madam, you
need not

Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.

Lal. Jewels! Jacinta, — now indeed, Jacinta,
I thought not of the jewels.

Jac. Oh! perhaps not!
But then I might have sworn it. After all,
There's Ugo says the ring is only paste,
For he's sure the Count Castiglione never
Would have given a real diamond to such as you;
And at the best I'm certain, Madam, you cannot
Have use for jewels *now*. But I might have sworn it.
(*exit.*)

(*Lalage bursts into tears and leans her head
upon the table — after a short pause raises
it.*)

Lal. Poor Lalage! — and is it come to this?
Thy servant maid! — but courage! — 't is but a viper
Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul!

(*taking up the mirror.*)

Ha! here at least's a friend — too much a friend
In earlier days — a friend will not deceive thee.
Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)
A tale — a pretty tale — and heed thou not

Though it be rife with woe. It answers me.
 It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,
 And Beauty long deceased — remembers me
 Of Joy departed — Hope, the Seraph Hope,
 Inurned and entombed ! — now, in a tone
 Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,
 Whispers of early grave untimely yawning
 For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true ! — thou liest
 not !

Thou hast no end to gain — no heart to break —
 Castiglione lied who said he loved ——
 Thou true — he false ! — false ! — false !

(while she speaks, a monk enters her apartment, and approaches unobserved.)

Monk. Refuge thou hast,
 Sweet daughter ! in Heaven. Think of eternal
 things !

Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray !

Lal. *(arising hurriedly.)* I cannot pray ! — My
 soul is at war with God !

The frightful sounds of merriment below

Disturb my senses — go ! I cannot pray —

The sweet airs from the garden worry me !

Thy presence grieves me — go ! — thy priestly rai-
 ment

Fills me with dread — thy ebony crucifix

With horror and awe !

Monk. Think of thy precious soul !

Lal. Think of my early days ! — think of my
 father

And mother in Heaven ! think of our quiet home,

And the rivulet that ran before the door !

Think of my little sisters ! — think of them !

And think of me ! — think of my trusting love

And confidence — his vows — my ruin — think —
think

Of my unspeakable misery ! — begone !

Yet stay ! yet stay ! — what was it thou saidst of
prayer

And penitence ? Didst thou not speak of faith

And vows before the throne ?

Monk. I did.

Lal. 'T is well.

There *is* a vow were fitting should be made —

A sacred vow, imperative, and urgent,

A solemn vow !

Monk. Daughter, this zeal is well !

Lal. Father, this zeal is anything but well !

Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing ?

A crucifix whereon to register

This sacred vow ? (*he hands her his own.*)

Not that — Oh ! no ! — no ! — no ! (*shuddering.*)

Not that ! Not that ! — I tell thee, holy man.

Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me !

Stand back ! I have a crucifix myself, —

I have a crucifix ! Methinks 't were fitting

The deed — the vow — the symbol of the deed —

And the deed's register should tally, father !

(*draws a cross-handled dagger and raises it on high.*)

Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine

Is written in Heaven !

Monk. Thy words are madness, daughter,

And speak a purpose unholy — thy lips are livid —

Thine eyes are wild — tempt not the wrath divine !

Pause ere too late ! — oh be not — be not rash !

Swear not the oath — oh swear it not !

Lal. 'T is sworn !

III.

An apartment in a palace. Politian and Baldazzar.

Baldazzar. ——— Arouse thee now, Politian !
Thou must not — nay indeed, indeed, thou shalt not
Give way unto these humours. Be thyself !
Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,
And live, for now thou diest !

Politian. Not so, Baldazzar !
Surely I live.

Bal. Politian, it doth grieve me
To see thee thus.

Pol. Baldazzar, it doth grieve me
To give thee cause for grief, my honoured friend.
Command me, sir ! what wouldst thou have me do ?
At thy behest I will shake off that nature
Which from my forefathers I did inherit,
Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,
And be no more Politian, but some other.
Command me, sir !

Bal. To the field then — to the field —
To the senate or the field.

Pol. Alas ! alas !
There is an imp would follow me even there !
There is an imp *batb* followed me even there !
There is ——— what voice was that ?

Bal. I heard it not.
I heard not any voice except thine own,
And the echo of thine own.

Pol. Then I but dreamed.

Bal. Give not thy soul to dreams : the camp —
the court
Befit thee — Fame awaits thee — Glory calls —

And her the trumpet-tongued thou wilt not hear
In hearkening to imaginary sounds
And phantom voices.

Pol. It *is* a phantom voice !
Didst thou not hear it *then* ?

Bal. I heard it not.

Pol. Thou heardst it not ! — Baldazzar, speak
no more

To me, Politian, of thy camps and courts.
Oh ! I am sick, sick, even unto death,
Of the hollow and high-sounding vanities
Of the populous Earth ! Bear with me yet awhile !
We have been boys together — school-fellows —
And now are friends — yet shall not be so long —
For in the eternal city thou shalt do me
A kind and gentle office, and a Power —
A Power august, benignant and supreme —
Shall then absolve thee of all farther duties
Unto thy friend.

Bal. Thou speakest a fearful riddle
I *will* not understand.

Pol. Yet now as Fate
Approaches, and the Hours are breathing low,
The sands of Time are changed to golden grains,
And dazzle me, Baldazzar. Alas ! alas !
I *cannot* die, having within my heart
So keen a relish for the beautiful
As hath been kindled within it. Methinks the air
Is balmier now than it was wont to be —
Rich melodies are floating in the winds —
A rarer loveliness bedecks the earth —
And with a holier lustre the quiet moon
Sitteth in Heaven. — Hist ! hist ! thou canst not say
Thou hearest not *now*, Baldazzar ?

Bal. Indeed I hear not.

Pol. Not hear it ! — listen now — listen ! — the faintest sound

And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard !
A lady's voice ! — and sorrow in the tone !
Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell !
Again ! — again ! — how solemnly it falls
Into my heart of hearts ! that eloquent voice
Surely I never heard — yet it were well
Had I *but* heard it with its thrilling tones
In earlier days !

Bal. I myself hear it now.
Be still ! — the voice, if I mistake not greatly,
Proceeds from yonder lattice — which you may see
Very plainly through the window — it belongs,
Does it not ? unto this palace of the Duke.
The singer is undoubtedly beneath
The roof of his Excellency — and perhaps
Is even that Alessandra of whom he spoke
As the betrothed of Castiglione,
His son and heir.

Pol. Be still ! — it comes again !

Voice " And is thy heart so strong
(*very faintly.*) As for to leave me thus
Who hath loved thee so long
In wealth and wo among ?
• And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus ?

Say nay — say nay ! "

Bal. The song is English, and I oft have heard it

In merry England — never so plaintively —
Hist ! hist ! it comes again !

Voice "Is it so strong
 (*more loudly.*) As for to leave me thus
 Who hath loved thee so long
 In wealth and wo among?
 And is thy heart so strong
 As for to leave me thus?
 Say nay — say nay!"

Bal. 'T is hushed and all is still!

Pol. All *is not* still.

Bal. Let us go down.

Pol. Go down, Baldazzar, go!

Bal. The hour is growing late — the Duke awaits
 us, —

Thy presence is expected in the hall

Below. What ails thee, Earl Politian?

Voice "Who hath loved thee so long,
 (*distinctly*) In wealth and wo among,
 And is thy heart so strong?
 Say nay — say nay!"

Bal. Let us descend! — 't is time. Politian, give
 These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,
 Your bearing lately savoured much of rudeness
 Unto the Duke. Arouse thee! and remember!

Pol. Remember? I do. Lead on! I *do* re-
 member.

(*going.*)

Let us descend. Believe me I would give,
 Freely would give the broad lands of my earldom
 To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice —
 "To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear
 Once more that silent tongue."

Bal. Let me beg you, sir,
 Descend with me — the Duke may be offended.
 Let us go down, I pray you.

(*Voice loudly.*) *Say nay! — say nay!*

Pol. (aside.) 'T is strange! — 't is very strange —
methought the voice

Chimed in with my desires and bade me stay!

(*approaching the window.*)

Sweet voice! I heed thee, and will surely stay.

Now be this Fancy, by Heaven, or be it Fate,

Still will I not descend. Baldazzar, make

Apology unto the Duke for me;

I go not down to-night.

Bal. Your lordship's pleasure
Shall be attended to. Good night, Politian.

Pol. Good night, my friend, good night.

IV.

The gardens of a palace — Moonlight. Lalage and Politian.

Lalage. And dost thou speak of love
To *me*, Politian? — dost thou speak of love

To Lalage? — ah wo — ah wo is me!

This mockery is most cruel — most cruel indeed!

Politian. Weep not! oh, sob not thus! — thy
bitter tears

Will madden me. Oh mourn not, Lalage —

Be comforted! I know — I know it all,

And *still* I speak of love. Look at me, brightest,

And beautiful Lalage! — turn here thine eyes!

Thou askest me if I could speak of love,

Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen.

Thou askest me that — and thus I answer thee —

Thus on my bended knee I answer thee. (*kneeling.*)

Sweet Lalage, *I love thee — love thee — love thee;*

Thro' good and ill — thro' weal and wo I *love thee.*

Not mother, with her first born on her knee,
 Thrills with intenser love than I for thee.
 Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,
 Burned there a holier fire than burneth now
 Within my spirit for *thee*. And do I love? (*arising*.)
 Even for thy woes I love thee — even for thy woes —
 Thy beauty and thy woes.

Lal. Alas, proud Earl,
 Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me!
 How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens
 Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,
 Could the dishonoured Lalage abide?
 Thy wife, and with a tainted memory —
 My seared and blighted name, how would it tally
 With the ancestral honours of thy house,
 And with thy glory?

Pol. Speak not to me of glory!
 I hate — I loathe the name; I do abhor
 The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.
 Art thou not Lalage and I Politian?
 Do I not love — art thou not beautiful —
 What need we more? Ha! glory! — now speak
 not of it:

By all I hold most sacred and most solemn —
 By all my wishes now — my fears hereafter —
 By all I scorn on earth and hope in heaven —
 There is no deed I would more glory in
 Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory
 And trample it under foot. What matters it —
 What matters it, my fairest, and my best,
 That we go down unhonoured and forgotten
 Into the dust — so we descend together.
 Descend together — and then — and then per-
 chance —

Lal. Why dost thou pause, Politian ?

Pol. And then perchance

Arise together, Lalage, and roam

The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest,

And still ——

Lal. Why dost thou pause, Politian ?

Pol. And still *together — together.*

Lal. Now Earl of Leicester !

Thou *lovest* me, and in my heart of hearts

I feel thou lovest me truly.

Pol. Oh, Lalage ! (*throwing himself upon his knee.*)
And lovest thou *me* ?

Lal. Hist ! hush ! within the gloom
Of yonder trees methought a figure past —
A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noiseless —
Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and noise-
less. (*walks across and returns.*)

I was mistaken — 't was but a giant bough

Stirred by the autumn wind. Politian !

Pol. My Lalage — my love ! why art thou moved ?
Why dost thou turn so pale ? Not 'Conscience' self,
Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,
Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night wind
Is chilly — and these melancholy boughs
Throw over all things a gloom

Lal. Politian !

Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land
With which all tongues are busy — a land new found —
Miraculously found by one of Genoa —

A thousand leagues within the golden west ?

A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,

And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests,

And mountains, around whose towering summits the
winds

Of Heaven untrammelled flow — which air to breathe
Is Happiness now, and will be Freedom hereafter
In days that are to come ?

Pol. O, wilt thou — wilt thou
Fly to that Paradise — my Lalage, wilt thou
Fly thither with me ? There Care shall be forgotten
And Sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all.
And life shall then be mine, for I will live
For thee, and in thine eyes — and thou shalt be
No more a mourner — but the radiant Joys
Shall wait upon thee, and the angel Hope
Attend thee ever ; and I will kneel to thee
And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,
My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,
My all ; — oh, wilt thou — wilt thou, Lalage,
Fly thither with me ?

Lal. A deed is to be done —
Castiglione lives !

Pol. And he shall die ! (*exit.*)

Lal. (*after a pause.*) And — he — shall — die !
——— alas !

Castiglione die ? Who spoke the words ?
Where am I ? — what was it he said ? — Politian !
Thou *art* not gone — thou art not *gone*, Politian !
I *feel* thou art not gone — yet dare not look,
Lest I behold thee not ; thou *couldst* not go
With those words upon thy lips — O, speak to me !
And let me hear thy voice — one word — one word,
To say thou art not gone, — one little sentence,
To say how thou dost scorn — how thou dost hate
My womanly weakness. Ha ! ha ! thou *art* not
gone —

O speak to me ! I *knew* thou wouldst not go !
I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, *durst* not go.

Villain, thou *art* not gone — thou mockest me !
And thus I clutch thee — thus ! — He is gone,
he is gone —
Gone — gone. Where am I ? — 't is well — 't is
very well !
So that the blade be keen — the blow be sure,
'T is well, 't is *very* well — alas ! alas ! (*exit.*)

V.

The suburbs. Politian alone.

Politian. This weakness grows upon me. I am
faint,
And much I fear me ill — it will not do
To die ere I have lived ! Stay — stay thy hand,
O Azrael, yet awhile ! — Prince of the Powers
Of Darkness and the Tomb, O pity me !
O pity me ! let me not perish now,
In the budding of my Paradisal Hope !
Give me to live yet — yet a little while :
'T is I who pray for life — I who so late
Demanded but to die ! — what sayeth the Count ?

Enter Baldazzar.

Baldazzar. That knowing no cause of quarrel or
of feud
Between the Earl Politian and himself,
He doth decline your cartel.
Pol. What didst thou say ?
What answer was it you brought me, good Baldazzar ?
With what excessive fragrance the zephyr comes
Laden from yonder bowers ! — a fairer day,

Or one more worthy Italy, methinks
No mortal eyes have seen ! — *what* said the Count ?

Bal. That he, Castiglione, not being aware
Of any feud existing, or any cause
Of quarrel between your lordship and himself
Cannot accept the challenge.

Pol. It is most true —
All this is very true. When saw you, sir,
When saw you now, Baldazzar, in the frigid
Ungenial Britain which we left so lately,
A heaven so calm as this — so utterly free
From the evil taint of clouds ? — and he did *say* ?

Bal. No more, my lord, than I have told you, sir :
The Count Castiglione will not fight,
Having no cause for quarrel.

Pol. Now this is true —
All very true. Thou art my friend, Baldazzar,
And I have not forgotten it — thou 'lt do me
A piece of service ; wilt thou go back and say
Unto this man, that I, the Earl of Leicester,
Hold him a villain ? — thus much, I prythee, say
Unto the Count — it is exceeding just
He should have cause for quarrel.

Bal. My lord ! — my friend ! —

Pol. (*aside.*) 'T is he — he comes himself !
(*aloud.*) thou reasonest well.

I know what thou wouldst say — not send the mes-
sage —

Well ! — I will think of it — I will not send it.
Now prythee, leave me — hither doth come a person
With whom affairs of a most private nature
I would adjust.

Bal. I go — to-morrow we meet,
Do we not ? — at the Vatican.

Pol. At the Vatican. (exit *Bal.*)

Enter Castiglione.

Cas. The Earl of Leicester here !

Pol. I *am* the Earl of Leicester, and thou seest,
Dost thou not ? that I am here.

Cas. My lord, some strange,
Some singular mistake — misunderstanding —
Hath without doubt arisen : thou hast been urged
Thereby, in heat of anger, to address
Some words most unaccountable, in writing,
To me, Castiglione ; the bearer being
Baldazzar, Duke of Surrey. I am aware
Of nothing which might warrant thee in this thing,
Having given thee no offence. Ha ! — am I right ?
'T was a mistake ? — undoubtedly — we all
Do err at times.

Pol. Draw, villain, and prate no more !

Cas. Ha ! — draw ? — and villain ? have at thee
then at once, —

Proud Earl ! (draws.)

Pol. (drawing.) Thus to the expiatory tomb,
Untimely sepulchre, I do devote thee
In the name of Lalage !

Cas. letting fall his sword and recoiling to the ex-
tremity of the stage.)

Of Lalage !

Hold off — thy sacred hand ! — avaunt I say !

Avaunt — I will not fight thee — indeed I dare not.

Pol. Thou wilt not fight with me didst say, Sir
Count ?

Shall I be baffled thus ? — now this is well ;

Didst say thou *darest* not ? Ha !

Cas. I dare not — dare not —

Hold off thy hand — with that beloved name
 So fresh upon thy lips I will not fight thee —
 I cannot — dare not.

Pol. Now by my halidom
 I do believe thee ! — coward, I do believe thee !

Cas. Ha ! — coward ! — this may not be !
(clutches his sword and staggers towards Politian, but his purpose is changed before reaching him, and he falls upon his knee at the feet of the Earl.)

Alas ! my lord,
 It is — it is — most true. In such a cause
 I am the veriest coward. O pity me !

Pol. (greatly softened.) Alas ! — I do — indeed I
 pity thee.

Cas. And Lalage ———

Pol. Scoundrel ! — arise and die !

Cas. It needeth not be — thus — thus — O let
 me die

Thus on my bended knee. It were most fitting
 That in this deep humiliation I perish.
 For in the fight I will not raise a hand
 Against thee, Earl of Leicester. Strike thou home —
(baring his bosom.)

Here is no let or hindrance to thy weapon —
 Strike home. I *will not* fight thee.

Pol. Now 's Death and Hell !

Am I not — am I not sorely — grievously tempted
 To take thee at thy word ? But mark me, sir :
 Think not to fly me thus. Do thou prepare
 For public insult in the streets — before
 The eyes of the citizens. I'll follow thee —
 Like an avenging spirit I'll follow thee
 Even unto death. Before those whom thou lovest —

Before all Rome I'll taunt thee, villain, — I'll taunt
thee,

Dost hear ? with *cowardice* — thou *wilt not* fight me ?

Thou liest ! thou *shalt* ! (exit.)

Cas. Now this indeed is just !

Most righteous, and most just, avenging Heaven !

SONNET TO ZANTE.

FAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,
 Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take !
 How many memories of what radiant hours
 At sight of thee and thine at once awake !
 How many scenes of what departed bliss !
 How many thoughts of what entombéd hopes !
 How many visions of a maiden that is
 No more — no more upon thy verdant slopes !
No more ! alas, that magical sad sound
 Transforming all ! Thy charms shall please *no*
 more —
 Thy memory *no more !* Accurséd ground
 Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,
 O hyacinthine isle ! O purple Zante !
 “ Isola d’oro ! Fior di Levante ! ”

BRIDAL BALLAD.

TO ———.

THE ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow ;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well ;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell —
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed *his* who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the churchyard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
(Thinking him dead D'Elormie),
“ Oh, I am happy now ! ”

And thus the words were spoken ;
And this the plighted vow ;
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And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Here is a ring as token
That I am happy now !

Would God I could awaken !
For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken, —
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion —
It stood there !
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair !

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingéd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
(Porphyrogene !)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate.
 (Ah, let us mourn ! — for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate !)
 And round about his home the glory
 That blushed and bloomed,
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows see¹
 Vast forms, that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody,
 While, like a ghastly rapid river,
 Through the pale door
 A hideous throng rush out forever
 And laugh — but smile no more.

¹ The MS. of this poem in the possession of Mrs. W. M. Griswold is incomplete beginning with the last line of Stanza III. and ending with line 4. of Stanza VI.

The only important variation is in line 2, Stanza VI., red-litten = encrimsoned. — Ed.

SONNET — SILENCE.

THERE are some qualities — some incorporate things,
That have a double life, which thus is made
A type of that twin entity which springs
From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.
There is a two-fold *Silence* — sea and shore —
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,
Newly with grass o'ergrown ; some solemn graces,
Some human memories and tearful lore,
Render him terrorless : his name 's “ No More.”
He is the corporate Silence : dread him not !
No power hath he of evil in himself ;
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot !)
Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
No foot of man,) commend thyself to God !

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine —
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last !
Ah, starry Hope ! that didst arise
But to be overcast !
A voice from out the Future cries,
“ On ! on ! ” — but o’er the Past
(Dim gulf !) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast !

For, alas ! alas ! with me
The light of Life is o’er !
“ No more — no more — no more — ”
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar !

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

Lo ! 't is a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years !
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly —
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Wo !

That motley drama — oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot !
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude !
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude !
It writhes ! — it writhes ! — with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out — out are the lights — out all !
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, “ Man,”
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

DREAM-LAND.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule —
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE — out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the tears that drip all over ;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore ;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire ;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters — lone and dead, —
Their still waters — still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead, —
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily, —
By the mountains — near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever, —
By the grey woods, — by the swamp

Where the toad and the newt encamp, —
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls, —
By each spot the most unholy —
In each nook most melancholy, —
There the traveller meets, aghast,
Sheeted Memories of the Past —
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by —
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the Earth — and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'T is a peaceful, soothing region —
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'T is — oh 't is an Eldorado !
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not — dare not openly view it ;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed ;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid ;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

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On a black throne reigns upright,
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EULALIE. — A SONG.

I DWELT alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing
bride —
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling
bride.

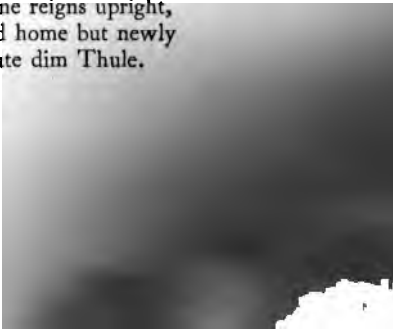
Ah, less — less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl !
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded
curl —
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most
humble and careless curl.

Now Doubt — now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astarté within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron
eye —
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

Where the toad and the newt encamp, —
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls, —
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In each nook most melancholy, —
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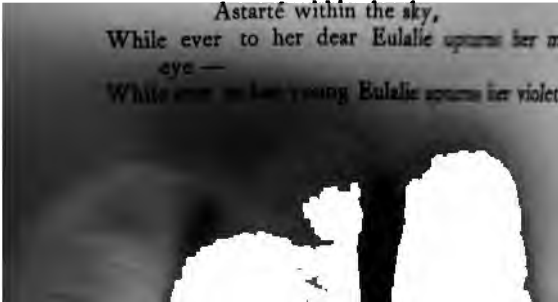
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 While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet
 eye.



TO F——.

BELOVED ! amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path —
(Drear path, alas ! where grows
Not even one lonely rose) —
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea —
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms — but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

TO F——S S. O——D.

THOU wouldst be loved ? — then let thy heart
 From its present pathway part not !
 Being everything which now thou art,
 Be nothing which thou art not.
 So with the world thy gentle ways,
 Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
 Shall be an endless theme of praise,
 And love — a simple duty.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cham-
ber door.
“ ’T is some visiter,” I muttered, “ tapping at my
chamber door —
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak De-
cember ;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow ; — vainly I had sought to
borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the
lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore —
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before ;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating

“ ‘Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber
door —

Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber
door ; —

This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no
longer,

“ ‘Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore ;

But the fact is— I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my cham-
ber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you ” — here I opened
wide the door ; —

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, “ Lenore ! ”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word “ Lenore ! ”

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than
before.

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my
window lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore —

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery ex-
plore ; —

’T is the wind and nothing more ! ”

— Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
yore.

Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped
or stayed he ;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door —

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door —

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I
said, “art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the
Nightly shore —

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plu-
tonian shore ! ”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy
bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such name as “ Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered — not a feather then
he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered “ Other friends
have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before.”
Then the bird said “ Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“ Doubtless,” said I, “ what it utters is its only
stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore
Of ‘ Never — nevermore.’ ”

Where the toad and the newt encamp, —
By the dismal tarns and pools
 Where dwell the Ghouls, —
By each spot the most unholy —
In each nook most melancholy, —
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With storms — but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

TO F——S S. O——D.

THOU wouldst be loved ? — then let thy heart
 From its present pathway part not !
 Being everything which now thou art,
 Be nothing which thou art not.
 So with the world thy gentle ways,
 Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
 Shall be an endless theme of praise,
 And love — a simple duty.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cham-
ber door.
“ ’T is some visiter,” I muttered, “ tapping at my
chamber door —
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak De-
cember ;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow ; — vainly I had sought to
borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the
lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore —
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before ;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating

“ ‘T is some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber
door —

Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber
door ; —

This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no
longer,

“ ‘Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore ;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my cham-
ber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you ” — here I opened
wide the door ; —

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, “ Lenore ! ”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word “ Lenore ! ”

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than
before.

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my
window lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore —

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery ex-
plore ; —

’T is the wind and nothing more ! ”

< Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
yore.

Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped
or stayed he ;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door —

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door —

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I
said, “art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the
Nightly shore —

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plu-
tonian shore ! ”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy
bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such name as “ Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered — not a feather then
he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered “ Other friends
have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before.”
Then the bird said “ Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“ Doubtless,” said I, “ what it utters is its only
stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore
Of ‘ Never — nevermore.’ ”

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
and bust and door ;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking —

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore —

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore

Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom’s core ;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining ,

On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o’er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o’er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee — by
these angels he hath sent thee ,

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore ;

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost
Lenore ! ”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! prophet still,
if bird or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell
me, I implore!”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God
we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I
shrieked, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plu-
tonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door ! ”

Quoth the Raven “*Nevermore.*”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is
sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door ;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor

Shall be lifted — *nevermore* !

TO M. L. S——.

Of all who hail thy presence as the morning —
Of all to whom thine absence is the night —
The blotting utterly from out high heaven
The sacred sun — of all who, weeping, bless thee
Hourly for hope — for life — ah, above all,
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith
In truth, in virtue, in humanity —
Of all who, on despair's unhallowed bed
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen
At thy soft-murmured words, " Let there be light !"
At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes —
Of all who owe thee most, whose gratitude
Nearest resembles worship, — oh, remember
The truest, the most fervently devoted,
And think that these weak lines are written by him —
By him, who, as he pens them, thrills to think
His spirit is communing with an angel's.

ULALUME.

THE skies they were ashen and sober ;
The leaves they were crisped and sere —
The leaves they were withering and sere ;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year ;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir —
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll —
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole —
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere —
Our memories were treacherous and sere —
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year —
(Ah, night of all nights in the year !)

We noted not the dim lake of Auber —
 (Though once we had journeyed down here) —
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
 And star-dials pointed to morn —
 As the star-dials hinted of morn —
At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
 Arose with a duplicate horn —
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — “She is warmer than Dian :
 She rolls through an ether of sighs —
 She revels in a region of sighs :
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never dies
And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies —
 To the Lethean peace of the skies —
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes —
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes.”

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said — “Sadly this star I mistrust —
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust : —
Oh, hasten ! — oh, let us not linger !
 Oh, fly ! — let us fly ! — for we must.”

In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust —
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust —
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied — “ This is nothing but dreaming :
Let us on by this tremulous light !
Let us bathe in this crystalline light !
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night : —
See ! — it flickers up the sky through the night !
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright —
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night. ”

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom —
And conquered her scruples and gloom ;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb —
By the door of a legended tomb ;
And I said — “ What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb ? ”
She replied — “ Ulalume — Ulalume —
'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume ! ”

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere —
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried — “ It was surely October

On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here —
That I brought a dread burden down here —
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber —
This misty mid region of Weir —
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.”

TO — —.

Nor long ago, the writer of these lines,
In the mad pride of intellectuality,
Maintained "the power of words" — denied that ever
A thought arose within the human brain
Beyond the utterance of the human tongue :
And now, as if in mockery of that boast,
Two words — two foreign soft dissyllables —
Italian tones, made only to be murmured
By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill," —
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,
Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,
Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions
Than even the seraph harper, Israfel,
(Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures,")
Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken.
The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,
I cannot write — I cannot speak or think —
Alas, I cannot feel; for 't is not feeling,
This standing motionless upon the golden
Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,
Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,
And thrilling as I see, upon the right,
Upon the left, and all the way along,
Amid empurpled vapors, far away
To where the prospect terminates — *thee only*.

TO HELEN.

I saw thee once — once only — years ago :
I must not say *how* many — but *not* many.
It was a July midnight ; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude and sultriness and slumber,
Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe —
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death —
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining ; while the moon
Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturn'd — alas, in sorrow !

Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight —
Was it not Fate, (whose name is also Sorrow),
That bade me pause before that garden-gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses ?
No footstep stirred : the hated world all slept,

Save only thee and me. (Oh, heaven ! — oh, God !
How my heart beats in coupling those two words !)
Save only thee and me. I paused — I looked —
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted !)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out :
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more : the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All — all expired save thee — save less than thou :
Save only the divine light in thine eyes —
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them — they were the world to me.
I saw but them — saw only them for hours —
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres !
How dark a wo ! yet how sublime a hope !
How silently serene a sea of pride !
How daring an ambition ! yet how deep —
How fathomless a capacity for love !

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud ;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*

They *would not* go — they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me — they lead me through the years
They are my ministers — yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle —
My duty, *to be saved* by their bright light,

And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),
And are far up in Heaven — the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night ;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still — two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun !

AN ENIGMA.

"SELDOM we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,

"Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.

Through all the flimsy things we see at once

As easily as through a Naples bonnet —

Trash of all trash ! — how *can* a lady don it ?

Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff —

Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff

Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it."

And, veritably, Sol is right enough.

The general tuckermanities are arrant

Bubbles — ephemeral and *so* transparent —

But *this* is, now, — you may depend upon it —

Stable, opaque, immortal — all by dint

Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't.

FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven ! the crisis —
 The danger is past,
 And the lingering illness
 Is over at last —
 And the fever called “ Living ”
 Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
 I am shorn of my strength,
 And no muscle I move
 As I lie at full length —
 But no matter ! — I feel
 I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
 Now, in my bed,
 That any beholder
 Might fancy me dead —
 Might start at beholding me,
 Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
 The sighing and sobbing,
 Are quieted now,
 With that horrible throbbing
 At heart : — ah that horrible,
 Horrible throbbing !

The sickness — the nausea —
The pitiless pain —
Have ceased with the fever
That maddened my brain —
With the fever called “ Living ”
That burned in my brain.

And oh ! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated — the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst : —
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst : —

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground —
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah ! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed ;
For man never slept
In a different bed —
And, to sleep, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,

Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses —
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses :

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies —
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies —
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie —
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast —
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm —
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
That you fancy me dead —
And I rest so contentedly,
Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
That you fancy me dead —
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead : —

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars of the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie —
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie —
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

A VALENTINE.¹

To — — —.

FOR her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,
 Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,
 Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies
 Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.
 Search narrowly the lines! — they hold a treasure
 Divine — a talisman — an amulet
 That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the
 measure —
 The words — the syllables! Do not forget
 The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor!
 And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
 Which one might not undo without a sabre,
 If one could merely comprehend the plot.
 Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering
 Eyes scintillating soul, there lie *perdus*
 Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing
 Of poets, by poets — as the name is a poet's, too.
 Its letters, although naturally lying
 Like the knight Pinto — Mendez Ferdinando —
 Still form a synonym for Truth. — Cease trying!
 You will not read the riddle, though you do the
 best you *can* do.

¹ The MS. in the possession of Mrs. W. M. Griswold, dated
 "Valentine's Eve, 1848," differs only in punctuation from the
 Union Magazine text here given. An earlier form will be found
 in the Notes. — Ed.

TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the Heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "Mother,"
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—
You who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed you,
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my ANNABEL LEE —
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes ! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE :

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE :
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight ! —
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! — how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells —
 Brazen bells !
What a tale of terror, now their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows ;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells !

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells !
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls : —

And their king it is who tolls : —

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells !

And he dances, and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells : —

Of the bells :

Keeping time, time, time

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells —

To the sobbing of the bells : —

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells : —

To the tolling of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ELDORADO.

GAILY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old —
This knight so bold —
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow —
“Shadow,” said he,
“Where can it be —
This land of Eldorado?”

“Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,”
The shade replied, —
“If you seek for Eldorado.”



NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- o. — Omit.
 - o. c. — Omit comma or commas.
 - o. h. — Omit hyphen.
 - o. d. — Omit dash.
 - o. q. m. — Omit quotation marks.
 - o. a. — Omit accent.
 - s. l. — Small letter.
 - cap. — Capital.
 - i. — Italics.
 - n. i. — Not italics.
 - p. — Page.
 - l. — Line.
- 1840, 1843, 1845, refer to the editions of those dates.

NOTES.

TAMERLANE.

Page 1.

1827, 1829, 1831, 1845.

Text, 1845.

The earliest form, being widely different from the text, is given below. See also Appendix, "Poe and John Neal."

TAMERLANE.

I.

I HAVE sent for thee, holy friar ; (1)
But 't was not with the drunken hope,
Which is but agony of desire
To shun the fate, with which to cope
Is more than crime may dare to dream,
That I have call'd thee at this hour :
Such, father, is not my theme —
Nor am I mad, to deem that power
Of earth may shrive me of the sin
Unearthly pride hath revell'd in —
I would not call thee fool, old man,
But hope is not a gift of thine ;
If I *can* hope (O God ! I can)
It falls from an eternal shrine.

II.

The gay wall of this gaudy tower
Grows dim around me — death is near.

(127)



I had not thought, until this hour
 When passing from the earth, that ear
 Of any, were it not the shade
 Of one whom in life I made
 All mystery but a simple name,
 Might know the secret of a spirit
 Bow'd down in sorrow, and in shame. —
 Shame, said'st thou ?

Ay, I did inherit
 That hated portion, with the fame,
 The worldly glory, which has shown ¹
 A demon-light around my throne,
 Scorching my sear'd heart with a pain
 Not Hell shall make me fear again.

III.

I have not always been as now —
 The fever'd diadem on my brow
 I claim'd and won usurpingly —
 Ay — the same heritage hath given
 Rome to the Cæsar — this to me ;
 The heirdom of a kingly mind —
 And a proud spirit, which hath striven
 Triumphantly with human kind.

In mountain air I first drew life ;
 The mists of the Taglay have shed (*)
 Nightly their dews on my young head ;
 And my brain drank their venom then,
 When after day of perilous strife
 With chamois, I would seize his den
 And slumber, in my pride of power,
 The infant monarch of the hour —
 For, with the mountain dew by night,

¹ Shone ?

My soul imbibed unhallow'd feeling ;
 And I would feel its essence stealing
 In dreams upon me — while the light
 Flashing from cloud that hover'd o'er,
 Would seem to my half closing eye
 The pageantry of monarchy !
 And the deep thunder's echoing roar
 Came hurriedly upon me, telling
 Of war, and tumult, where my voice,
 My *own* voice, silly child ! was swelling
 (O how would my wild heart rejoice
 And leap within me at the cry)
 The battle-cry of victory !

IV.

The rain came down upon my head
 But barely shelter'd — and the wind
 Pass'd quickly o'er me — but my mind
 Was maddening — for 't was man that shed
 Laurels upon me — and the rush,
 The torrent of the chilly air
 Gurgled in my pleased ear the crush
 Of empires, with the captive's prayer,
 The hum of suitors, the mix'd tone
 Of flattery round a sovereign's throne.

The storm had ceased — and I awoke —
 Its spirit cradled me to sleep,
 And as it pass'd me by, there broke
 Strange light upon me, tho' it were
 My soul in mystery to steep :
 For I was not as I had been ;
 The child of Nature, without care,
 Or thought, save of the passing scene. —

v.

My passions, from that hapless hour,
 Usurp'd a tyranny, which men
 Have deem'd, since I have reach'd to power,
 My innate nature — be it so :
 But, father, there lived one who, then —
 Then, in my boyhood, when their fire
 Burn'd with a still intenser glow ;
 (For passion must with youth expire)
 Even *then*, who deem'd this iron heart
 In woman's weakness had a part.

I have no words, alas ! to tell
 The loveliness of loving well !
 Nor would I dare attempt to trace
 The breathing beauty of a face,
 Which even to *my* impassion'd mind,
 Leaves not its memory behind.
 In spring of life have ye ne'er dwelt
 Some object of delight upon,
 With steadfast eye, till ye have felt
 The earth reel — and the vision gone ?
 And I have held to memory's eye
 One object — and but one — until
 Its very form hath pass'd me by,
 But left its influence with me still.

vi.

'T is not to thee that I should name —
 Thou canst not — wouldst not dare to think
 The magic empire of a flame
 Which even upon this perilous brink
 Hath fix'd my soul, tho' unforgiven,
 By what it lost for passion — Heaven.
 I loved — and O, how tenderly !
 Yes ! she [was] worthy of all love !

Such as in infancy was mine,
Tho' then its *passion* could not be :
'T was such as angels' minds above
Might envy — her young heart the shrine
On which my every hope and thought
Were incense — then a goodly gift —
For they were childish, without sin,
Pure as her young example taught ;
Why did I leave it and adrift,
Trust to the fickle star within ?

VII.

We grew in age and love together,
Roaming the forest and the wild ;
My breast her shield in wintry weather,
And when the friendly sunshine smiled
And she would mark the opening skies,
I saw no Heaven but in her eyes —
Even childhood knows the human heart ;
For when, in sunshine and in smiles,
From all our little cares apart,
Laughing at her half silly wiles,
I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears,
She'd look up in my wilder'd eye —
There was no need to speak the rest —
No need to quiet her kind fears —
She did not ask the reason why.

The hallow'd memory of those years
Comes o'er me in these lonely hours,
And, with sweet loveliness, appears
As perfume of strange summer flowers ;
Of flowers which we have known before
In infancy, which seen, recall
To mind — not flowers alone — but more,
Our earthly life, and love — and all.

VIII.

Yes ! she was worthy of all love !
 Even such as from the accursed time
 My spirit with the tempest strove,
 When on the mountain peak alone,
 Ambition lent it a new tone,
 And bade it first to dream of crime,
 My frenzy to her bosom taught :
 We still were young : no purer thought
 Dwelt in a seraph's breast than *thine* ; (²)
 For passionate love is still divine :
 I loved her as an angel might
 With ray of the all living light
 Which blazes upon Edis' shrine. (⁴)
 It is not surely sin to name,
 With such as mine — that mystic flame,
 I had no being but in thee !
 The world with all its train of bright
 And happy beauty (for to me
 All was an undefined delight),
 The world — its joy — its share of pain
 Which I felt not — its bodied forms
 Of varied being, which contain
 The bodiless spirits of the storms,
 The sunshine, and the calm — the ideal
 And fleeting vanities of dreams,
 Fearfully beautiful ! the real
 Nothings of mid-day waking life —
 Of an enchanted life, which seems,
 Now as I look back, the strife
 Of some ill demon, with a power
 Which left me in an evil hour,
 All that I felt, or saw, or thought,
 Crowding, confused became
 (With thine unearthly beauty fraught)
 Thou — and the nothing of a name.

IX.

The passionate spirit which hath known,
 And deeply felt the silent tone
 Of its own self supremacy, —
 (I speak thus openly to thee,
 'T were folly *now* to veil a thought
 With which this aching breast is fraught)
 The soul which feels its innate right —
 The mystic empire and high power
 Given by the energetic might
 Of Genius, at its natal hour ;
 Which knows (believe me at this time,
 When falsehood were a tenfold crime,
 There *is* a power in the high spirit
 To *know* the fate it will inherit)
 The soul, which knows such power, will still
 Find *Pride* the ruler of his will.

Yes ! I was proud — and ye who know
 The magic of that meaning word,
 So oft perverted, will bestow
 Your scorn, perhaps, when ye have heard
 That the proud spirit had been broken,
 The proud heart burst in agony
 At one upbraiding word or token
 Of her that heart's idolatry —
 I was ambitious — have ye known
 Its fiery passion ? — ye have not —
 A cottager, I mark'd a throne
 Of half the world, as all my own,
 And murmur'd at such lowly lot !
 But it had pass'd me as a dream
 Which, of light step, flies with the dew,
 That kindling thought — did not the beam
 Of Beauty, which did guide it through
 The livelong summer day, oppress
 My mind with double loveliness —

.

X.

We walk'd together on the crown
 Of a high mountain, which look'd down
 Afar from its proud natural towers
 Of rock and forest, on the hills —
 The dwindled hills, whence amid bowers
 Her own fair hand had rear'd around,
 Gush'd shoutingly a thousand rills,
 Which as it were, in fairy bound
 Embraced two hamlets — those our own —
 Peacefully happy — yet alone —

I spoke to her of power and pride —
 But mystically, in such guise,
 That she might deem it nought beside
 The moment's converse ; in her eyes
 I read (perhaps too carelessly)
 A mingled feeling with my own ;
 The flush on her bright cheek to me,
 Seem'd to become a queenly throne
 Too well, that I should let it be
 A light in the dark wild, alone.

XI.

There — in that hour — a thought came o'er
 My mind, it had not known before —
 To leave her while we both were young, —
 To follow my high fate among
 The strife of nations, and redeem
 The idle words, which, as a dream
 Now sounded to her heedless ear —
 I held no doubt — I knew no fear
 Of peril in my wild career ;
 To gain an empire, and throw down
 As nuptial dowry — a queen's crown,
 The only feeling which possest,
 With her own image, my fond breast —

Who, that had known the secret thought
 Of a young peasant's bosom then,
 Had deem'd him, in compassion, aught
 But one, whom fantasy had led
 Astray from reason — Among men
 Ambition is chain'd down — nor fed
 (As in the desert, where the grand,
 The wild, the beautiful, conspire
 With their own breath to fan its fire)
 With thoughts such feeling can command ;
 Uncheck'd by sarcasm, and scorn
 Of those, who hardly will conceive
 That any should become "great," born (*)
 In their own sphere — will not believe
 That they shall stoop in life to one
 Whom daily they are wont to see
 Familiarly — whom Fortune's sun
 Hath ne'er shone dazzlingly upon,
 Lowly — and of their own degree —

XII.

I pictured to my fancy's eye
 Her silent, deep astonishment,
 When, a few fleeting years gone by,
 (For short the time my high hope lent
 To its most desperate intent,)
 She might recall in him, whom Fame
 Had gilded with a conqueror's name
 (With glory — such as might inspire
 Perforce, a passing thought of one,
 Whom she had deem'd in his own fire
 Wither'd and blasted ; who had gone
 A traitor, violate of the truth
 So plighted in his early youth,)
 Her own Alexis, who should plight (*)
 The love he plighted *then* — again,
 And raise his infancy's delight,
 The bride and queen of Tamerlane. —

XIII.

One noon of a bright summer's day
I pass'd from out the matted bower
Where in a deep, still slumber lay
My Ada. In that peaceful hour,
A silent gaze was my farewell.
I had no other solace — then
To awake her, and a falsehood tell
Of a feign'd journey, were again
To trust the weakness of my heart
To her soft thrilling voice : To part
Thus, haply, while in sleep she dream'd
Of long delight, nor yet had deem'd
Awake, that I had held a thought
Of parting, were with madness fraught ;
I knew not woman's heart, alas !
Tho' loved, and loving — let it pass. —

XIV.

I went from out the matted bower,
And hurried madly on my way :
And felt, with every flying hour,
That bore me from my home, more gay ;
There is of earth an agony
Which, ideal, still may be
The worst ill of mortality.
'T is bliss, in its own reality,
Too real, to *his* breast who lives
Not within himself but gives
A portion of his willing soul
To God, and to the great whole —
To him, whose loving spirit will dwell
With Nature, in her wild paths ; tell
Of her wondrous ways, and telling bless
Her overpowering loveliness !
A more than agony to him
Whose failing sight will grow dim

With its own living gaze upon
That loveliness around : the sun —
The blue sky — the misty light
Of the pale cloud therein, whose hue
Is grace to its heavenly bed of blue ;
Dim ! tho' looking on all bright !
O God ! when the thoughts that may not pass
Will burst upon him, and alas !
For the flight on Earth to Fancy given,
There are no words — unless of Heaven.

XV.

Look round thee now on Samarcand, (7)
Is she not queen of earth ? her pride
Above all cities ? in her hand
Their destinies ? with all beside
Of glory, which the world hath known ?
Stands she not proudly and alone ?
And who her sovereign ? Timur, he (8)
Whom the astonish'd earth hath seen,
With victory, on victory,
Redoubling age ! and more, I ween,
The Zinghis' yet re-echoing fame. (9)
And now what has he ? what ! a name.
The sound of revelry by night
Comes o'er me, with the mingled voice
Of many with a breast as light,
As if 't were not the dying hour
Of one, in whom they did rejoice —
As in a leader, haply — Power
Its venom secretly imparts ;
Nothing have I with human hearts.

XVI.

When Fortune mark'd me for her own,
And my proud hopes had reach'd a throne

(It boots me not, good friar, to tell
A tale the world but knows too well,
How by what hidden deeds of might,
I clamber'd to the tottering height,)
I still was young ; and well I ween
My spirit what it e'er had been.
My eyes were still on pomp and power,
My wilder'd heart was far away
In the valleys of the wild Taglay,
In mine own Ada's matted bower.
I dwelt not long in Samarcand
Ere, in a peasant's lowly guise,
I sought my long-abandon'd land ;
By sunset did its mountains rise
In dusky grandeur to my eyes :
But as I wander'd on the way
My heart sunk with the sun's ray.
To him, who still would gaze upon
The glory of the summer sun,
There comes, when that sun will from him part,
A sullen hopelessness of heart.
That soul will hate the evening mist
So often lovely, and will list
To the sound of the coming darkness (known
To those whose spirits hearken) ⁽¹⁰⁾ as one
Who in a dream of night *would* fly,
But cannot, from a danger nigh.
What though the moon — the silvery moon —
Shine on his path, in her high noon ;
Her smile is chilly, and *her* beam
In that time of dreariness will seem
As the portrait of one after death ;
A likeness taken when the breath
Of young life, and the fire o' the eye,
Had lately been, but had pass'd by.
'Tis thus when the lovely summer sun
Of our boyhood, his course hath run :
For all we live to know — is known ;

And all we seek to keep — hath flown ;
 With the noon-day beauty, which is all.
 Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall —
 The transient, passionate day-flower, ⁽¹¹⁾
 Withering at the evening hour.

XVII.

I reach'd my home — my home no more —
 For all was flown that made it so —
 I pass'd from out its mossy door,
 In vacant idleness of woe.
 There met me on its threshold stone
 A mountain hunter, I had known
 In childhood, but he knew me not.
 Something he spoke of the old cot :
 It had seen better days, he said ;
There rose a fountain once, and *there*
 Full many a fair flower raised its head :
 But she who rear'd them was long dead,
 And in such follies had no part,
 What was there left me *now* ? despair —
 A kingdom for a broken — heart.

POE'S NOTES TO THE EDITION OF 1827.

NOTE 1, page 127.

I have sent for thee, holy friar.

OF the history of Tamerlane little is known ; and with that little I have taken the full liberty of a poet. — That he was descended from the family of Zinghis Khan is more than probable — but he is vulgarly supposed to have been the son of a shepherd, and to have raised himself to the throne by his own address. He died in the year 1405, in the time of Pope Innocent VII.

How I shall account for giving him "a friar" as a

death-bed confessor—I cannot exactly determine. He wanted some one to listen to his tale—and why not a friar? It does not pass the bounds of possibility—quite sufficient for my purpose—and I have at least good authority on my side for such innovations.

NOTE 2, page 128.

The mists of the Taglay have shed, &c.

The mountains of Belur Taglay are a branch of the Imaus, in the southern part of Independent Tartary. They are celebrated for the singular wildness and beauty of their valleys.

NOTE 3, page 132.

*No purer thought
Dwelt in seraph's breast than thine.*

I must beg the reader's pardon for making Tamerlane, a Tartar of the fourteenth century, speak in the same language as a Boston gentleman of the nineteenth; but of the Tartar mythology we have little information.

NOTE 4, page 132.

Which blazes upon Edis' shrine.

A deity presiding over virtuous love, upon whose imaginary altar a sacred fire was continually blazing.

NOTE 5, page 135.

— *Tho hardly will conceive
That any should become "great," born
In their own sphere —*

Although Tamerlane speaks this, it is not the less true. It is a matter of the greatest difficulty to make the generality of mankind believe that one with whom they are upon terms of intimacy shall be called, in the

world, a "great man." The reason is evident. There are few great men. Their actions are consequently viewed by the mass of the people through the medium of distance. The prominent parts of their characters are alone noted; and those properties, which are minute and common to every one, not being observed, seem to have no connection with a great character.

Who ever read the private memorials, correspondence, &c., which have become so common in our time, without wondering that "great men" should act and think "so abominably"?

NOTE 6, page 135.

Her own Alexis, who should plight, &c.

That Tamerlane acquired his renown under a feigned name is not entirely a fiction.

NOTE 7, page 137.

Look round thee now on Samarcand,

I believe it was after the battle of Angora that Tamerlane made Samarcand his residence. It became for a time the seat of learning and the arts.

NOTE 8, page 137.

And who her sovereign? Timur, &c.

He was called Timur Bek as well as Tamerlane.

NOTE 9, page 137.

The Zinghis' yet re-echoing fame.

The conquests of Tamerlane far exceeded those of Zinghis Khan. He boasted to have two-thirds of the world at his command.

NOTE 10, page 138.

*The sound of the coming darkness (known
To those whose spirits hearken).*

I have often fancied that I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness, as it steals over the horizon — a foolish fancy, perhaps, but not more unintelligible than to see music —

“The mind the music breathing from her face.”

NOTE 11, page 139.

Let life then, as the day-flower, fall.

There is a flower (I have never known its botanic name), vulgarly called the day-flower. It blooms beautifully in the daylight, but withers towards evening, and by night its leaves appear totally shrivelled and dead. I have forgotten, however, to mention in the text, that it lives again in the morning. If it will not flourish in Tartary, I must be forgiven for carrying it thither.

VARIATIONS.

The following are the variations of 1829 from the text.

Line 1 *hour* (! —) 2 (*now*) ([*now*]) 15 *O* (O!) 18
Jewels (jewels) 21 *O* (O!) 21 *heart*, (!) 23 *The* (Th')
40 *nestled* (nestl'd) 42 (. . .) ([. . .])
43 *me* (me —) 45 *o'er* (o'er,) 52–53 (. . .)
([. . .]) 57 *Rendered* . . . *blind* (Was giant-
like — so Thou, my mind! —) 67 *power*, (i) 70 *boyhood*
(boy-hood) 72 (. . .) ([. . .]) 86 *O*, (!)
89 *envy*; (,) 90 *every* (ev'ry) 92 *and* (—and) 123
(. . .) ([. . .]) 136 *beauty* (cap.) 177
O, (O!) 180 *Siroc-wither'd* (o. h.) 181 *And*, (o. c.) 181
bles, (o. c.) 191 (begins XX stanza in 1829) 197–
198 (. . .) ([. . .]) 205 (. . .)
([. . .]) 219 *O*, (!) 237 *trellic'd* (trelliced) 238
fly — (fly).

Variations of 1831 from the text.

Line 2 *theme!* (:) 3 *deem* (think) 4 *Earth* (earth) 8
desire: (—) 9 *can* (n. i.) 9 — *Ob* ((O) 9 *can* — ()) 13
Know (Hear) 15 *I* ((I) 18 *Jewels* (jewels) 20 *again* —
 ()) 21 *heart*, (o. c.) 25 *Rings*, (o. c.) 26 — *a* (, —).
 After 26 insert : —

Despair, the fabled vampire bat,
 Hath long upon my bosom sat,
 And I would rave, but that he flings
 A calm from his unearthly wings.

30 *Hath* (i.) 30 *fierce* (o.) 32 *mind*, (o. c.) 35 *life:* (—)
 38 , *I believe*, (o. c.) 40 *Have* (Hath) 42 *Mid* (Mid)
 46 *Appeared* (Appear'd) 48 *trumpet-thunder's* (o. h.) 51
own (i.) 51 *child!* — (,) 52 *O!* (O) 52 *rejoice*, (o. c.) 53
cry (cry!) 54 *battle-cry* (o. h.) 54 *Victory* (s. l.) 55 *head*
 (head,) 56 — *and* (,) 57 *Rendered* . . . *blind* (Was
 giant-like — so thou, my mind!) 59 *me:* (—) 59 *rush* —
 (,) 60 *air* (air,) 62 *empires* — (,) 62 *prayer* — (,) 63
suitors — (,) 64 *'round* (, round) 65 , *from* (o. c.) 65
hour, (o. c.) 69 , *then*, (then —) 70 — *in* (in) 70 —
when (when) 71 *glow* (glow,) 72 , *with youth*, (o. c.) 73
E'en (Ev'n) 73 *then* (n. i.) 73 *this iron heart* (that as in-
 finite) 74 *In* . . . *part* (My soul — so was the
 weakness in it). After l. 74 insert : —

For in those days it was my lot
 To haunt of the wide world a spot
 The which I could not love the less.
 So lovely was the loneliness
 Of a wild lake with black rock bound,
 And the sultan-like pines that tower'd around !
 But when the night had thrown her pall
 Upon that spot as upon all,
 And the black wind murmur'd by,
 In a dirge of melody ;
 My infant spirit would awake
 To the terror of that lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright —
 But a tremulous delight —
 A feeling not the jewell'd mine
 Could ever bribe me to define,
 Nor love, Ada ! tho' it were thine.
 How could I from that water bring
 Solace to my imagining ?
 My solitary soul — how make
 An Eden of that dim lake ?

But then a gentler, calmer spell,
 Like moonlight on my spirit fell,

75 *I have* . . . *tell* (And O ! I have no words to tell)
 77 *Nor would I* (I will not) 79 *lineaments*, (o. c.)
 79 *mind*, (o. c.) 80 *Are* — (Are) 80 *th'* (the) 80 *wind* :
 (.) 81 *Thus I* (I well) 81 *dwelt* (dwelt,) 82 *Some*
page (Pages) 83 *eye*, (o. c.) 84 *letters* — (o. d.) 84
meaning — (o. d.) 85 — *with* (with —) 86 *Oh, she*
was (Was she not) 86 *love!* (?) 87 *Love* — (o. d.) 89
envy; (—) 90 *every* (ev'ry) 91 *gift*, (—) 94 , *and*, (o. c.)
 94 *adrift*, (o. c.) 95 *within*, (o. c.) 96 — *and* (o. d.)
 96 *love* — (o. d.) 96 *together* — (.) 97 *forest*, (o. c.) 97
wild; (.) 98 *weather*, (—) 99 *And*, (o. c.) 101 *Heaven*
 — (o. d.) 103 *'mid* (mid) 103 *sunshine*, (o. c.) 104
When, (o. c.) 106 *throw me* . . . *throbbing* (lean upon
 her gentle) 107 *tears* — (.) 108 *rest* — (.) 110 *her* (hers)
 111 *eye!* (.) 112–115 (omit, 1831) 116 *being* — (o. d.)
 117 *world*, (o. c.) 117 *contain* (contain,) 118 *sea* — (.)
 119 *Its joy* — *its little lot* (of pleasure or) 119 *pain* (pain —)
 120 *That* . . . *pleasure* — (The good, the bad,)
 121 *Dim*, (o. c.) 121 *night* — (.) 122 *real* — (.) 123
Shadows — (o. d.) 123 *light!* (light) 125 *And*, (o. c.)
 126 *and* — (o. d.) 127 *separate* — (o. d.) 128–138 (omit
 1831) 142 *forest*, (o. c.) 146 *mystically* — (.) 148 *con-*
verse ; (—) 149 *read*, (—) 151 *on her bright* (upon her)
 151 *cheek*, (o. c.) 151 *me* (me,) 152 *to become* (fitted for)
 152 *throne* (throne,) 153 *be* (be,) 158 *me* — (.) 159 *that*,

(o. c.) 159 *rabble* — (o. d.) 160 *down* — (,) 161 *hand* — (,) 162 *grand* — (,) 163 *wild* — (,) 163 *terrible* (terrible,) 164 *his* (its). Asterisks after 164.

For 165-176 substitute : —

Say, holy father, breathes there yet
A rebel or a Bajazet?
How now ! why tremble, man of gloom,
As if my words were the Simoom !
Why do the people bow the knee,
To the young Tamerlane — to me !

177 *given*, (o. c.) 178 *Earth* (s. l.) 178, of (o. c.) 179 *fall'st* (fallest) 181 *And*, (o. c.) 181 *in* (of) 182 *leav'st* (leavest) 183 *Idea!* (Idea) 183 *around* (around,) 184 *sound* (sound,) 186 *Earth* (s. l.) 187 *Hope* (s. l.) 189 *droopingly* — (,). After 190 begins stanza XX preceded by asterisks, in 1831. 191 *part* (part,) 194 *the* (that) 195 *ev'ning* (evening) 195 *mist* (mist,) 199 *Who*, (o. c.) 199 *night*, (o. c.) 199 *would* (n. i.) 199 *fly* (fly,) 200 *cannot* (n. i.) 201 *moon* (moon —) 202 *splendor* (beauty) 203 *Her* (n. i.) 203 — *and* (,) 203 *her* (n. i.) 203 *beam*, (o. c.) 204, *wall* (o. c.). Asterisks follow 206

207-212 omit.

For 213-221 substitute : —

I reach'd my home — what home ? above
My home — my hope — my early love,
Lonely, like me, the desert rose,
Bow'd down with its own glory grows.

223 *Death* (death,) 227 *see* (see,) 228 *Eternity* (s. l.) 231 *bow*, (o. c.) 231 *grove* (grove,) 232 *wandered* (wander'd) 234 *offerings* (offerings,) 235 *unpolluted* (undefiled) 235 *things*, (,) 237 *trellis'd* (trelliced) 237 *Heaven* (Heaven,) 238 *fly* — (fly) 239 *light'ning* (lightning) 241 *Unseen*, (o. c.) 242 *laughed* (laugh'd) 243 *Love's* (Loves).

After 243 insert : —

If my peace hath flown away
 In a night — or in a day —
 In a vision — or in none —
 Is it, therefore, the less gone ?
 I was standing 'mid the roar
 Of a wind-beaten shore,
 And I held within my hand
 Some particles of sand —
 How bright ! And yet to creep
 Thro' my fingers to the deep !
 My early hopes ? no — they
 Went gloriously away,
 Like lightning from the sky —
 Why in the battle did not I ?

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A child of nature strengthened by exposure to her forces is ardently in love with a maiden, but, seized with ambition, becomes a world-conqueror and returns for his bride. She is dead and he has won — a kingdom but lost a heart. Ambition has overcome love.

This passionate story of a happy past and a present miserable because of hopeless loss is not autobiographic in any other sense than that it describes the poet's mood in so many of his early poems. There is no clue to the date except that the poem is unusually mature for a youth and therefore should be put as late as possible. Moreover it is distinctly under Byronic influence.

The poem in its earliest form — the 1827 edition — consists of seventeen parts of prevailing iambic movement, with varying rime order.

To — —.

"I SAW THEE ON THY BRIDAL DAY."

Page 10.

1827, 1829, 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 11.

Text, 1845 (J. L. Graham copy).

Variations of 1827 from the text.

Title: — To — —.

I. 1 *thy* (the) 1 *day* — (i) 3 *Though* ('Tho') 3 *happiness* (cap.) 4 *thee*: (.) II. 1 *And* (And,) 1 *eye* (eye,) 1 *a* (the) 2 (Whatever . . . be) (Of young passion free) 3 *Earth* (earth,) 3 *aching* (chained) 4 *could* (might) III. 1 *perhaps* (I ween) 1 *shame* — (:) 2 *pass* — (:) 3 *Though* ('Tho') IV. 2 *thee*, (,—) *Though* ('Tho') 3 *happiness* (cap.) 3 *lay*, (i) 4 *love* (cap.) 4 *thee*.(,—).

Variations of 1829 from the text.

Title: — To — —.

I. 3 *Though* ('Tho') II. 1 *And* (And,) 2 (. . .) ([. . .]) 3 *aching* (fetter'd) III. 3 *Though* ('Tho') 3 *raised* (rais'd) IV. 3 *Though* ('Tho').

Broadway Journal shows no variations from the text.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The poet sees the burning blush and mysterious light which by its loveliness kindles in him a fierce flame, though happiness is around and before her.

This poem may well refer to the marriage of Miss Royster (with whom Poe had been in love before he entered the University) to Mr. Shelton. From Miss Royster's own account of her attachment this blush may be interpreted as shame for her desertion rather than mere maidenly modesty.

The poem is in cross-riming quatrains.

DREAMS.

Page 11.

1827.

Text, 1827.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream, for dreams of living light and loveliness are no less than Heaven. Such a moment he had once, but a power or spell came over him. "I have been happy" even though in a past dream fuller of reality than hope has known.

Note the unhappy awakening from a dream of bliss with no hope of regaining the lost hour.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

Page 13.

VISIT OF THE DEAD — 1827.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD — 1829; "BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE," July, 1839.

Text, *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*.

Variation of 1829 from the text.

III. 8 *forever*. (∴)

The earliest version (1827) runs as follows: —

VISIT OF THE DEAD

.

Thy soul shall find itself alone —
 Alone of all on earth — unknown
 The cause — but none are near to pry

Into thy hour of secrecy.
Be silent in that solitude,
Which is not loneliness — for then
The spirits of the dead, who stood
In life before thee, are again
In death around thee, and their will
Shall then o'ershadow thee — be still :
For the night, tho' clear, shall frown ;
And the stars shall look not down
From their thrones, in the dark heaven,
With light like Hope to mortals given,
But their red orbs, without beam,
To thy withering heart shall seem
As a burning, and a fever
Which would cling to thee forever.
But 'twill leave thee, as each star
In the morning light afar
Will fly thee — and vanish :
— But its *thought* thou canst not banish.
The breath of God will be still ;
And the mist upon the hill
By that summer breeze unbroken
Shall charm thee — as a token,
And a symbol which shall be
Secrecy in thee.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The soul in unlovely solitude surrounded by the spirits of the dead shall, under a frowning sky, see red-orbed stars shining without hope. There is in this poem, which may have been suggested by the death of Mrs. Stanard (April 28, 1824), a reference to gray tombstones.

The form is irregular, consisting of four stanzas of varying number of lines. The movement is iambic, with some trochaic inversions.

EVENING STAR.

Page 15.

1827.

Text, 1827.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The poet prefers the distant fire of the proud evening star to the colder lowly light of the midnight mid-summer moon.

Note in this poem the repetitions of such words as light, night, etc.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

Page 16.

IMITATION, 1827; To — —, 1829; TAMERLANE,
1831: A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM, GRISWOLD, 1849

Text, Griswold.

The earliest version (1827) runs as follows:

IMITATION.

A dark unfathom'd tide
Of interminable pride —
A mystery, and a dream,
Should my early life seem;
I say that dream was fraught
With a wild, and waking thought
Of beings that have been,
Which my spirit hath not seen,
Had I let them pass me by,
With a dreaming eye!

Let none of earth inherit
 That vision on my spirit ;
 Those thoughts I would control,
 As a spell upon his soul :
 For that bright hope at last
 And that light time have past,
 And my worldly rest hath gone
 With a sigh as it pass'd on :
 I care not tho' it perish
 With a thought I then did cherish.

The 1829 revision is as follows :

To ———

1.

Should my early life seem
 [As well it might,] a dream —
 Yet I build no faith upon
 The King Napoleon —
 I look not up afar
 To my destiny in a star :

2.

In parting from you now
 Thus much I will avow —
 There are beings, and have been
 Whom my spirit had not seen
 Had I let them pass me by
 With a dreaming eye —
 If my peace hath fled away
 In a night — or in a day —
 In a vision — or in none —
 Is it therefore the less gone ?
 I am standing 'mid the roar
 Of a weather-beaten shore,

And I hold within my hand
 Some particles of sand —
 How few ! and how they creep
 Thro' my fingers to the deep !
 My early hopes ? no — they
 Went gloriously away,
 Like lightning from the sky
 At once — and so will I.

So young ! Ah ! no — not now —
 Thou hast not seen my brow,
 But they tell thee I am proud —
 They lie — they lie aloud —
 My bosom beats with shame
 At the paltriness of name
 With which they dare combine
 A feeling such as mine —
 Nor Stoic ? I am not :
 In the terror of my lot
 I laugh to think how poor
 That pleasure "to endure !" .
 What ! shade of Zeno ! — I !
 Endure ! — no — no — defy.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

My days have been a dream and hope has vanished.
 Time like sand grains slips through the fingers and
 every thing is a dream within a dream. Note this figure
 in "Locksley Hall."

It does not materially aid the interpretation of this
 poem to consider it a part of "Tamerlane."

It consists of iambic trimeter riming generally in
 couplets.

STANZAS.

Page 17.

IN YOUTH HAVE I KNOWN ONE WITH WHOM THE
EARTH. 1827.

Text, 1827.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

One whose life was lit from sun and stars knew not the power over him. The light was fraught with sovereignty and passed with a quickening spell, the token of God's gifts to him who strives and overcomes.

This Reply of Nature to our Intelligence is a monologue of a genius who feels the mysterious power and in its strangeness finds a sign and token of God's gift of *beauty* to the artist. Note the occurrence in this poem of such conceptions as God, immortality, intimations of the future, etc.

The form of this poem is the Ottava Rima of which Byron was so fond. The prefixed quotation from Byron is taken from Section XVI. of the *Island*. This was written in Genoa and published in June, 1823. If this poem was the hint to Poe's, then Poe's poem was not written until after 1823 instead of in 1821-2.


A DREAM.

Page 19.

1827 (without title); 1829, 1845; BROADWAY
JOURNAL, II. 6.

Text, 1845.

In 1827 this poem occurs without title.



Variations of 1827 from the text.

Insert as first stanza the following :

A wilder'd being from my birth,
My spirit spurn'd control,
But now, abroad on the wide earth,
Where wanderest thou, my soul ?

I. 2 *dreamed* (dream'd) II. 1 *Ah!* (And) 4 *Turned* (Turn'd) III. 3 *cheered* (cheer'd) 4 *guiding.* (:) IV. 1 *though* (tho') 1 *storm and* (misty) 2 *trembled from* (dimly shone).

Variations of 1829 from the text.

I. 2 *dreamed* (dream'd) II. 1 *Ah!* (And) 4 *Turned* (Turn'd) III. 3 *cheered* (cheer'd) 4 *guiding.* (:) IV. 1 *though* (tho') 4 *star ?* (? —).

Broadway Journal shows no variations from the text.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The waking dream of light and life has left him broken-hearted. Life is a dream to him who looks backward, but the dream has proved his guiding spirit, as bright as Truth's day-star.

It is difficult to ascertain what these past joys were.

THE HAPPIEST DAY, THE HAPPIEST HOUR.

Page 20.

1827.

Text, 1827.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The author whose seared, blighted heart bemoans a past day and hour of happiness would not live it over again because of the pain mingled with the pleasure.

This poem, written before Poe was eighteen years old, presents life from the point of view of a man worn-out with living. How soon had he learned such bitterness of life !

THE LAKE : TO —.

Page 21.

1827, 1829, 1831 (TAMERLANE), 1845.

Text, 1845.

The earliest version (1827) runs as follows: —

THE LAKE.

In youth's spring it was my lot
To haunt of the wide earth a spot
The which I could not love the less ;
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that tower'd around.
But when the night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot — as upon all,
And the wind would pass me by
In its stilly melody,
My infant spirit would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.
Yet that terror was not fright —
But a tremulous delight,
And a feeling undefined,
Springing from a darken'd mind.
Death was in that poison'd wave
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his dark imagining ;
Whose wildering thought could even make
An Eden of that dim lake.

Variations of 1829 from the text.

I. 1 *In* . . . *youth* (In youth's spring) 3 *less* — (,) 5 *lake*, (o. c.) 6 *towered* (tower'd) 6 *around* (:) 6 does not end stanza II. 1 *Night* (s. l.) 2 *spot*, (—) 4 *Murmuring in* (In a dirge of) 5 *My infant spirit would awake* III. 1 *fright*, (—) 3 *jewelled* (jewell'd) 5 *although* (altho') 5 *were* (be) 5 *thine*. (:) IV. 1 *poisonous* (poison'd) 1 *wave*, (—) 2 *And* (And,).

For the Tamerlane form see note to Tamerlane above.

The following Note is found in 1845 : —

This [The Lake. To —] (with very slight variations) "inserted" in "Tamerlane," in the ed. of N. Y., 1831. See p. 115 of that ed. "For in those days," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Enchanted in youth's spring by the lovely loneliness of a wild lake the poet would awake to the tremulous delight of its terror, for in it was death and for the solitary soul an Eden.

This is the first hint of suicide as an end of misery and an introduction to happiness.

TO SCIENCE.

Page 22.

1829 ; 1831 ; SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, MAY,
1836 ; 1845 ; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 4.

Text, 1845.

Variations of 1829 from text.

Line 1 *true* (meet) 2 *Old* (s. l.) 3 *art!* (art) 2 *eyes*. (!) 3 *preyest* (prey'st) 4 *Vulture*, (!) *realities?* (!) 5 *thee?* (—) 5 *wise*, (o. c.) 6 *wouldst* (woulds't) 6 *in* (, in) 7 *jewelled* (jewell'd) 7 *skies*, (o. c.) 8 *wandering* (wandering,) 8 *be* (, he) 8 *soared* (soar) 9 *dragged* (dragg'd) 9 *car?* (,) 10 *driven* (driv'n) 11 *Hast* . . . *flood*, (The gentle Naiad

from her fountain-flood?) 12 *Elfin* (s. l.) 12 *grass*, (?)
13 *tamarind tree* (shrubbery).

Variations of 1831 from 1829.

Line 6, in (o. c.) 6 *woulds't* (would'st) 8, *he* (o. c.)
11 *fountain-* (o. h.).

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from 1831.

[Title, Sonnet.]

Line 3 *art* (art,) 5 *thee* — (,) 5 *wise* (wise,) 6
woulds't (would'st) 6, in (o. c.) 7 *skies* (skies,) 7, *he*
(he) 11 *fountain-* (o. h.).

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

Line 3 *preyest* (prey'st).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The thought here is that poetic beauty is more than
scientific reality.

This is a regular Shakespeare Sonnet.

AL AARAAF.

Page 23.

1829, 1831, 1845; I. LINES 66-67, 70-79, 82-101,
126-129; II. 20-21, 24-27, 52-59, 68-135 ap-
peared in the *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March
4, 1843.

Text, 1845.

See Appendix, "Poe and John Neal," for the earliest form of
"Al Araaf," antedating the Baltimore volume. — J. A. H.

Variations of 1829 from the text.

Al Araaf | What has night to do with sleep?
Comus | Dedication; — Who drinks the deepest? —
here 's to him. Cleveland.

Instead of the note to the title in the text the following is found in 1829 :

"A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which burst forth, in a moment, with a splendour surpassing that of Jupiter — then gradually faded away and became invisible to the naked eye."

PART I.

Line 2 (. . .) [. . . .] 7 (. . . .) ([. . .])
 11 *Oh*, (With) 13 *bowers* — (o. d.) 15 *star*. (—) 19
An oasis (A garden-spot) 20 *'mid* (mid) 22 (. . .)
 ([. . .]) 28 *incense* (incense,) 32-34 (. . .) ([. . .])
 41 *color* (colour) 43 *rear'd* (rear) 47 *died*. (—) 49 *knees*:
 (—) 50 *misnam'd* (misnamed) 53 (. . .) ([. . .]) 58
remaineth, (o. c.) 59 *reverie*: (—) 64 *air*, (o. c.) 65
fair: (—) 67 *night*: (—). [Note to l. 68 2 *term*, (—) ;
 2 *turnsol* — (o. d.).] 69 *run*: (—) [Note to l. 70
It (— *It*).] 73 *king*: (—). 75 *Rhone*: (—) 77 *Le-*
vante! (! —) 81 *odors* (odours) 81 *Heaven*: (—). [Note
 to l. 81 *odors* (odours).] 95 (. . .) ([. . .]). [Note
 to l. 105 *fourth* (4th).] 106 *Oh*, (O!) 109 *eye*; (eye)
 115 *given*, (o. c.) 120 *fervour* (fervor) 120 *eye*; (eye)
 123 *air!* (air) 127 *all*. (—) 128 *All* (Here). 133 fol-
 lows 132 without space in 1829. 133 *cycles* (cap.) 133
run, (o. c.) 134 *sun* — (o. d.) 136 *cloud*, (o. c.) 138
 (. . .) ([. . .]) 140 *run*, (o. c.) [Note to l. 145.
 ; — *they* (— They) *centre*, (o. c.).] 146 *light!* (!) 150
man! (!) 152 *eve!* — (!).

AL AARAF. PART II.

Line 7 , *that* (that,) 15 *lair*. (:) 19 *sky*. (:) 27
wing. (:) 33 *peer'd* (ventur'd) 33 *out*, (o. c.) [Note
 to l. 36 *connois* (conmois) *qu'* (qu) *érigé* (erige) *d'une*
 (du'ne) *être* (etre) *d'oeuvre* (doeuvre) *arts!* ("arts!")
 — *Voilà les argumens de M. Voltaire!*] 38 *O*, (O!) 39
save! (! —) [Note to l. 38 *that* (that,) 'Asphaltites'
 ("Asphaltites")] 40 *in* (near) 51 *again*. (:) 53 *cheeks*

were (cheek was) 55 *heart*. (: 57 *beneath*, (—) 67 *sang* :
 (.) [Note to l. 71 *perhaps* (, perhaps,)] 87-88 (. . .)
 ([. . .]) 89 *blest?* ([?]) 91 *rest!* (: 97 *apart!* (.)
 99 *lead* (hang) 109 (. .) ([. .]) 113 *be*, (o. c.) 115
the. (: [Note to 124 *beade* (heade,) *pleasaunte* (plesaunte)]
 131 *moon-ray* (o. h.) [Note to 141 *sixty* (60) *effect* : (.)]
 151 *moon*, (o. c.) 161 *O* (O!) 164 *Science* (s. l.) 166
 (. .) ([. .]) 169 *ecstasy* (extasy) 181 *moan*. (: 183
moss-y-mantled (mossy-mantled) 197 *the orb of Earth* (one
 constant star). Line 198 follows 197 immediately in
 1829. 201 *leave*. (: 204 *Arabesque* ('Arabesq') 205
draperied (drapried) 206 *O* (O!) 210 *O* (O!) 213 *he* (it)
 230 *love*.'' (love.) 237 *ceased* (ceas'd). 245 follows 244
 immediately in 1829. 261 follows 260 immediately in
 1829. 262 *day* (day).

Variations of 1831 from text.

For lines 1-15 substitute :

AL AARAAF.

Other readings : —

1-15 Mysterious star!
 Thou wert my dream
 All a long summer night —
 Be now my theme!
 By this clear stream,
 Of thee will I write;
 Meantime from afar
 Bathe me in light!

Thy world has not the dross of ours,
 Yet all the beauty — all the flowers
 That list our love, or deck our bowers
 In dreamy gardens, where do lie
 Dreamy maidens all the day,
 While the silver winds of Circassy
 On violet couches faint away.

Little — oh ! little dwells in thee
 Like unto what on earth we see :
 Beauty's eye is here the bluest
 In the falsest and untruest —
 On the sweetest air doth float
 The most sad and solemn note —
 If with thee be broken hearts,
 Joy so peacefully departs,
 That its echo still doth dwell,
 Like the murmur in the shell.

Line 19 *An oasis* (A garden spot) 25 *favour'd* (favor'd) 28 *incense* (incense,) 30 *Earth* (s. l.) 31 *Idea* (s. l.) 32 *thro'* (through) 35 *Infinity* (s. l.) 36 *curled* (curl'd) 39 *thro'* (through) 41 *color* (colour) 43 *rear'd* (rear) 47 *mortal* — (o. d.) 47 *died* (—) 49 *knees* : (—) 50 *misnam'd* (misnamed) 56 *Trebizond* — (,) 59 *reverie* : (—) 62 *head*, (o. c.) 64 *air*, (o. c.) 65 *chasten'd*, (o. c.) 65 *fair* : (—) 67 *night* : (—) 69 *run* : (—) 70 *Earth* (s. l.) 73 *king* : (—) 75 *Rhone* : (—) 81 *Goddess'* (s. l.) 81 *Heaven* : (heaven —) 82 *where* (o. c.) 95 *red* (o.) 104 *dream'd* (dreamed) 104 *Infinity* (s. l.) 106 *Oh*, (O!) 112 *empire* (empire,) 114 *winged* (wing'd) 115 *given*, (o. c.) 117 *Heaven* (s. l.) 120 *fer-vour* (fervor) 120 *His* (s. l.) 120 *eye*; (,) 127 *all*. (—) 128 *All* (Here). [133 follows 132 without space in 1831.] 133 *tho'* (though) 133 *cycles* (cap.) 133 *run*, (o. c.) 134 *sun* — (o. d.) 139 *tho'* (though) 142 *thro'* (through) 142 *Heaven*. (heaven:) 143 *crystal* (chrystal) 146 *light!* (!) 150 *man!* (!) 152 *eve!* (eve) 152 *Earth* (s. l.) 157 *and* (, and).

PART II.

Line 6 *Heaven* (s. l.) 7, *that* (that,) 9 *eve* — (,) 15 *lair*. (!) 17 *thro'* (through) 19 *sky*. (!) 20 *Heaven* (s. l.) 27 *wing*. (!) 28 *pillars* (i.) 32 *every* (ev'ry) 33 *peer'd* (peered) 33 *out*, (o. c.) 36 *Persepolis* — (o. d.) 38 *O*, (o. c.) 38 *Of* (Too) 39 *save!* (!) — 40 *in* (near) 50 *strain* (strain,) 51 *again*. (!) 52 *cheeks were* (cheek was)

55 *heart*. (:) 57 *beneath*, (—) 58 *hair* (hair,) 59 *there* !
 (.) 60 *melody* (melody,) 65 *and* (, and) 67 *sang* : (.) 73
half closing (half-closing) 85 *dew* (dew,) 91 *rest* ! (:) 97
apart ! (,) 99 *lead* (hang) [112 follows 111 without
 space in 1831] 115 *thee*. (:) 128 *then* (then,) 129 *away*
 (away,) 131 *moon-ray* (o. h.) 149 *soon* (soon,) 154
rhythmical (rythmical) 161 *O* (O!) 166 (. . .)
 ([. . .]) 173 *Heaven's Eternity* (s. l.) 173 *Hell*
 (s. l.) 178 *maiden-angel* (o. h.) 178 *seraph-lover* (o. h.)
 181 *moan*. (:) 183 *moss-y-mantled* (mossy-mantled) 187
Beauty's (s. l.) 189 *love-haunted* (o. h.) 197 *the orb of*
Earth (one constant star) [198 follows 197 without
 space in 1831] 201 *leave*. (:) 203 *sun-ray* (o. h.) 204
Arabesque ('Arabesq') 205 *draperied* (drapried) 206 *eye-*
lids (o. h.) 206 *O* (O!) 208 *love* (love,) 210 *O* (O!) 210
Death (s. l.) 212 *single* (single,) 213 *he* (it) 214 *Earth's*
 (s. l.) 219 *tower*, (o. c.) 226 *wish'd* (wished) 227 "*My*
 (*My*) 228 *dwelling-place* (o. h.) 230 *love*." (love.)
 [231 follows 230 immediately] 237 *soar* (soar,) 242
ours — (,) 244 *Earth* (earth!) [245 follows 244 im-
 mediately] 245 *Earth* (s. l.) 258 *Beauty's* (s. l.) 260
Beauty (s. l.) [261 follows 260 immediately] 263
Heaven (s. l.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.

OUTLINE OF AL AARAAF.

I.

1. This introductory division attributes to the star discovered by Tycho Brahe surpassing beauty and melody.

2. Nesace — personified Beauty — takes up her abode on earth, where surrounded (3) by beauty she reverently looks into the infinite.

4. Flowers are grouped around her to bear her song, in odors, up to Heaven.

The Song has to do with the thought that, though humans conceive God after a model of their own, He has revealed himself as a star.

5. Abashed Nesace hears the sound of silence as the eternal voice of God speaks to her, (6) bidding her tell man everywhere that he is guilty (because he believes God is only magnified man?). Let man behold Beauty as the revelation of God.

6. This maiden worshipping a vanishing star dwells on a vanishing island over which she now takes her way.

II.

Upon a mountain of enamelled top is a temple. (The description of this recalls the picture of the Pantheon suggested by Milton in *Paradise Lost* I.)

It is summer time, and Nesace in her halls flushed with her haste sings again amid flowers and starlight. Her song is an *Apostrophe* to bright being, especially love, and then there is an appeal to *Ligeia*, the essence of music, to wake all nature with her rhythmical numbers.

5. Dreams, visions, etc., collect, but there is death too, so the poet chooses *Al Aaraaf*, the place of blessed sorrow, with its luxury of grief. But there are two beings — a maiden angel and her seraph lover — who for the beating of their own hearts hear not the song.

6. The story of *Angelo* and *Ianthe* follows. *Angelo* sits with *Ianthe* but often looks at the Earth. He tells (7) of his death at *Lemnos* and his departure (8) from the *Parthenon* where beauty so crowds upon him that he wishes himself a man again.

9. *Ianthe* tells him that with her he has a brighter place where women and love are.

10. He tells how he came to *Al Aaraaf* with its increasing beauty (11).

12. The lovers fall because their own 'beating hearts cannot hear Heaven's hope.' —

Part I. consists of Seven Divisions with one song and Part II. of Twelve Divisions with one song.

The meaning of this poem is not very clear, but perhaps *Fruit* is right in thinking *Poe* meant to teach that

beauty is to be placed above love, as in Tamerlane he taught that love was above ambition.

(ROMANCE.)

Page 40.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843 ;
1845 ; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II., 8. — *Preface*,
1829 ; *Introduction*, 1831.

Text, 1845.

Variations of 1829 from the text.

Line 1, *who* (o. c.) 2 *wing*, (o. c.) 4 *lake*, (o. c.) 9
lie, (o. c.) II. 2 *Heaven* (air) 4 *I* . . . *idle* (I hardly
have had time for) 5 *Through* ('Thro') 5 *the* (th') 5 *sky*.
(!) 6 *And* (And,) 11 *Unless it trembled* (Did it not
tremble).

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

Line 9 *lie*, (o. c.) II. 3 *as* (, as) 11 *strings*. (!).

The 1831 version is as follows : —

INTRODUCTION.

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet
Hath been — a most familiar bird —
Taught me my alphabet to say, —
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild-wood I did lie
A child — with a most knowing eye

Succeeding years, too wild for song,
Then roll'd like tropic storms along,
Where, tho' the garish lights that fly,
Dying along the troubled sky
Lay bare, thro' vistas thunder-riven,
The blackness of the general Heaven,
That very blackness yet doth fling
Light on the lightning's silver wing.

For, being an idle boy lang syne,
Who read Anacreon, and drank wine,
I early found Anacreon rhymes
Were almost passionate sometimes —
And by strange alchemy of brain
His pleasures always turn'd to pain —
His naivete to wild desire —
His wit to love — his wine to fire —
And so, being young and dipt in folly
I fell in love with melancholy,
And used to throw my earthly rest
And quiet all away in jest —
I could not love except where Death
Was mingling his with Beauty's breath
Or Hymen, Time, and Destiny
Were stalking between her and me.

O, then the eternal Condor years,
So shook the very Heavens on high,
With tumult as they thunder'd by ;
I had no time for idle cares,
Thro' gazing on the unquiet sky !
Or if an hour with calmer wing
Its down did on my spirit fling,
That little hour with lyre and rhyme
To while away— forbidden thing !
My heart half fear'd to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the string.

But *now* my soul hath too much room —
Gone are the glory and the gloom —
The black hath mellow'd into grey,
And all the fires are fading away.

My draught of passion hath been deep —
I revell'd, and I now would sleep —
And after-drunkenness of soul
Succeeds the glories of the bowl —
An idle longing night and day
To dream my very life away.

But dreams—of those who dream as I,
Aspiringly, are damned, and die :
Yet should I swear I mean alone,
By notes so very shrilly blown,
To break upon Time's monotone,
While yet my vapid joy and grief
Are tintless of the yellow leaf —
Why not an imp the graybeard hath
Will shake his shadow in my path —
And even the graybeard will o'erlook
Connivingly my dreaming-book.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Romance taught the poet in his childhood his earliest moods, but now he is so occupied with cares that he cannot use his time in riming merely for poetry's sake, but only because his heart trembles with his music.

The earlier form of this poem seems the best.

TO —.

Page 41.

1829 ; 1845 ; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 11.

Text, 1845.

Variations of 1829 from the text.

I. 2 *birds*, (o. c.) II. 1 *enshrined* (enshrin'd) 3 *O*
(O!) III. 3 *the* (o.) 4 *baubles* (trifles).

Broadway Journal shows no variations.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

To whom this poem may have been addressed is still a matter of conjecture.

TO THE RIVER —.

Page 42.

1829 ; BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST,
1839 ; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH
4, 1843 ; 1845 ; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 9.

Text, Griswold, which follows *Saturday Museum*.

Variations of Burton's Gentleman's Magazine from the text.

I. 1 *bright*, (o. c.) 2 *crystal*, *wandering* (labyrinth-like) 6 *daughter*; (.) II. 1 *looks* — (.) 2 *trembles*. — (,) 2 *Which* (Which) 3, *then*, (o. c.) 4 *resembles*; (.) 5 *his* (my) 5, *as* (—) 5 *stream*, (—) 7 *His* (The) 7 *beam*, (o. c.) 8 *of* . . . *searching* (The scrutiny of her).

Variations of 1829 from the text.

I. 2 *crystal, wandering* (labyrinth-like) 6 *daughter*;
 (—) II. 4 *resembles*; (—) 5, *as* (—) 5 *stream*, (—)
 5 *his* (my) 7 *His* (The) 7 *beam* (beam,) 8 *Of her soul-*
searching (The scrutiny of her).

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

II. 5 *his* (my) 7 *His* (The).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The river is the emblem of the glow of beauty in the heart of old Alberto's daughter, who when she looks into the waves sees herself, just as her soul-searching eyes look into her lover's heart and find her own image.

TO —.

Page 43.

To —. (I HEED NOT THAT MY EARTHLY LOT).
 1845. | ALONE, MS. | TO M—; 1829.

Text, 1845.

The earliest form of this poem (1829) is as follows : —

To M—.

O ! I care not that my earthly lot
 Hath little of Earth in it —
 That years of love have been forgot
 In the fever of a minute —

2

I heed not that the desolate
Are happier sweet, than I —
But that *you* meddle with *my* fate
Who am a passer by.

3

It *is* not that my founts of bliss
Are gushing — strange ! with tears —
Or that the thrill of a single kiss
Hath palsied many years —

4

'T is not that the flowers of twenty springs
Which have wither'd as they rose
Lie dead on my heart-strings
With the weight of an age of snows.

5

Now that the grass — O ! may it thrive !
On my grave is growing or grown —
But that, while I am dead yet alive
I cannot be, lady, alone.

 FAIRY-LAND.

Page 44.

1829, 1831 ; BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST, 1839, 1845 ; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 13.

Text, 1845.

Variations of 1829 from the text.

Line 7 *Every* (Ev'ry) 8 *Forever* (For ever) 10 *faces*.
(;) 12 *One* (One,) 12 *filmy* (i.) 13-14 (. .)
([. . .]) 13 *sort* (kind) 20 *over balls* (and rich)

27 — *O* (o. d.) 27 *O*, (!) Note to l. 33 [Plagiarism — see the Works of Thomas Moore — *passim* — [Edr.]] 43 *again* (again,) 44 (*Never contented things* ([The unbelieving things])).

The verbal variations of Burton's are the same as those of 1829.

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

Line 4 *over* (over.) 12 *One* (One,) 12 *filmy* (i.) 28 *sleep*. (!)

The 1831 version is as follows :—

FAIRY-LAND.

Sit down beside me, Isabel,
Here, dearest, where the moonbeam fell
 Just now so fairy-like and well.
Now thou art dress'd for paradise !
 I am star-stricken with thine eyes !
 My soul is lolling on thy sighs !
 Thy hair is lifted by the moon
 Like flowers by the low breath of June !
 Sit down, sit down — how came we here ?
 Or is it all but a dream, my dear ?

You know that most enormous flower —
 That rose — that what d' ye call it — that hung
 Up like a dog-star in this bower —
 To-day (the wind blew, and) it swung
 So impudently in my face,
 So like a thing alive you know,
 I tore it from its pride of place
 And shook it into pieces — so
 Be all ingratitude requited.
 The winds ran off with it delighted,
 And, thro' the opening left, as soon
 As she threw off her cloak, yon moon
 Has sent a ray down with a tune.

And this ray is a *fairy* ray —
Did you not say so, Isabel?
How fantastically it fell
With a spiral twist and a swell,
And over the wet grass rippled away
With a tinkling like a bell!
In my own country all the way
We can discover a moon ray
Which thro' some tatter'd curtain pries
Into the darkness of a room,
Is by (the very source of gloom)
The motes, and dust, and flies,
On which it trembles and lies
Like joy upon sorrow!
O, *when* will come the morrow?
Isabel, do you not fear
The night and the wonders here?
Dim vales! and shadowy floods!
And cloudy-looking woods
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over!

Huge moons — see! wax and wane
Again — again — again.
Every moment of the night —
Forever changing places!
How they put out the starlight
With the breath from their pale faces!

Lo! one is coming down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence!
Down — still down — and down —
Now deep shall be — O deep!
The passion of our sleep!
For that wide circumference
In easy drapery falls

Drowsily over halls —
 Over ruin'd walls —
 (Over waterfalls !)
 O'er the strange woods — o'er the sea —
 Alas ! over the sea !

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A fantastic picture of the setting of a moon on a mountain. The mountain is buried in a labyrinth of light. In the morning this covering canopy is withdrawn and shattered. Butterflies bring pieces of it on their wings. This poem comes very near to being meaningless and the lines are not always rhythmical.

Cf. Appendix, "Poe and John Neal."

TO HELEN.

Page 46.

1831; SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, MARCH, 1836;
 GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER, 1841; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843;
 1845.

Text, 1845.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from the text.

I. 2 *Nicéan* (Nicean) 3 *perfumed* (perfum'd) 4 *way-worn* (o. h.) II. 4 *glory that was* (beauty of fair) 5 *that was* (of old) III. 1 *yon brilliant* (that little) 2 *stand*, (!) 3 *agate lamp* (folded scroll) 4 *Ah*, (!) 5 *Holy-Land* (o. h.).

Variations of 1831 from the text.

I. 2 *Nicéan* (Nicean) 3 *perfumed* (perfum'd) 4 *weary*, (o. c.) II. 4 *glory that was* (beauty of fair) 5 *that was*

(of old) III. 1 *yon brilliant* (that little) 2 *stand*, (!) 3 *agate lamp* (folded scroll) 3 *hand!* (—) 4 *Ah*, (A) 4 *Psyche*, (o. c.).

Variations of Graham from the text.

I. 4 *way-worn* (o. h.) II. 3 *airs* (airs,) 4 *Greece*, (—) III. 1 *yon brilliant* (that shadowy) 3 *agate lamp* (folded scroll) 3 *hand!* (—) 4 *Ah*, (!).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Said to have been written when he was fourteen and, if so, then it refers to Mrs. Stanard. — The second "Helen" was Mrs. Whitman.

ISRAFEL.

Page 47.

1831; SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, AUGUST, 1836; GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER, 1841; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 3.

Text, 1845.

The earliest version (1831) reads as follows :—

ISRAFEL.¹

I.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heart-strings are a lute —
None sing so wild — so well
As the angel Israfel —
And the giddy stars are mute.

¹ And the angel Israfel, who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.

II.

Tottering above
In her highest noon
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love —
While, to listen, the red levin
Pauses in Heaven.

III.

And they say (the starry choir
And all the listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
With those unusual strings.

IV.

But the Heavens that angel trod
Where deep thoughts are a duty —
Where Love is a grown god —
Where Houri glances are —
Stay! turn thine eyes afar! —
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in yon star.

V.

Thou art not, therefore, wrong
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassion'd song :
To thee the laurels belong
Best bard, — because the wisest.

VI.

The extacies above
With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief — if any — thy love
With the fervor of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute !

VII.

Yes, Heaven is thine : but this
Is a world of sweets and sours :
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

VIII.

If I did dwell where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He would not sing one half as well —
One half so passionately,
While a stormier note than this would swell
From my lyre within the sky.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from above.

I. 2 *lute* — (:) II. 2 *noon* (noon,) IV. 4 *are* — (o. d.)
5 (omit), 7 *yon* (a) V. 5 *bard*, — (—) VIII. 6 *While*
a stormier (And a loftier).

Variations of Graham's Magazine from the text.

Note. *Israfel* (Israfel, or Israfeli) *sweetest* (most musical).

II. 6-9 *With* . . . *Heaven* (Pauses in Heaven, |
With the rapid Pleiads, even | Which were seven.) III. 4
owing to (due unto) 6 *The* (That) 6 *wire* (lyre) 7 *Of*
(With) IV. 1 *skies* (Heavens) 3 *Love's* (Love is) 3
grown-up (grown) 6 *star*. (—) After 6 insert : The
more lovely, the more far! V. 1 *Therefore, thou art not*
(Thou art not, therefore,) 3 *song* ; (.) VI. 4 *ferveur*
(fervor) 4 *lute* — (.) VII. 2 *sours* ; (—) 3 *flowers*, (i)
4 *perfect* (o.) VIII. 1 *could* (did) 4 *well* (well,) 5 (One
half so passionately,) 7 *sky*. (!)

Variations of the Broadway Journal from the text.

IV. 1 *Where* (And) 3 *grown-up* (o. h.) 3 *God* — (,) 4 *Where* (And) 2 *duty* — (,) V. 1 *Thou art not*, therefore VI. 4 *fervour* (fervor).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This is among the best of Poe's poems. The last verse is the clearest. — Cf. *Al Aaraaf*;

all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Prof. Woodberry (Poems, 181) remarks that the phrase, "whose heartstrings are a lute," was not in the original motto derived by Poe from Moore's "Lalla Rookh," but was interpolated, as in the text.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Page 49.

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW (SUB-TITLE, A PROPHECY,) APRIL, 1845; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 8. THE DOOMED CITY, 1831; THE CITY OF SIN, SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, AUGUST, 1836.

Text, 1845.

The earliest version (1831) reads as follows:

Lo! Death hath rear'd himself a throne
In a strange city, all alone,
Far down within the dim west —
And the good, and the bad, and the worst, and
the best,
Have gone to their eternal rest.

There shrines and palaces and towers
Are — not like anything of ours —
O! no — O! no — *ours* never loom

To heaven with that ungodly gloom!
 Time-eaten towers that tremble not!
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,
 Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie.
 A heaven that God doth not condemn
 With stars is like a diadem —
 We liken our ladies' eyes to them —
 But there! That everlasting pall!
 It would be mockery to call
 Such dreariness a heaven at all.

Yet tho' no holy rays come down
 On the long night-time of that town,
 Light from the lurid, deep sea
 Streams up the turrets silently —
 Up thrones — up long-forgotten bowers
 Of sculptur'd ivy and stone flowers —
 Up domes — up spires — up kingly halls —
 Up fanes — up Babylon-like walls —
 Up many a melancholy shrine
 Whose entablatures intertwine
 The mask — the viol — and the vine.

There open temples — open graves
 Are on a level with the waves —
 But not the riches there that lie
 In each idol's diamond eye,
 Not the gayly-jewell'd dead
 Tempt the waters from their bed:
 For no ripples curl, alas!
 Along that wilderness of glass —
 No swellings hint that winds may be
 Upon a far-off happier sea:
 So blend the turrets and shadows there
 That all seem pendulous in air,
 While from the high towers of the town
 Death looks gigantically down.

But lo! a stir is in the air!
 The wave! there is a ripple there!
 As if the towers had thrown aside,
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide —
 As if the turret-tops had given
 A vacuum in the filmy heaven:
 The waves have now a redder glow —
 The very hours are breathing low —
 And when, amid no earthly moans,
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,
 Hell rising from a thousand thrones
 Shall do it reverence,
 And Death to some more happy clime
 Shall give his undivided time.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger (Title, The City of Sea) from above.

Line 4 *And* (Where) 6 *shrines* (shrines,) 6 *palaces* (palaces,) 7 *anything* (any thing) 8 *O!* (Oh,) 8 *O!* (O) 20 *Yet* . . . *down* (No holy rays from heaven come down) 22 *Light* . . . *sea* (But light from out the lurid sea) 35 *gayly* (gaily) 46 *wave!* (—) 50 *heaven:* (.) 54 *down* (down,) 55 *Hell rising* (All Hades) 55 *thrones* (thrones,).

Variations of The American Whig Review from the text.

Line 3 *Far* . . . *West*, (Far off in a region unblest) 12 *heaven* (cap.) 22 *wreathéd* (wreathéd) 25 *The melancholy* (Around the mournful) 27 *air*, (.) 28-35 omit 36 *For no* (No murmuring) 39 *some* (a) 41 *Seas less hideously* (Oceans not so sad —) 47 *Heaven.* (.—) 49 *hours* (cap.).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Death has a throne in a strange city by the edge of the waters. It is ever night time and the only light is from

the lurid sea. The city hangs in pendulous reflection, with Death on a high tower. The sea is hideously serene, but a stir comes and the city will slip in the sea.

The music of this poem is charming. The theme of the city sunk in the sea is not unknown to the German ballad-writers; cf. the kindred themes of the chapel lost in the woods (Uhland), "Die Versunkene Glocke" of Hauptmann, etc., and Al Aaraaf, II.

THE SLEEPER.

Page 51.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, I. 18; 1831 (TITLE IRENE); SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, MAY, 1836 (IRENE).

Text, 1845, with Lorimer Graham corrections.

The earliest version (1831) is as follows:—

IRENE.

'T is now (so sings the soaring moon)
Midnight in the sweet month of June,
When winged visions love to lie
Lazily upon beauty's eye,
Or worse — upon her brow to dance
In panoply of old romance,
Till thoughts and locks are left, alas!
A ne'er-to-be untangled mass.

An influence dewy, drowsy, dim,
Is dripping from that golden rim;
Grey towers are mouldering into rest,
Wrapping the fog around their breast:

Looking like Lethe, see ! the lake
 A conscious slumber seems to take,
 And would not for the world awake :
 The rosemary sleeps upon the grave —
 The lily lolls upon the wave —
 And million bright pines to and fro,
 Are rocking lullabies as they go,
 To the lone oak that reels with bliss,
 Nodding above the dim abyss.
 All beauty sleeps : and lo ! where lies
 With casement open to the skies,
 Irene, with her destinies !
 Thus hums the moon within her ear,
 “ O lady sweet ! how camest thou here ?
 “ Strange are thine eyelids — strange thy dress !
 “ And strange thy glorious length of tress !
 “ Sure thou art come o’er far-off seas,
 “ A wonder to our desert trees !
 “ Some gentle wind hath thought it right
 “ To open thy window to the night,
 “ And wanton airs from the tree-top,
 “ Laughingly thro’ the lattice drop,
 “ And wave this crimson canopy,
 “ Like a banner o’er thy dreaming eye !
 “ Lady, awake ! lady awake !
 “ For the holy Jesus’ sake !
 “ For strangely — fearfully in this hall
 “ My tinted shadows rise and fall ! ”

The lady sleeps : the *dead* all sleep —
 At least as long as Love doth weep :
 Entranc’d, the spirit loves to lie
 As long as — tears on Memory’s eye :
 But when a week or two go by,
 And the light laughter chokes the sigh,
 Indignant from the tomb doth take
 Its way to some remember’d lake,
 Where oft — in life — with friends — it went

To bathe in the pure element,
 And there, from the untrodden grass,
 Wreathing for its transparent brow
 Those flowers that say (ah hear them now !)
 To the night-winds as they pass,
 " Ai ! ai ! alas ! — alas ! "
 Pores for a moment, ere it go,
 On the clear waters there that flow,
 Then sinks within (weigh'd down by wo)
 Th' uncertain, shadowy heaven below.

The lady sleeps : oh ! may her sleep
 As it is lasting so be deep —
 No icy worms about her creep :
 I pray to God that she may lie
 Forever with as calm an eye,
 That chamber chang'd for one more holy —
 That bed for one more melancholy.

Far in the forest, dim and old,
 For her may some tall vault unfold,
 Against whose sounding door she hath thrown,
 In childhood, many an idle stone —
 Some tomb, which oft hath flung its black
 And vampyre-winged pannels back,
 Flutt'ring triumphant o'er the palls
 Of her old family funerals.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from 1831.

Line 1-2 I stand beneath the soaring moon
 At midnight in the month of June.

3-8 (omit S. L. M.) 10 *that* (yon) 10 *rim* ; (.) 12
breast ! (.) 13 *awake* : (.) 16 *grave* — (,) 17 *wave* —
 (,) 18 *bright pines* (cedars) 18 *fro*, (o. c.) 19 *go*,
 (o. c.) 20 *reels with bliss*, (nodding hangs) 21 *Nodding*
 . . . *abyss* (Above yon cataract of Serangs) 22

beauty (cap.) 22 *sleeps*: (!—) 23 *skies*, (o. c.) 24 *Irene*, (o. c.) For l. 25 substitute —

And hark the sounds so low yet clear,
(Like music of another sphere)
Which steal within the slumberer's ear,
Or so appear — or so appear !

26 *sweet* ! (,) 27 *eyelids* — (!) 29 *far-off* (o. h.) 29 *seas*, (o. c.) 33 *top*, (o. c.) 34 thro' (through) After 35 insert :

“So fitfully, so fearfully,

36 *Like* (As) 36 *eye* ! (eye) 37 substitute : —

“That o'er the floor, and down the wall,
“Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall —
“Then, for thine own all radiant sake,
“Lady, awake ! awake ! awake !

38–59 (omit) 60 *sleeps*: (!—) 60 *oh* ! (,) 61 *lasting* (lasting,) 61 *deep* — (,) 62 *creep*: (!) 64 *eye*, (—) 65 *chang'd* (changed) 65 *holy* — (,) 66 *melancholy* ! (.) 67 *forest*, (o. c.) 69 *thrown*, (o. c.) 70 *childhood*, (o. c.) 71 *tomb*, (o. c.) 72 *winged* (wing-like) 73 *Flutt'ring* (Fluttering).

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

After 16 insert : —

(Her casement open to the skies)

26 *fringed* (fringed) 43 *pale* (dim) 50 *winged* (winged).

The Lorimer Graham variations from 1845 are the same as the *Broadway Journal* variations above.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

It is midnight in June when mountain and lake are asleep under the moon. A casement open shows the

dear lady asleep — the sleep is the sleep of death. May her sleep be as lasting as it is deep. May she find a vault, a sepulchre well known to her in life.

This descriptive lyric of death introduces his favorite theme, the sad death of a beautiful young woman.

LENORE.

Page 53.

THE PIONEER, FEBRUARY, 1843; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 6. | A PÆAN, 1831; SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, JANUARY, 1836.

Text, 1845.

The earliest version is 1831, and runs as follows:—

A PÆAN.

I.

How shall the burial rite be read?
The solemn song be sung?
The requiem for the loveliest dead,
That ever died so young?

II.

Her friends are gazing on her,
And on her gaudy bier,
And weep! — oh! to dishonor
Dead beauty with a tear!

III.

They loved her for her wealth —
And they hated her for her pride —
But she grew in feeble health,
And they *love* her — that she died.

IV.

They tell me (while they speak
Of her "costly broider'd pall")
That my voice is growing weak —
That I should not sing at all —

V.

Or that my tone should be
Tun'd to such solemn song
So mournfully — so mournfully,
That the dead may feel no wrong.

VI.

But she is gone above,
With young Hope at her side,
And I am drunk with love
Of the dead, who is my bride. —

VII.

Of the dead — dead who lies
All perfum'd there,
With the death upon her eyes,
And the life upon her hair.

VIII.

Thus on the coffin loud and long
I strike — the murmur sent
Through the gray chambers to my song,
Shall be the accompaniment.

IX.

Thou died'st in thy life's June —
But thou didst not die too fair :
Thou did'st not die too soon,
Nor with too calm an air.

X.

From more than fiends on earth,
 Thy life and love are riven,
 To join the untainted mirth
 Of more than thrones in heaven —

XI.

Therefore, to thee this night
 I will no requiem raise,
 But waft thee on thy flight
 With a Pæan of old days.

The following are the variations of the Southern Literary Messenger from above :

II. 4 *Dead* (Her) VI. 4 *bride*. — (.) VII. 1 *dead who* (dead — who) 2 *perfum'd there* (motionless) 4 *ber bair* (each tress) VIII. omit, IX. 1, 2 *In June she died — in June | Of life — beloved, and fair ; | 3 Thou didst* (But she did) X. 2 *Thy life and love are* (Helen, thy soul is) 3 *untainted* (all-hallowed).

Stanzas not numbered in *Southern Literary Messenger*.

The *Pioneer* version (1843) is as follows : —

LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl !
 The spirit flown forever !
 Let the bell toll ! — A saintly soul
 Glides down the Stygian river !
 And let the burial rite be read —
 The funeral song be sung —
 A dirge for the most lovely dead
 That ever died so young !
 And, Guy De Vere,
 Hast thou no tear ?
 Weep now or nevermore !

See, on yon drear
And rigid bier,
Low lies thy love Lenore !

“ Yon heir, whose cheeks of pallid hue
With tears are streaming wet,
Sees only, through
Their crocodile dew,
A vacant coronet —
False friends ! ye loved her for her wealth
And hated her for pride,
And, when she fell in feeble health,
Ye blessed her — that she died.
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read ?
The requiem *how* be sung
For her most wrong'd of all the dead
That ever died so young ? ”

Peccavimus !

But rave not thus !
And let the solemn song
Go up to God so mournfully that *she* may feel no wrong !
The sweet Lenore
Hath “ gone before ”
With young hope at her side,
And thou art wild
For the dear child
That should have been thy bride —
For her, the fair
And debonair,
That now so lowly lies —
The life still there
Upon her hair,
The death upon her eyes.

“ Avaunt ! — to-night
My heart is light —
No dirge will I upraise,

But waft the angel on her flight
 With a Pæan of old days !
 Let *no* bell toll !
 Lest her sweet soul,
 Amid its hallow'd mirth,
 Should catch the note
 As it doth float
 Up from the damnéd earth —
 To friends above, from fiends below,
 Th' indignant ghost is riven —
 From grief and moan
 To a gold throne
 Beside the King of Heaven !"

*The following are the variations of Broadway Journal
 from 1845 :*

I. 2 *river*; (,) IV. 7 *grief* (moan).

*The Lorimer Graham variations of the text from 1845,
 not seen or not adopted by Griswold, are as follows :*

Substitute for IV. :

"Avaunt ! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I
 upraise.
 "But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old
 days !
 "Let *no* bell toll ! — lest her sweet soul, amid its hal-
 lowed mirth,
 "Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the
 damnéd Earth.
 "To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant
 ghost is riven —
 "From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
 "From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the
 King of Heaven."

NOTE.—Mrs. S. H. Whitman, in "Edgar Poe and his Critics," as-
 serts, without further evidence, that in a version of "Lenore" published
 in *Russell's Magazine*, the name "Helen" occurs instead of "Lenore."
 —ED.

Col. T. W. Higginson ("Short Studies of American Authors," p. 15) remarks: "Never in American literature, I think, was such a fountain of melody flung into the air as when 'Lenore' first appeared in 'The Pioneer;' and never did fountain so drop downward as when Poe re-arranged it in its present form. The irregular measure had a beauty as original as that of 'Christabel;' and the lines had an ever-varying cadence of their own, until their author himself took them and cramped them into couplets. What a change from

Peccavimus!

But rave not thus!

And let the solemn song

Go up to God so mournfully that *sbe* may feel no wrong!

to the amended version portioned off in regular lengths."

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The innocent Lenore—the queenliest dead—was done to death by slanderous eyes and tongues. Lenore has gone to Heaven, taking with her hope, leaving her lover wild for her who should have been his bride. This merits no dirge but a pæan. This lyric of grief has again for its theme the death of a beautiful young woman.

Poe's fondness for the name is shown by its recurrence in "The Raven," and in "Eleonora," one of the best of his prose-poems.

THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

Page 55.

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW, APRIL, 1845; 1845;
 BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 9. | THE VALLEY NIS,
 1831; SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, FEB-
 RUARY, 1836.

Text, 1845.

The earliest version (1831) runs as follows: —

THE VALLEY NIS.

Far away — far away —
 Far away — as far at least
 Lies that valley as the day
 Down within the golden east —
 All things lovely — are not they
 Far away — far away?

It is called the valley Nis.
 And a Syriac tale there is
 Thereabout which Time hath said
 Shall not be interpreted.
 Something about Satan's dart —
 Something about angel wings —
 Much about a broken heart —
 All about unhappy things :
 But "the valley Nis" at best
 Means "the valley of unrest."
Once it smil'd a silent dell
 Where the people did not dwell,
 Having gone unto the wars —
 And the sly, mysterious stars,
 With a visage full of meaning,
 O'er the unguarded flowers were leaning :

Or the sun ray dripp'd all red
Thro' the tulips overhead,
Then grew paler as it fell
On the quiet Asphodel.

Now the *unhappy* shall confess
Nothing there is motionless :
Helen, like thy human eye
There th' uneasy violets lie —
There the reedy grass doth wave
Over the old forgotten grave —
One by one from the tree top
There the eternal dews do drop —
There the vague and dreamy trees
Do roll like seas in northern breeze
Around the stormy Hebrides —
There the gorgeous clouds do fly,
Rustling everlastingly,
Through the terror-stricken sky,
Rolling like a waterfall
O'er the horizon's fiery wall —
There the moon doth shine by night
With a most unsteady light —
There the sun doth reel by day
"Over the hills and far away."

*The following are the variations of the Southern Literary
Messenger from the above:*

Line 4 *east* (cap.) 6 *Far away* (One and all, too) 10
interpreted. (:) 11 *dart* — (o. d.) 22 *the* (th') 22 *leaning* :
(,) 23 *sun ray* (sun-ray) 24 *the* (tall)

27-46 : *Now* each visiter shall confess
Nothing there is motionless :
Nothing save the airs that brood
O'er the enchanted solitude,
Save the airs with pinions furled
That slumber o'er the valley-world.

No wind in Heaven, and lo ! the trees
 Do roll like seas, in Northern breeze,
 Around the stormy Hebrides —
 No wind in Heaven, and clouds do fly,
 Rustling everlastingly,
 Through the terror-stricken sky,
 Rolling, like a waterfall
 O'er th' horizon's fiery wall —
 And Helen, like thy human eye,
 Low crouched on Earth, some violets lie,
 And, nearer Heaven, some lilies wave
 All banner-like, above a *grave*.
 And, one by one, from out their tops
 Eternal dews come down in drops,
 Ah, one by one, from off their stems
 Eternal dews come down in gems !

Variations of the American Whig Review from the text.

Line 6 *flowers*, (o. c.) 18 *rustle* (rustles) 19 *Uneasily* (Unceasingly).

After 27 insert :

They wave ; they weep ; and the tears as they well
 From the depths of each pallid lily bell,
 Give a trickle and a tinkle and a knell.

The *Broadway Journal* shows no variations from the text.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A lonely grave in a valley of unrest where trees are eternally without wind and where clouds rustle through unquiet heavens. This fantastic lyric has been connected with the Ragged Mountains and has been used as the germ of a story located in that romantic region.

THE COLISEUM.

Page 56.

THE BALTIMORE SATURDAY VISITER, 1833; SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, AUGUST, 1835; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST, JUNE 12, 1841; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 1.

Text, 1845.

Title in *Southern Literary Messenger*, The Coliseum
A Prize Poem.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from the text.

Line 4 *length* — at (,) 5 and (, and) 7 and (, and) 11
Silence! (Silence). After 11 insert :

Gaunt vestibules ! and phantom-peopled aisles !

12 *now* — (:) 12 *strength* — (!) 17 *falls!* (:) 19 *bat!*
(:) 20 *gilded* (yellow) 21 *Waved* (Wav'd) 21 *thistle!*
(:). After 21 insert :

Here, where on ivory couch the Cæsar sate,
On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder :

22 *loll'd* (loll'd) 23 , *spectre-like*, (o. c.) 24 *horn'd*
(horned) 26 *But stay—these* (These crumbling) 26 *ivy-*
clad (tottering) 26 *arcades* — (:) 27 *plinths* — (:) 27 *sad*
(sad,) 27 *blackened* (blacken'd) 27 *shafts* — (:) 28 *entab-*
latures — (:) 28 *crumbling* (broken) 28 *frieze* — (:) 29
cornices — (:) 29 *wreck* — (:) 29 *ruin* — (:) 30 *stones* —
(:) 30 *alas!* (! —) 31 *famed*, (great) 32 *Hours* (hours)
33 *all* — (, —) 33 *Echoes* (echoes) 33 *me* — (:) 33
all! (:) 34 *sounds* (sounds,) 34 *forever* (for ever) 36
melody (in old days) [omit quotation marks from l. 34 to
end except after glory l. 46] 36 *Sun* (sun) 37 — *we*

(. We) 39 *impotent* (desolate) 40 *gone* — (i) 40 *fame* —
 (i) 41 *renown* — (i) 42 *us* — (i) 43 *lie* — (i) 44 *upon*,
 (o. c.).

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

Line 7 *altered* (alter'd) 9 , *gloom*, (o. c.) 22 *loll'd*
 (loll'd) 24 *horn'd* (horned) 27 *blackened* (blacken'd)
 29 *shattered* (shatter'd) 31 *famed* (fam'd) 32 *Hours*
 (Hours.).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The weary pilgrim drinks within his soul the grandeur, gloom, and glory of the Coliseum. Its charms are potent. The ruin is well-nigh complete, but the pallid stones are not impotent because associations clothe them in a robe of more than glory. This reflective description in blank verse would have received the second prize in *The Baltimore Saturday Visitor* if the "Manuscript Found in a Bottle" had not received the first.

In this poem is found the second reference to Jesus, the first having been omitted in the revised form of the poem in which it occurred, but the charms of this ruin have greater potency than the spells of the Judean King in Gethsemane. This poem supplements "To Helen." It is probably based upon an indefinite and indistinct memory of childhood. Originally it formed part of the drama of "Politian" and was uttered as a monologue by one of the characters. In metrical structure it forms, with the second poem to "Helen," the poem "To — — —" "To M. L. S." and "Politian," an interesting study in Poe's manipulation of the rimeless iambic pentameter — blank verse.

HYMN.

Page 58.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, APRIL, 1835
[MORELLA]; BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
NOVEMBER, 1839 [MORELLA]; TALES OF THE
GROTESQUE AND ARABESQUE, 1840 [MORELLA];
1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, I. 25 [MORELLA], II. 6.

Text, 1845.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from the text.

Insert before :

Sancta Maria ! turn thine eyes
Upon the sinner's sacrifice
Of fervent prayer, and humble love,
From thy holy throne above.

Line 1 — at (,) 1 noon — (,) 1 dim — (,) 2 hymn !
(.) 3 two — (,) 3 ill — (,) 4 God, (!) 5 the (my) 5
Hours (hours) 5 brightly (gently) 6 not a cloud obscured
(no storms were in) 8 grace (love) 8 thee; (.) 9 storms
(clouds) 10 Darkly (All) 10 Present (Present,) 12 thine !
(.).

For variations of this poem in the tale "Morella," in the various publications, see Notes to the Tales.

As it is not considered necessary to repeat all of these here, only the *Southern Literary Messenger* variations are given in full in this place.

It may be observed in general that the verbal variations of *Burton's* are exactly the same as those of the *Southern Literary Messenger* above. 1840 has the inserted stanza, and a for the l. 2; otherwise no verbal variation from the text.

The *Broadway Journal* shows no variation from the text.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This prayer to the Virgin for sweet hopes of her in the future occurs in Morella and is Poe's best formulation of a religious hope and aspiration.

SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

Page 59.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, DECEMBER, 1835;
JANUARY, 1836; 1845.

Text, 1845.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from text.

In the *Southern Literary Messenger* the piece is entitled "Scenes From An Unpublished Drama," and begins with Part II. of the text.

II. 15 *couldst* (could'st) 21 *so* (so!) 22 *Seemed* (Seem'd) 25 *oh*, (!) 42 *ma'am's*, 's (ma'am's,) 43 *say*, (o. c.) 55 *aid!* (?) 81 *ruined* (ruin'd) after l. 84 *speaks*, (o. c.) 85 *bast*, (o. c.) 113 *anything* (any thing) 116 *This sacred* (A vow—a) 117 *shuddering* (cap.) 126 *daughter*, (!) 128 *divine* — (!).

III. 1 *Baldazzar* (Baldazzar, his friend) 3 *humours* (humors) 6 *Baldazzar!* (,) 7 *Surely* (I live —) 11 *honoured* (honored) 12 *sir!* (,) 17 *sir!* (.) 18 *field* — (,) 33 *voice!* (,) 39 *high-sounding* (o. h.) 42 *long* — (.) 45 *and* (, and) 53 *alas* (cap.) 64 *now* — (, —) 69 *eloquent* (voice—that) 70 *Surely I* (I surely) 76 *it* (that lattice) 84-90 "*And . . . nay!*" (And . . . nay!) 93 *Hist!* (—) 94-100 "*Is . . . nay!*" (Is . . . nay!) 101 *hushed* (hush'd) 104 *Baldazzar*, (!) 108-111 "*Who . . . nay!*" (Who . . . nay!) 114 *savoured* (savored) 117 *Believe me* (Baldazzar! Oh) 119 *lattice* — (,) 120 "*To* (To) 121 *tongue*." (tongue.) 124 *down*, (o. c.) 125 *Say . . . nay!* (n. i.) 132 *me*; (,) 133 *tonight* (o. h.).

IV. *gardens* (cap.) *palace* (cap.) 5 *sob* (weep) 6 *mourn* (weep) 9 *Lalage!* — *turn here thine eyes* (*Lalage*, and listen to me!) 14 *I* . . . *thee*; (n. i.) 15 *I* . . . *thee* (n. i.) 20 *thee* (n. i.) 27 *dishonoured* (dishonored) 30 *honours* (honors) 31 *not to me* (not — speak not) 36 *it*: (!) 44 *unbonoured* (unhonored) 49 *Arise* (n. i.) 53 *together* — *together* (n. i.) 57 *knee*. (knee) 59 *Hist!* (! —) 75 *west?* (?) 90 *thee* (thee,) 110 *durst* (n. i.) 115 *very* (n. i.).

In the January number of the *Southern Literary Messenger* are found Parts I. and V. of the text, numbered as I. and II. Same title as in December No.

I. 2 *Sad!* (! —) 3 *Rome!* (,) 19 *even* (ev'n) 23 *it!* (.) 24 *company*, (o. c.) 24 *born* — (!) 28 *Thou wilt—thou* (Thou) 52 *I say*, (o. c.) 62 *Rumour* (Rumor) 66 *and* (, and) 68 *it*, (o. c.) 70 *it*. (,) 72 *strange!* (,) 77 *Now* (Now,).

V. 1 *faint*, (o. c.) 7 *Paradisal Hope!* (hopes — give me to live,) 14 *What* (n. i.) 22 *himself* (himself,) 29 *say* (n. i.) 30 *sir*: (,) 35 *service*: (?) 48 *to-morrow* (o. h.). After l. 50 insert:

If that we meet at all, it were as well
That I should meet him in the Vatican —
In the Vatican — within the holy walls
Of the Vatican.

59 *Castiglione*; (,) 66 *then at once* — (have at thee then) 72 *thy sacred* (hold off thy) 72 *avaunt* (cap.) 73 *indeed* *I dare not* (I dare not — dare not) 75 *well*; (,). After 75 insert:

Exceeding well! — thou darest not fight with me?

82 *coward*, (Coward!). Insert after 82 *Thou darest not!* 84 *my lord*, (alas!) 86 *the veriest* — (I am — a) 89 *Scoundrel* . . . *die!* (n. i.) 99 *sir*: (!) 108 *indeed* — (now this).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Plot of this single attempt at a Drama is as follows :

Count Castiglione, son of the Roman Duke di Broglio, is betrothed to Alessandra but in love with Lalage, whom he has betrayed under promise of marriage. Lalage vows vengeance. Politian falls in love with Lalage and persuades her to flee with him when Castiglione is dead. Politian will not kill Castiglione, who refuses to defend himself, but swears to meet and insult him in public. Castiglione confesses the justice of this vengeance.

These five scenes are really the five undeveloped acts of a complete tragedy of revenge.

In Scene (Act) One, Alessandra and Castiglione are in conversation in a Hall in the Palace. The tone of the play is given in the first words — 'Thou art sad, Castiglione.' In protesting that he is not sad he yet, amid his sighs, utters the name Lalage. Di Broglio enters to announce the unexpected arrival of Politian (Earl of Leicester) and Politian's qualities are discussed.

In Scene (Act) Two, Lalage and Jacinta her maid are together. The maid has lost respect for her mistress and serves her now for the remnant of her treasures. Lalage is bemoaning her sad fate when a monk enters to whom she confesses her fall. She asks for a crucifix upon which she may vow Castiglione's death ; but when the monk refuses, she swears upon the Cross-handle of her dagger.

Scene (Act) Third : Politian and Baldazzar (Duke of Surrey) have arrived in Rome and during conversation Politian is entranced by a lady's voice in sorrowing song. Politian bids Baldazzar make his excuses to the Duke and remains.

Scene (Act) Four : Lalage tries to repulse Politian's protestations of love to her whose story he knows, but finally accepts his avowals and is ready to fly with him to America, whenever Castiglione is killed. Politian swears he shall die.

In Scene (Act) Fifth, Politian sends a challenge to Castiglione, who declines it because he knows no reason why he should fight. Castiglione seeks out Politian and is insulted. They draw. Politian draws in the name of Lalage, Castiglione, thus unmanned, refuses to defend himself. Upon this Politian asserts that he will meet him in the streets of Rome and taunt him. The scene closes with

Now this indeed is just —
Most righteous and most just — avenging Heaven.

The incident upon which this drama was founded was also used by Chivers, in his little-known play of "Conrad and Eudora," by W. Gilmore Simms ("Beauchampe") and by Charles Fenno Hoffman (in "Greyslaer"). Mr. J. H. Ingram owns the original MS. of the drama, which is said to include unpublished scenes.

TO ZANTE.

Page 80.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, JANUARY, 1837;
PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4,
1843; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 2.

Text, 1845.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from the text.

Line 1 *flowers*, (o. c.) 2 *take!* (,) 6 *entombéd* (entombed) 9 *more!* (!—) 11 *Accurséd* (Accursed) 13 O (O,) 13 O (O,) 13 *Zante!* (,).

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

Line 6 *entombéd* (entombed) 11 *Accurséd* (Accursed).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In this Sonnet of the Shakespeare form the poet recites the associations of the 'fair isle' now become accursed ground. Note the recurring — *no more*.

The poem is thought to have been suggested by a passage in Chateaubriand's "Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem," p. 15.

BRIDAL BALLAD.

Page 81.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, JANUARY, 1837;
PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST, JULY 31,
1841; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 4.

Text, 1845, with Lorimer Graham corrections.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from the text.

I. 2 *brow*; (—) 3 *grand* (grand,). After 3 insert:

And many a rood of land,

5 *now*. (!) II. 1 *And* . . . *well*; (He has loved me long
and well,) 2 *But* (And) 2 *first* (o.) 3 *swell* — (,) 4 *For*
. . . *knell*, (o.) 5 *And the voice* (For — the words)
5 *seemed his* (were his) 7 *now*. (!) III. 1 *But* (And) 2 *brow*,
(—) 3 *While* (But) 6 (*Thinking* . . . *D'Elormie*) (o.)
7 *Oh*, (O). After III insert:

And thus they say I plighted
An irrevocable vow —
And my friends are all delighted
That his love I have requited —
And my mind is much benighted
If I am not happy now!

Lo ! the ring is on my hand,
 And the wreath is on my brow —
 Satins and jewels grand,
 And many a rood of land,
 Are all at my command,
 And I must be happy now !

IV. 1-2 *And* . . . *vow* ;

I have spoken — I have spoken —
 They have registered the vow.

3 *And*, (o. c.) 4 *And*, (o. c.) 5 *Here is a ring as* (Behold the golden) 6 *I am* (proves me) V. 2 *dream* (dream —) 2 *now*, (!) 3 *shaken* (shaken,) 4 *taken*, — (,) 5 *Lest* (And) 6 *now*. (!)

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

II. 1 *well*; (,) 4 *as* (like) III. 6 [omit parentheses]
 IV. 1 *spoken*; (,) 2 *vow*; (,) 5-6 *Here* . . . *now*!
 (Behold the golden token | That *proves* me happy now !)

Broadway Journal varies from Griswold in the first two stanzas only; the other variations from the text are due to Lorimer Graham corrections.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In this poem, a reflective lyric rather than a true ballad, there is a story of formal happiness and of real woe.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

Page 83.

BALTIMORE MUSEUM, APRIL, 1839; BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE ["The Fall of the House of Usher"], SEPTEMBER, 1839; TALES ["Fall of the House of Usher"], 1840; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843; 1845; TALES, 1845 ["The Fall of the House of Usher"].

Text, 1845.

Variations of the Baltimore Museum from the text.

I. 4 *Radiant* (Snow-white) 5 *Thought's* (s. l.) 7 *seraph* (cap.) II. 2 *flow* (—) 3-4 [omit parentheses] 4 *ago*, (—) 8 *wing'd* (winged) 8 *odor* (odour) III. 1 *Wanderers* (All wanderers) 2 *windows*, (o. c.) 4 *tuned* (tuned) 5 *where*, (o. c.) 5 *sitting*, (o. c.) 8 *ruler* (sovereign) IV. 2 *door*, (i) 3 *flowing* (flowing,) 5 *Echoes* (s. l.) 6 *sing*, (o. c.) V. 1, *in* (o. c.) 2 *estate*. (!) 3-4 [omit parentheses] 3 *mourn!* (mourn) 5 *glory* (glory,) VI. 1, *now*, (o. c.) 2 *see* (, see) 3 *forms*, (o. c.) 4 *melody*, (i) 5 *ghastly rapid* (rapid ghastly) 6 *door* (door,).

As the variations of this poem in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; Tales, 1840; and Tales, 1845, may be found in the notes to the "Fall of the House of Usher," it is regarded as unnecessary to give them in full here.

Below will be found the verbal variations in these forms.

I. 4 *radiant* (snow-white) 1840; *Gentleman's Magazine*.

II. 8 *ruler* (sovereign); *Gentleman's Magazine*.

IV. 5 *sweet* (sole); *Gentleman's Magazine*.

V. 1 *ghastly rapid* (rapid ghastly); *Gentleman's Magazine*; Tales, 1840; Tales, 1845.

See footnote page 84 for variation in Griswold MS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This fantastic description occurs in "The Fall of the House of Usher," and should be read in its setting. It tells of a radiant palace in the dominion of thought where banners float and odorous airs linger. Here Porphyro ruled in glorious state, for his wit and wisdom are sung by trooping echoes. Then evil things assailed his high estate, and now vast forms move through the palace where hideous throngs laugh but smile no more.

Cf. with this Longfellow's "Beleaguered City," which Poe accused of being a direct appropriation of his idea; and James Russell Lowell's appreciation in *Gramm's Magazine*, February, 1845.

SILENCE.

Page 85.

BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1840;
PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843;
1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 3.

Text, 1845.

Variations of Burton's from the text.

Line 1 *things*, (o. c.) 2 *life*, (life —) 2 *which thus is* (aptly made,) 5 *Silence* (n. i.) 7 ; *some* (. Some) 9 *terrorless*: (—) 10 *Silence*: (—) 12 (*untimely lot!*) (— untimely lot!) 15 *man*,) (—).

The *Broadway Journal* shows no variations from the text.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This poem varies from the Sonnet form both in the addition of an extra line and a change in the rime order.

The corporate silence embodied in the *no more* uttered in the solitude of graves is terrorless, but the shadow of silence, that is, death, has terror. — Cf. Poe's great prose-poem "Silence" (Siope), and "Eleonora."

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

Page 86.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER ["The Visionary"], JULY, 1835; BROADWAY JOURNAL, I. 19, I. 23 ["The Assignation"]. | "To Ianthe in Heaven," BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY, 1839; TALES ["The Visionary"], 1840; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843; 1845 | GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK ["The Visionary"], JANUARY, 1844.

Text, 1845, with Lorimer Graham corrections.

As the variations of this poem as occurring in *Godey's Lady's Book*; *Southern Literary Messenger*; *Tales*, 1840; *Broadway Journal*, I. 23, will be found in the notes to "The Assignation [Visionary]," it is regarded as unnecessary to give the variations from the text in full.

The verbal variations are as follows:

Godey's: I. 1 *all that* (that all) 5 *with* . . . and (round with wild) II. 1 *But the dream it could not last*. 2 *Young Hope! thou didst arise*. 5 "On! on" — but ("Onward") 6 *but* (while) III. 2 *Ambition — all — is o'er* IV. 1 *days* (hours) 3 *grey* (dark) 4 *solemn* (breaking) 6 *eternal* (Italian) 7 *what* (far). After 6 insert:

Alas! for that accursed time
They bore thee o'er the billow

From me to titled age and crime
 And an unholy pillow —
 From Love, and from our misty clime
 Where *weeps* the silver willow.

The *Southern Literary Messenger* has the same variations except *around about with* for *round with wild* I. 5; *And the star of Hope did rise* for *Young . . . arise* II. 2; *solemn* for *breaking*, IV. 4; *me* for *Love*, l. 3; and *Love* for *me*, l. 5 [stanza above]. 1840 shows no verbal variations from the *Southern Literary Messenger* form.

The following are the verbal variations of *Broadway Journal*, I. 23, from the text:

I. 1 *all that* (that all) 5 "*On ! on*" — but ("*Onward*") IV. 1 *And* (Now) 6 *eternal* (Italian).

The following are the variations (in full) of the form in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, entitled "*To Ianthé in Heaven*":

I. 4 *shrine*, (o. c.) 5. *wreathed* (wreath'd) 5 *with* . . . *fruits* (around about with) 5 *flowers*, (—) 6 *all* . . . *were* (the flowers, they all were) II. 1 (But the dream, it could not last;) 2 (And the star of Hope did rise) 3 *overcast !* (.) *cries*, (o. c.) 5 "*On ! on !*" — but ("*Onward !*" — while) 5 *Past*, (o. c.) 6 *lies*, (o. c.) III. 1 *For*, (o. c.) 1 *me* (me,) 2 *Ambition*, *all, is o'er* — 3 — *no more* — (, no more,) 3 *more* — (") 6 *tree*, (o. c.) 7 *soar !* (.) IV. 1 *days* (hours) 3 *grey* (dark) 4 *gleams* — (,).

Variations of *Broadway Journal*, I. 19, from the text.

III. 3 omit IV. 3 *grey* (dark).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Note the fondness for the recurring *no more*.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

Page 87.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1843; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, I. 21; II. 12 ["Ligeia"].

Text, 1845, with Lorimer Graham corrections.

Variations of Graham from the text.

I. 2 *years!* (—) 3 *An angel* (A mystic) 4 *veils*, (o. c.) 5 *theatre*, (o. c.) II. 5 *formless* (shadowy) III. 7 *Madness*, (o. c.) IV. 7 *seraphs* (the angels) V. 2 *quivering* (dying) 5 *While* (And) 5 *angels* (seraphs) 5 *pallid* (haggard) 7 *tragedy*, (o. c.).

Variations of Broadway Journal, I. 21, from the text.

I. 3 *angel* (mystic) 3 *be-winged* (bewing'd) 4 *drowned* (drown'd) III. 1. *drama* — (! —) 3 *chased* (chas'd) IV. 7 *seraphs* (the angels) V. 5 *While* (And) 8 *And its* (Its).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A melodramatic picture in five stanzas corresponding to the five acts of a tragedy, of which the theme is Man and the hero the Conqueror Worm. Poe refers to the Conqueror Worm as a personification in "The Premature Burial," "The Colloquy of Monos and Una," etc. Cf. "The Masque of the Red Death."

DREAM LAND.

Page 89.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1844; 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, I. 26.

Text, 1845, with Lorimer Graham corrections.

Variations of Graham's Magazine from the text.

Line 12 *tears* (dews) 18 *waters* — (,) 19 *waters*, (—). Insert lines 1-6 after 20, except l. 5 for *these lands* read *my home*, and l. 6 *this* for *an* 25 *mountain* (mountains) 33, *agbait*, (o. c.) 38 *Earth* (worms). After 38 insert 1-6, except l. 5 read for *reached these lands* (journeyed home), and l. 6 for *an* read *this* 42 *oh* (oh,) 47 *its* (the).

Variations of Broadway Journal from the text.

Line 12 *tears* (dews) 25 *mountains* (mountain) 28 *encamp*, — (—) 33, *agbait*, (o. c.) 38 *worms* (Earth) 47 *its* (the) 48 *fringed* (fringed).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The poet, now back from this ultimate dim Thule, tells how he reached Dream Land. He describes it with fantastic unclearness and extravagance. In this land the traveller meets sheeted memories. It is a peaceful region for men of woe, but it is seen through darkened glasses.

Is this dream land the Valley of the Shadow of Death?

EULALIE.

Page 91.

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW (WITH "A SONG," AS SUB-TITLE), JULY, 1845 ; BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 5 ; 1845.

Text, 1845.

Variation of Broadway Journal from the text.

III. 4 and (which).

TO F —.

Page 92.

1845, BROADWAY JOURNAL, I. 17 ["To Mary"], SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, JULY, 1835 ["To One Departed"], GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, MARCH, 1842 ; PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM, MARCH 4, 1843.

Text, 1845.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from the text.

(Title, To Mary) I. *Beloved* . . . *woes* (Mary, amid the cares — the woes) 2 *That crowd* (Crowding) 2 *path*. — (,) 3 *Drear* (Sad) 4 *even* (ev'n) 4 *rose* — (,) 7 *bland* (sweet) II. 2 *enchanted* (enchanted,) 2 *isle* (isle,) 4 *Some* . . . *free* (Some lake beset as lake can be) 5 *meanwhile* (, meanwhile,).

Variations of Graham from the text.

Order of stanzas reversed.

I. 1 *Beloved* . . . *woes* (For 'mid the earnest cares and woes) 2 *path* — (,) 3 *Drear* (Sad) 3 *alas!* (,)

4 rose) — (!) 6 *thee*, (*thee*;) II. 1 *And thus* (Seraph !) 4 *throbbing far and free* (vexed as it may be) 5 *meanwhile* (, meanwhile) 5 — *but* (;)

Broadway Journal shows no variations from the text.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This poem is presumably addressed to Mrs. Osgood, but who was the Mary of 1835 (Eliza White?) and the One Departed of 1842? See the following poem.

TO F——S S. O——D [FRANCES S. OSGOOD].

Page 93.

1845; | ["Lines written in an Album"], SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, SEPTEMBER, 1835, "TO —," BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST, 1839, "TO — F," BROADWAY JOURNAL, II. 10, LINES 1-4.

Text, 1845.

Variations of Southern Literary Messenger from the text.

Line 1 *Thou* . . . *heart* (Eliza, let thy generous heart) 2 *not!* (:) 3 *everything* (every thing) 5 *ways*, (—) 6 *Thy* . . . *beauty*, (Thy unassuming beauty —) 7 *shall be an endless* (And truth shall be a) 7 *praise*, (o. c.) 8 *And* . . . *duty* (Forever — and love a duty).

Variations of Burton's from the text.

Line 1 *Thou* . . . *heart* (Fair maiden, let thy generous heart) 2 *not!* (—) 6 *grace*, *thy more than* (unassuming) 7 *Shall* . . . *endless* (Thy truth shall be a) 8 *And love — a* (Forever, and love a).

Variation of the Broadway Journal from the text.

Line 4 *not*. (!).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This eight-line stanza was originally written in honor of Eliza White, while the version in *Burton's* was dedicated to some unknown blank. It does duty a third time as one of the numerous tributes to Mrs. Osgood.

THE RAVEN.

Page 94.

THE EVENING MIRROR, JANUARY 29, 1845; THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW, FEBRUARY, 1845; SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, MARCH, 1845; BROADWAY JOURNAL, I. 6; 1845.

Text, 1845, with Lorimer Graham corrections.

Variations of the American Whig Review from the text.

I. 6 *this* (this,) II. 3 *sought* (tried) 6 *here* (n. i.) III. 1, *sad*, (o. c.) 6 *is* (is,) IV. 5 *door*; — (i) 6 *there* (there,) V. 2 *mortal* (mortals) 3 *stillness* (darkness) 4 *Lenore?* (!) 6 *this* (this,) VI. 1 *Back* (Then) 2 *again I heard* (I heard again) 2 *somewhat* (something) 6 *wind* (wind,) VII. *Raven* (s. l.; so throughout) 2 *yore*. (i) 3 *a minute* (an instant) VIII. 4 *shore* — (,—) IX. 3 *living human* (sublunary) X. 2 *the* [Griswold, that] 4 *muttered* (muttered,) 6 *Then* . . . *said* (Quoth the raven) XI. 1 *Startled* (Wondering) 4-6 *till* . . . *nevermore*

(— so, when Hope he would adjure
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared
adjure,
That sad answer, “Nevermore !”)

XII. 1 *fancy* (sad soul) 2 *bust* (bust,) XIII. 4-5 *lamp-light* (o. h.) XIV. 2 *Seraphim whose* (Angels whose faint)

4 *nepenthe* (cap.) 6 *Raven*, (raven) XV. 1 *devil!* (! —)
 5 *Quaff*, *oh* (Let me) 6 *Raven*, (raven) XVI. 1 *evil!* —
 (—) 6 *Raven*, (raven) XVII. 6 *Raven*, (raven) XVIII.
still (n. i.) 3 *demon's* (demon).

Variations of the Southern Literary Messenger from the text.

I. 2 *lore* — (,) 6 *this* (this,) II. 1 *December*; (,) 2 *ghosts* (ghost) 6 *here* (n. i.) III. 1, *sad*, (o. c.) 6 *is* (is,) IV. 5 *door* — (;) 6 *there* (there,) V. 3 *stillness* (darkness) 6 *this* (this,) VI. 1 *Back* (Then) 2 *Again I heard* (I heard again) 6 *wind* (wind,) VII. 2 *Raven* (s. l. and so throughout) 2 *yore*. (;) 3 *a minute* (an instant) X. 2 *said* (, said) 6 "Of . . . more" (Of "Nevermore" — of "Nevermore.") XI. 1 *fancy* (sad soul) 2 *bust* (bust,) 3 *Then*, (o. c.) XII. 4 *that* (, that) XIII. 2 *Seraphim* (angels,) 4 *nepenthe* (cap.) 4 *Lenore*; (!) 6 *Raven* (raven,) [so XIV. etc.] XIV. *evil!* (! —) 3 *yet* (, yet) XVI. *evil!* — (—) XVII. 1 *still* (n. i.) 3 *demon's* (demon) 5 *that* (, that).

Variations of the Broadway Journal from the text.

I. 2 *lore* — (,) 6 *this* — (this,) II. 1 *December*; (,) 2 *ghosts* (ghost) 3 *sought* (vied) 6 *here* (n. i.) III. 1, *sad*, (o. c.) 6 *is* (is,) IV. 5 *door*; — (;) 6 *there* (there,) V. 2 *mortal* (mortals) 3 *stillness* (darkness) 6 *this* (this,) VI. 1 *Back* (Then) 2 *again I heard* (I heard again) 2 *somewhat* (some thing) 6 *wind* (wind,) VII. *Raven* (s. l. and so throughout) 2 *yore*. (;) 3 *a minute* (an instant) VIII. 6 *Raven*, (raven) XI. 2, *said* (o. c.) 2 *store*, (o. c.) 6 *Of "Nevermore"* — of "Nevermore." XII. 1 *fancy* (sad soul) XIII. 4-5 *lamp-light* (o. h.) XIV. 2 *seraphim* whose (angels whose faint) 4 *Lenore*; (!) XV. 1 *evil* — (!) XVI. 1 *evil!* (—) 1. *devil!* — (!) XVIII. *still* (n. i.) 3 *demon's* (demon).

In the quotations from the *Raven* in Poe's "Philosophy of Composition," one verbal variation is noted; VII. 3 *minute* (moment).

THE SHADOW OF POE'S RAVEN.

To the New York Times Saturday Review:—

“In answer to the criticism on this line, that the lamp would not throw the shadow of the bird on the floor, Poe says: ‘My conception was that of the bracket candelabrum affixed against the wall, high up above the door and bust, as is often seen in the English palaces, and even in some of the better houses of New York.’” (June 10, 1901.)

THE RAVEN. BY—QUARLES.

American Whig Review, February, 1845:—

“The following lines from a correspondent—besides the deep quaint strain of the sentiment, and the curious introduction of some ludicrous touches amidst the serious and impressive, as was doubtless intended by the author—appear to us one of the most felicitous specimens of unique rhyming which has for some time met our eye. The resources of English rhythm for varieties of melody, measure, and sound, producing corresponding diversities of effect, have been thoroughly studied, much more perceived, by very few poets in the language. While the classic tongues, especially the Greek, possess, by power of accent, several advantages for versification over our own, chiefly through greater abundance of spondaic feet, we have other and very great advantages of sound by the modern usage of rhyme. Alliteration is nearly the only effect of that kind which the ancients had in common with us. It will be seen that much of the melody of ‘The Raven’ arises from alliteration, and the studious use of similar sounds in unusual places. In regard to its measure, it may be noted that, if all the verses were like the second, they might properly be placed merely in short lines, producing a not uncommon form; but the presence in all the others of one line—mostly the second in the verse—which flows continuously, with only an

aspirate pause in the middle, like that before the short line in the Sapphic Adonic, while the fifth has at the middle pause no similarity of sound with any part beside, gives the versification an entirely different effect. We could wish the capacities of our noble language, in prosody, were better understood." — ED. AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

THEORIES AS TO THE COMPOSITION OF THE RAVEN.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

1. It was drafted in the summer of 1842, at the Barhyte Trout-Ponds, Saratoga Springs, New York. This theory rests upon Dr. Griffis' report of what he recollected his wife said. See *Home Journal*, Nov. 5th, 1884.

2. It was written in the winter of 1843-44, when Poe was in want.

This theory rests upon the unsustained testimony of Mr. Rosenbach.

3. It was dashed off one night while Poe was living at Fordham (1844-45). See Fairfield, *Scribner's Magazine* for October, 1875. This is manifestly impossible: Poe did not move to Fordham until the spring of 1846.

4. According to Col. DuSolle it was written piecemeal, stanza by stanza, and criticised by his literary contemporaries, who assembled at Sandy Webb's in Ann Street.

5. It was written in the office of John R. Thompson while Thompson was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* (between 1847-1849). This theory, which is obviously incorrect, is circumstantially described in a personal letter to Charles W. Kent from Mr. James K. Galt, the great-nephew of John Allan, the foster-father of Poe.

6. For Poe's own theory see his "Philosophy of Composition," and the "Outis" controversy.

FORM OF THE POEM.

It is a melancholy, melodramatic, reflective lyric of love and sorrow. Its metrical form is at first glance trochaic octameter, but in reality it seems to be a four-time tetrameter verse. There are eighteen stanzas of five lines each, with a refrain. The rime order is abcb, dbcb, fbg, etc. There is also internal rime in the 1st and 3rd lines. The refrain rimes with the last line of the stanza. There is much peculiar use of alliteration, the trills *r* and *l*, and the so-called "long" *a* and *o*.

Ingram's and Stedman's monographs on "The Raven" contain interesting historical and metrical discussions, translations, imitations, parodies, etc. The attempt by Col. J. A. Joyce to trace "The Raven" to an Italian original published in the Milan *Art Journal* for 1809 and called "The Parrot" — by one Leo Penzoni — has failed for lack of a reproduction of the Italian version and other authenticating data.

TO M. L. S. —.

Page 101.

HOME JOURNAL, MARCH 13, 1847.

Text, *Home Journal*. (Kindly furnished by its present editor,
Mr. Dix.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This blank verse lyric is without real poetic merit.

N. P. Willis, editor of the *Home Journal*, introduced this poem in the following words:

"The following seems said over a hand clasped in the speaker's two. It is by Edgar A. Poe, and is evidently the pouring out of a very deep feeling of gratitude."

See Vol. I. for the circumstances surrounding this poem to Mrs. Marie Louise Shew whose nursing probably saved Poe from death. Cf. "To Marie Louise."

ULALUME.

Page 102.

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW (SUB-TITLE, "TO —"),
DECEMBER, 1847; HOME JOURNAL, JANUARY 1, 1848;
GRISWOLD, 1850.

Text, Griswold, 1850.

The poem as now printed contains 9 stanzas; but the *American Whig Review* and the *Home Journal* versions contained a tenth stanza, as follows:

Said *we*, then — the two, then — "Ah, can it
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls,
The pitiful, the merciless ghouls —
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these wolds —
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds —
Had drawn up the spectre of a planet
From the limbo of lunar souls,
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the Hell of the planetary souls?"

*American Whig Review and Home Journal. Variations
from the Griswold text.*

III. 9 *We remembered.*

VIII. 5 *And* (But).

IX. 13 *In the* (This).

From Fordham Poe wrote to Willis, Editor of the *Home Journal*, Dec. 8, 1847, as follows:

. . . "I send you an *American Review* — the number just issued — in which is a ballad by myself, but published anonymously. It is called 'Ulalume' — the page is turned down. I do not care to be known as its author just now; but would take it as a great favor if you

would copy it in the *Home Journal*, with a word of *inquiry* as to who wrote it : — provided always that you think the poem worth the room it would occupy in your paper — a matter about which I am by no means sure."

Willis printed the poem with the following comment : " We do not know how many readers we have who will enjoy, as we do, the following exquisitely piquant and skilful exercise of variety and niceness of language. It is a poem which we find in the *American Review*, full of beauty and oddity in sentiment and versification, but a curiosity (and a delicious one, we think) in philologic flavor. Who is the author ? "

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In artistic marks this poem is well worth a close study. Its effects of rime, repetition, parallelism, assonance, etc., are interesting.

TO — — —.

Page 106.

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, MARCH, 1848.

Text, Griswold.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The writer of these lines had contended that no thought need lack for expression, but now his thoughts of her not even Israfel could utter (see the poem "Israfel"). He cannot speak, think, or feel, for he sees only her. This poem is a blank verse tribute to Mrs. Shew.

TO HELEN.

Page 107.

To ———, UNION MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER, 1848.

Text, Griswold.

*Variations of Sartain's Union Magazine from text.*26-28 *O Heaven . . . me* (o.).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This Helen was Mrs. Whitman, "the Helen of a thousand dreams."

AN ENIGMA.

Page 110.

SONNET, UNION MAGAZINE, MARCH, 1848.

Text, Griswold.

*Variation of Sartain's Union Magazine from the text.*Line 10 *tuckermanities* (petrarchmanities).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A very irregular sonnet so worded that the first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, etc., give the name Sarah Anna Lewis (Anna Estelle Lewis — "Stella." Cf. "A Valentine").

FOR ANNIE.

Page 111.

FLAG OF OUR UNION, 1849; HOME JOURNAL, APRIL
28, 1849; GRISWOLD, 1850.

Text, *Home Journal* (from text kindly furnished by Mr. Dix,
editor of *Home Journal*.)

Variations of Griswold from the text.

IV. 5 *ab* (ah,) V. 3 *ceased* (ceased,) VIII. 7 *sleep* (?)
XIII. 6 *Now*, (o. c.) XIV. 3 *of* (in).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This poem of fifteen stanzas, of varying length and
mainly iambic and anapæstic movement, is addressed to
Annie, a lady of Lowell, Mass. (Mrs. Richmond).

Note the use of flowers in this poem.

A VALENTINE.

Page 115.

FLAG OF OUR UNION, 1849; SARTAIN'S UNION MAG-
AZINE, MARCH, 1849.

Text, *Union Magazine*.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This puzzle in verse contains the name Frances Sargent
Osgood which is deciphered by taking the first letter of
the first line, second letter of second line, etc.; Cf.
"An Enigma" and "A Few Words on Secret Writing,"
"The Gold-Bug," etc.

TO ———.

[From the Griswold MS.]

For her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes, |
 Bright and expressive as the stars of Leda, |
 Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling, lies |
 Upon this page, enwrapped from every reader. |
 Search narrowly these words, which hold a treasure |
 Divine — a talisman — an amulet |
 That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the meas-
 ure — |
 The words — the letters themselves. Do not forget |
 The smallest point, or you may lose your labor. |
 And yet there is in this no Gordian knot |
 Which one might not undo without a sabre |
 If one could merely comprehend the plot. |
 Upon the open page on which are peering |
 Such sweet eyes now, there lies, I say, perdu |
 A musical name oft uttered in the hearing |
 Of poets, by poets — for the name is a poet's too.
 In common sequence set, the letters lying,
 Compose a sound delighting all to hear —
 Ah, this you'd have no trouble in descrying
 Were you not something of a dunce, my dear: — |
 And now I leave these riddles to their Seer.

Saturday, Feb. 14, 46.

(raised ornamented edge all round sheet, and bouquet of
 flowers left-hand upper corner.)

TO MY MOTHER.

Page 116.

FLAG OF OUR UNION, 1849.

Text, Griswold, as no files of this paper are known.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A beautiful tribute to Mrs. Clemm.

ANNABEL LEE.

Page 117.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, OCTOBER 9, 1849; SOUTHERN
LITERARY MESSENGER, NOVEMBER, 1849; SARTAIN'S
UNION MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1850.

Text, *New York Tribune*.

NOTE.—In the article in the *Tribune* in which the poem is inserted, it is stated that the MS. was given the author by Poe "just before he left New York recently."—John R. Thompson makes the same statement as to himself in the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

Variations of the Home Journal from the text.

I. 2 sea (sea,) IV. 1 angels, (o. c.).

Stanzas in quotation marks in *Home Journal*.

The poem is introduced in Sartain's by the following note:—

"In the December number of our Magazine we announced that we had another poem of Mr. Poe's in hand, which we would publish in January. We supposed it to be his last, as we had received it from him a short time before his decease. The sheet containing our announcement was scarcely dry from the press, before we saw the poem, which we had bought and paid for, going the rounds of the newspaper press, into which it had found its way through some agency that will perhaps be hereafter explained. It appeared first, we believe, in the *N. Y. Tribune*. If we are not misinformed, two other Magazines are in the same predicament as ourselves. As the poem is one highly characteristic of the gifted and lamented author, and more particularly, as our copy of it differs in several places from that which has been already published, we have concluded to give it as already announced."

Variations of Sartain's from the text.

I. 2 *sea* (sea,) II. 1 *I* . . . *she* (She . . . I)
2 *sea* (:) III. 5 *kinsmen* (kinsman) IV. *Yes!* — (!) V. 7
Lee: (:) VI. 1 *beams*, (o. c.) 3 *rise*, (o. c.) 5 *so*, (o. c.)
6 — *my* (,) 6 *darling* — (,) 6 *life* (life,) 4 *Lee:* (:).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This love lyric of beautiful movement celebrates the love of a youth and maiden separated by the death of the maiden. But not death or any other power could sever her from his love. Can this refer to aught save his love for Virginia? Mrs. Whitman thought it referred to herself. Mrs. S. A. Weiss informed Professor Harrison that Poe showed her the poem in 1849, and said it was composed years before his wife's death and had no reference to her.

ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[From the Griswold MS.]

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee ;—
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee —
With a love that the wingéd seraphs in Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes ! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we —
 Of many far wiser than we —
 And neither the angels in Heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee : —

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee : —
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea —
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

[Written on 3 pieces of ruled f. c. paper pasted in one long broad page and enclosed in an outer page of the same bluish white ruled foolscap, in a long oblong shape, old-fashioned envelope style, addressed

[Seal.]

“DR. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD,
 No, 7.— University,
 New York City.”]

[Gray seal.]

THE BELLS.

Page 119.

HOME JOURNAL, APRIL 28, 1849; SARTAIN'S UNION
MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER, 1849.Text, *Sartain's Union Magazine*.*Variations of Home Journal from the text.*

I. 7 *heavens*, (o. c.) 8 *crystalline* (crystalline) II.
1 *bells* (bells,) 5 *delight!* — (!) 15 *Future!* — (future!)
18 *bells* — (,) III. 13 *endeavour* (endeavor) 22 *ear*, (o. c.)
23 *twanging*, (o. c.) 27 *jangling*, (o. c.) IV. 13 *who*,
(o. c.) 19 *Ghouls*: — (:) 20 *tolls*: — (:) 21 *rolls*, (o. c.)
29 *bells*: — (—) 35 *bells*: — (:) 40 *bells*: — (:).

Variations of Griswold from the text.

II. 1 *bells* (bells,) 5 *delight!* — (!) 15 *Future!* —
(!) 18 *bells* — (,) III. 3 *now* (now,) 10 *fire*, (o. c.) 13
endeavour (endeavor) 14 *sit*, (o. c.) 22 *ear*, (o. c.) 28
rangling (wrangling) 34 *clanging*. (clang) IV. 13 *who*,
(o. c.) 19 *Ghouls*: — (:) 20 *tolls*: — (:) 29 *bells*: —
(—) 31 *time* (time,) 35 *bells*: — (:) 40 *bells*: — (—) 41
bells — (,) 42 *bells*, (—).

“The singular poem of Mr. Poe’s, called ‘The Bells,’ which we published in our last number, has been very extensively copied. There is a curious piece of literary history connected with this poem, which we may as well give now as at any other time. It illustrates the gradual development of an idea in the mind of a man of original genius. This poem came into our possession about a year since. It then consisted of *eighteen lines!* They were as follows:

"THE BELLS. — A SONG.

"The bells ! — hear the bells !
 The merry wedding bells !
 The little silver bells !
 How fairy-like a melody there swells
 From the silver tinkling cells
 Of the bells, bells, bells !
 Of the bells !

"The bells ! — ah, the bells !
 The heavy iron bells !
 Hear the tolling of the bells !
 Hear the knells !
 How horrible a monody there floats
 From their throats —
 From their deep-toned throats !
 How I shudder at the notes
 From the melancholy throats
 Of the bells, bells, bells !
 Of the bells !

"About six months after this we received the poem enlarged and altered nearly to its present size and form ; and about three months since, the author sent another alteration and enlargement, in which condition the poem was left at the time of his death." — From *Sartain's Union Magazine*.

"The original MS. of 'The Bells,' in its enlarged form, from which the draft sent to 'Sartain's' was made, is in our possession at this time.

"In the twelfth line of the first stanza of the original draft, the word 'bells' was repeated *five* times, instead of four, as Poe printed it, and but twice in the next line. In changing and obviously improving the effect, he has drawn his pen through the fifth repetition, and added another *underlined*, to the two of the next line. The same change is made in the corresponding lines in the

next stanza. In the sixth line of the third stanza, the word 'much' is placed before 'too' with the usual mark indicating the transposition which he made in printing it, and, as originally written, the word 'anger,' in the fifth line from the last in this stanza, was written 'clamor,' while 'anger' was placed in the last line. . . . In the sixth line of the fourth stanza, the word 'meaning' was first used in lieu of the more impressive 'menace' to which it gave place. The eighth line of this stanza was first written 'From out their ghostly throats;' and the eleventh line was changed twice, reading first, 'Who live up in the steeple,' then 'They that sleep' was substituted for 'who live,' and finally 'dwell' was printed instead of 'sleep.' After the eighteenth line, a line was added that was elided entirely in the poem as printed. It read, —

"'But are pestilential carcasses departed from their souls.' . . . In making the change, omitting this line, he simply substituted, 'They are ghouls,' in the next line, in pencil." — Gill's *Life of Poe*, p. 207.

ELDORADO.

Page 123.

GRISWOLD, 1850.

Text, Griswold; no earlier form of the poem is known.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This lyric of disappointed endeavor is not an unfitting close of Poe's poetic career.

In this the Valley of Shadow suggests Death.

APPENDIX.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO POE.

THE following Note by Mr. J. H. Ingram ("The Complete Poetical Works and Essays in Poetry, of Edgar Allan Poe, together with His Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," Frederick Warne & Co., London and New York) will give what light there is upon four poems attributed to Poe :

"Of the many verses from time to time ascribed to the pen of Edgar Poe, and not included among his known writings, the lines entitled 'Alone' have the chief claim to our notice. *Fac-simile* copies of this piece had been in possession of the present editor some time previous to its publication in *Scribner's Magazine* for September, 1875 ; but as proofs of the authorship claimed for it were not forthcoming, he refrained from publishing it as requested. The desired proofs have not yet been adduced, and there is, at present, nothing but internal evidence to guide us. 'Alone' is stated to have been written by Poe in the album of a Baltimore lady (Mrs. Balderstone ?), on March 17th, 1829, and the *fac-simile* given in *Scribner's* is alleged to be of his handwriting. If the caligraphy be Poe's, it is different in all essential respects from all the many specimens known to us, and strongly resembles that of the writer of the heading and dating of the manuscript, both of which the contributor of the poem acknowledges to have been recently added. The lines, how-

ever, if not by Poe, are the most successful imitation of his early mannerisms yet made public, and, in the opinion of one well qualified to speak, 'are not unworthy on the whole of the parentage claimed for them.'

"Whilst Edgar Poe was editor of the *Broadway Journal*, some lines 'To Isadore' appeared therein, and, like several of his known pieces, bore no signature. They were at once ascribed to Poe, and in order to satisfy questioners, an editorial paragraph subsequently appeared, saying they were by 'A. Ide, junior.' Two previous poems had appeared in the *Broadway Journal* over the signature of 'A. M. Ide,'¹ and whoever wrote them was also the author of the lines 'To Isadore.' In order, doubtless, to give a show of variety, Poe was then publishing some of his known works in his journal over *noms de plume*, and as no other writings whatever can be traced to any person bearing the name of 'A. M. Ide,' it is not impossible that the poems now republished in this collection may be by the author of 'The Raven.' Having been published without his usual elaborate revision, Poe may have wished to *bide* his hasty work under an assumed name. The three pieces are included in the present collection, so the reader can judge for himself what pretensions they possess to be by the author of 'The Raven.' "

¹ Mr. Ingram is wrong in attributing the Ide poems to Poe. Ide was a real person and corresponded with Poe. See Vol. XVII.
— J. A. H.

ALONE.

[“*Scribner's Magazine*,” September, 1875. Text. “*Scribner's Magazine*.”]

NOTE:—The poem is introduced by the following note in “*Scribner's*”; “The following verses, which are given in facsimile, were written by Edgar A. Poe, shortly before he left West Point in 1829.” Of course this date is wrong; Poe was not at West Point until July 1, 1830.

FROM childhood's hour I have not been
As others were — I have not seen
As others saw — I could not bring
My passions from a common spring —
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow — I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone —
And all I loved — *I* loved alone —
Then — in my childhood, in the dawn
Of a most stormy life — was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still —
From the torrent, or the fountain —
From the red cliff of the mountain —
From the sun that round me rolled
In its autumn tint of gold —
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by —
From the thunder and the storm —
And the cloud that took the form
When the rest of Heaven was blue
Of a demon in my view. —

(Signed)

E. A. POE.

Baltimore, March 17, 1829.

TO ISADORE.

[Text: *Broadway Journal*, 1845.]

I.

BENEATH the vine-clad eaves
Whose shadows fall before
Thy lowly cottage door —
Under the lilac's tremulous leaves —
Within thy snowy clasped hand
The purple flowers it bore —
Last eve in dreams, I saw thee stand,
Like queenly nymph from Fairy-land —
— Enchantress of the flowery wand,
Most beautiful Isadore !

II.

And when I bade the dream
Upon thy spirit flee,
Thy violet eyes to me
Upturned, did overflowing seem
With the deep, untold delight
Of Love's serenity ;
Thy classic brow, like lilies white
And pale as the Imperial Night
Upon her throne, with stars bedight,
Enthrall'd my soul to thee !

III.

Ah ! ever I behold
Thy dreamy, passionate eyes,
Blue as the languid skies

Hung with the sunset's fringe of gold ;
Now strangely clear thine image grows,
 And olden memories
Are startled from their long repose
Like shadows on the silent snows
When suddenly the night-wind blows
 Where quiet moonlight lies.

IV.

Like music heard in dreams,
 Like strains of harps unknown,
 Of birds forever flown —
Audible as the voice of streams
That murmur in some leafy dell,
 I hear thy gentlest tone,
And Silence cometh with her spell
Like that which on my tongue doth dwell
When tremulous in dreams I tell
 My love to thee alone !

V.

In every valley heard,
 Floating from tree to tree,
 Less beautiful to me,
The music of the radiant bird,
Than artless accents such as thine
 Whose echoes never flee !
Ah ! how for thy sweet voice I pine : —
For uttered in thy tones benign
(Enchantress !) this rude name of mine
 Doth seem a melody !

THE VILLAGE STREET.

[Text: *Broadway Journal*, 1845.]

IN these rapid, restless shadows,
Once I walked at eventide,
When a gentle, silent maiden,
Walked in beauty at my side.
She alone there walked beside me
All in beauty, like a bride.

Pallidly the moon was shining
On the dewy meadows nigh ;
On the silvery, silent rivers,
On the mountains far and high, —
On the ocean's star-lit waters,
Where the winds a-weary die.

Slowly, silently we wandered
From the open cottage door,
Underneath the elm's long branches
To the pavement bending o'er ;
Underneath the mossy willow
And the dying sycamore.

With the myriad stars in beauty
All bedight, the heavens were seen
Radiant hopes were bright around me,
Like the light of stars serene ;
Like the mellow midnight splendor
Of the Night's irradiate queen.



Audibly the elm-leaves whispered
Peaceful, pleasant melodies,
Like the distant murmured music
Of unquiet, lovely seas ;
While the winds were hushed in slumber
In the fragrant flowers and trees.

Wondrous and unwonted beauty
Still adorning all did seem
While I told my love in fables
'Neath the willows by the stream ;
Would the heart had kept unspoken
Love that was its rarest dream !

Instantly away we wandered
In the shadowy twilight tide,
She, the silent, scornful maiden,
Walking calmly at my side,
With a step serene and stately,
All in beauty, all in pride.

Vacantly I walked beside her,
On the earth mine eyes were cast ;
Swift and keen there came unto me
Bitter memories of the past —
On me, like the rain in Autumn
On the dead leaves, cold and fast.

Underneath the elms we parted,
By the lowly cottage door ;
One brief word alone was uttered —
Never on our lips before ;
And away I walked forlornly,
Broken-hearted evermore.

Slowly, silently I loitered,
Homeward, in the night, alone ;
Sudden anguish bound my spirit,
That my youth had never known ;
Wild unrest, like that which cometh
When the Night's first dream hath flown.

Now, to me the elm-leaves whisper
Mad, discordant melodies,
And keen melodies like shadows
Haunt the moaning willow trees,
And the sycamores with laughter
Mock me in the nightly breeze.

Sad and pale the Autumn moonlight
Through the sighing foliage streams;
And each morning, midnight shadow,
Shadow of my sorrow seems ;
Strive, O heart, forget thine idol !
And, O soul, forget thy dreams !
(Signed) A. M. IDE.

THE FOREST REVERIE.

[Text: *Broadway Journal*, 1845.]

'T is said that when
The hands of men
Tamed this primeval wood,
And hoary trees with groans of wo,
Like warriors by an unknown foe,
Were in their strength subdued,
The virgin Earth
Gave instant birth
To springs that ne'er did flow —
That in the sun
Did rivulets run,
And all around rare flowers did blow —
The wild rose pale
Perfumed the gale
And the queenly lily adown the dale
(Whom the sun and the dew
And the winds did woo,)
With the gourd and the grape luxuriant grew.

So when in tears
The love of years
Is wasted like the snow,
And the fine fibrils of its life
By the rude wrong of instant strife
Are broken at a blow —
Within the heart
Do springs upstart
Of which it doth not know,

And strange, sweet dreams,
Like silent streams
That from new fountains overflow,
With the earlier tide
Of rivers glide
Deep in the heart whose hope has died —
Quenching the fires its ashes hide, —
Its ashes, whence will spring and grow
Sweet flowers, ere long, —
The rare and radiant flowers of song !
(Signed) A. M. IDLE

ANNETTE.

[Text : *Broadway Journal*, December 6, 1845.]

WITH fairy feet who treads the flowers ?
Whose voice to the wind-harp sings ?
Whose laughter startles the silent hours
And the shadows that brood with wide-spread wings
On the vine-hung walls of odorous bowers,
And over the waters of star-lit springs ?

Whose smile do I see, thou beautiful one !
On lips like the leaves of the rose !
Like the tremulous smile of the radiant sun
On fields of the crusted snows : —
Or moonbeams that play where rivulets run
And crystal rivers repose !

Whose eyes so surpassing the violet's hue,
That the violets envying weep,
With glances of love in their depths of blue,
Like the clear, calm skies, so distant and deep,
Look out beneath fringes soft as the dew
On the violets in their sleep ?

Annette ! Annette ! Ah, stay by my side !
Let me hear thy tremulous tone !
Thou art gentle and fair, like one who died,
(Alas that she died !) in days that have flown :
And no vision of pain
Dost thou bring me again
Of the golden-haired — the violet-eyea
But dreams of her beauty alone !

(Signed)

A. M. IDG.

THE MAMMOTH SQUASH.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[*W. M. Griswold's Correspondence of R. W. Griswold*, p. 200.]

GREEN and specked with spots of golden,
Never since the ages olden —
Since the time of Cain and Abel,
Never such a vegetable,
So with odors sweetest laden
Thus our halls appearance made in.
Who — oh ! who in kindness sent thee
To afford my soul nepenthe ?

Rude men seeing thee, say “ Gosh !
’T is a most enormous squash ! ”
But the one who peers within,
Knowledge of himself to win,
Says, while total silence reigns,
Silence, from the Stygian shore —
(Grim silence, darkling o’er)
“ This may perchance be but the skull
Of Arthur Cleveland Coxe so dull —
Its streaked, yellow flesh — his brains.”

NOTE.

“ The Mammoth Squash ” is prefaced by the following words (*Griswold's Correspondence*, pp. 198–200) : “ In October, 1845, the literary world was amused by a clever article in T. Dunn English's Mag-

azine, *The Aristidean*, a part of which I reprint as it indicates, more or less accurately, the prevailing opinion of the authors mentioned.

“ ‘Anxious to present our readers with the best specimens of the poetry of this country, we addressed notes to various of our poets, requesting them to furnish us, without charge, the means of fulfilling our desire. This, we conceived, to be a very modest request. To our surprise, some of these notes were returned, and others were retained, but no reply made. To some we received answers, with the required poems. We print, below, the whole of the latter. Our readers will enjoy these sublime effusions.’ ”

Then follow letters and poems from J. Pierpont, C. J. Peterson, Geo. P. Morris and J. G. Whittier, with the following burlesque :

“ NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 28, 1845.

“ MY DEAR SIR : For old acquaintance’ sake I comply with your request ; but your attempt will be a failure. Reasoning *a priori*, I could demonstrate that it cannot succeed. But I will not waste my logic on an obstinate man.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ EDGAR A. POE.”

Then follows “ The Mammoth Squash.”

THE FIRE LEGEND.

WE insert the following poem as probably the most successful imitation of Poe's manner — if imitation it be — now in existence. Mr. J. H. Ingram, in his monograph on "The Raven," London: George Redway: 1885, gives the history of the poem, which he considers a "tawdry parody." Dr. B. B. Minor, editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* from 1843 to 1847, sends J. A. H. this note:

"I have seen Russell's Mag. for Jan. 1860. On p. 372 it says:

" 'Considered partly as a parody and partly as a professed imitation, we have seldom read a more successful performance than the following:

" 'FIRE-FIEND — A NIGHTMARE.

" 'From an unpublished MS. of the late Edgar A. Poe, in the possession of Chas. D. Gardette.'

" The *Messenger* has 'Fire-legend,' etc.

" In Stanza VII., the Mess. has 'world-enriching.'

" I hesitated at this when I copied it.

" *Russell's Magazine* has 'world-encircling.' "

THE FIRE LEGEND—A NIGHTMARE.

[*From Southern Literary Messenger*, July, 1863.]

From an unpublished MS. of the late Edgar A. Poe.

I.

IN the deepest dearth¹ of midnight, while the sad and
solemn swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the forest chapel
bell —
Faintly, falteringly floating o'er the sable waves of air
That were thro' the midnight rolling, chafed and
billowy with the tolling —
In my chamber I lay dreaming, by the firelight's fitful
gleaming,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart
foredoomed to care !

2.

As the last, long, lingering echo of the midnight's
mystic chime,
Lifting through the sable billows of the thither shore of
Time —
Leaving on the starless silence not a token, nor a trace —
For a quivering sigh departed, from my couch in fear
I started, —
Started to my feet in terror, for my dream's phantasmal
error
Painted in the fitful fire a frightful, fiendish, flaming
face !

¹ Depth ?

3.

On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing knot
of oak,
Seemed to gibe and grin this phantom, when in terror
I awoke ;
And my slumberous eyelids straining as I staggered to
the floor,
Still in that dread vision seeming, turned my gaze
toward the gleaming
Hearth and there ! Oh, God ! I saw it ; and from its
flaming jaw, it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling
stream of gore !

4.

Speechless struck with stony silence, frozen to the floor
I stood,
Till methought my brain was hissing with that hissing,
bubbling blood ;
Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those
lambent lips ;
Till the demon seemed to name me — then a wondrous
calm o'ercame me,
And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-damp
stiff and gluey,
And I fell back on my pillow, in apparent soul-eclipse.

5.

Then as in death's seeming shadow, in the icy fall of
fear
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to
my ear ;

Came a murmur like the murmur of assassins in their sleep —
Muttering: “Higher ! higher ! higher ! I am demon
of the Fire !
I am Arch-Fiend of the Fire ! and each blazing roof’s
my pyre,
And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my
victims weep !

6.

“How I revel on the prairie ! how I roar among the
pines !
How I laugh when from the village o’er the snow the
red flame shines
And I hear the shrieks of terror with a life in every
breath !
How I scream with lambent laughter, as I hurl each
crackling rafter
Down the fell abyss of fire, until higher, higher, higher,
Leap the high priests of my altar, in their merry dance
of death !

7.

“I am monarch of the Fire ! I am Vassal-King of
Death !
World enriching, with the shadow of its doom upon
my breath !
With the symbol of Hereafter flaming from my fatal
face !
I command the Eternal Fire ! Higher ! higher ! higher !
higher !
Leap my ministering demons, like the phantasmagoric
lemans
Hugging Universal Nature in their hideous embrace !”

8.

Then a sombre silence shut me in a solemn, shrouded
sleep,
And I slumbered like an infant in "the cradle of the
deep ;"
Till the belfry in the forest quivered with the matin
stroke,
And the martins, from the edges of its lichen-lidded
ledges,
Skimmed through the russet arches, where the light in
torn files marches,
Like a routed army struggling through the serried ranks
of oak.

9.

Through my ivy-fretted casements, filtered in a tremu-
lous note,
From the tall and stately linden where the robin swelled
his throat
Querulous, quaker-breasted robin, calling quaintly for
its mate !
Then I started up unbidden from my slumber, night-
mare-ridden,
With the memory of that dire demon in my central fire,
On my eye's interior mirror like the shadow of a fate !

10.

Ah ! the fiendish fire had smouldered to a white and
formless heap,
And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon my
sleep ;
But around its very centre, where the demon free had
shone,

Forked shadows seemed to linger, pointing, as with
spectral finger,
To a Bible, massive, golden, on a table carved and
olden;
And I bowed and said, "All power is of God — Of
God alone!"

NOTE.

"Until recently I had supposed that this piece, [‘The Raven’] and a few which its author composed after its appearance, were exceptional in not having grown from germs in his boyish verse. But Mr. Fearing Gill has shown me some unpublished stanzas by Poe written in his eighteenth year, and entitled ‘The Demon of the Fire.’ The manuscript appears to be in the poet’s early handwriting, and its genuineness is vouched for by the family in whose possession it has remained for half a century. Besides the plainest germs of ‘The Bells’ and ‘The Haunted Palace,’ it contains a few lines somewhat suggestive of the opening and close of *The Raven*."

[The poem referred to is "The Fire Legend."]

E. C. Stedman, *The Raven*: Illustrated by Gustave Doré: New York: Harper & Bros. 1884.

Apropos of this interesting subject, the editor is permitted to print the following notes from Wm. Fearing Gill, Esq., the noted Poe specialist and *connoisseur*, author of one of the standard lives of Poe. Mr. Gill’s opinion in "The Fire Fiend" matter — strengthened as it is by Edmund Clarence Stedman’s — is worthy of very high regard. — J. A. H.

7 EAST 46TH STREET,
NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1901.

DEAR SIR : The discovery of Poe's poem "The Demon of the Fire," written, according to the history of it published in an obscure Georgia paper, at the University of Virginia, I regard as the most important thing that has transpired since my book came out regarding Poe.

One Charles A. Gardette claimed the verses as his own and published them in a collection, "One Hundred Choice Selections," as a successful imitation of Poe's style under the title of "The Fire Fiend." But you will find that E. C. Stedman mentions the original verses as in my possession in Poe's handwriting in his preface to Doré's illustrations of "The Raven," Harper & Bros.

The poem is in the same metre as "The Raven," and was unquestionably the germ of that symphony of remorse.

Yours sincerely,

W. FEARING GILL.

318 WEST 57TH STREET,
NEW YORK, June 1, 1901.

DEAR MR. HARRISON : Your letter has just been received, — forwarded here. The title of the desired poem as Poe wrote it is "The Demon of the Fire," not "The Fire Fiend." Gardette took that title to mask his steal from Poe of the verses. I do not know if the "Fire Legend," *Southern Literary Messenger*, 1860, is the same ; I never saw that. "The Demon of the Fire" was sent to me from Georgia in 1882, I think, first a printed copy in a small quarto sheet, then

the original in Poe's hand on a single sheet of paper yellow with age. The poem, it was stated by Mr. Hoyt, I think, who sent it, was written at the University of Virginia when Poe was a student there. Stedman borrowed the original, and had it away for some time. There can be no doubt whatever that it was an original poem by Poe. One word was lacking in a line at the end of the second page ; but in Gardette's plagiarism this is filled in by some word, added by him. Owing to the demands of a very sick child, I have been unable to make a thorough search for my copy of "The Demon of the Fire," but I have written to Georgia, and hope to get another copy. The original was lost in moving some years after it came into my hands. I will lose no time in sending you the copy if it comes.

Gardette's publication of the verses under a different title is unfortunate, but I think not unprecedented by what happened in "Betsey and I Are Out" and "Beautiful Snow."

Yours sincerely,

W. FEARING GILL.

3.

On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing knot
of oak,
Seemed to gibe and grin this phantom, when in terror
I awoke ;
And my slumberous eyelids straining as I staggered to
the floor,
Still in that dread vision seeming, turned my gaze
toward the gleaming
Hearth and there ! Oh, God ! I saw it ; and from its
flaming jaw, it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling
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Till the demon seemed to name me — then a wondrous
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olden;
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318 WEST 57TH STREET,
NEW YORK, June 1, 1901.

DEAR MR. HARRISON : Your letter has just been received, — forwarded here. The title of the desired poem as Poe wrote it is "The Demon of the Fire," not "The Fire Fiend." Gardette took that title to mask his steal from Poe of the verses. I do not know if the "Fire Legend," *Southern Literary Messenger*, 1860, is the same ; I never saw that. "The Demon of the Fire" was sent to me from Georgia in 1882, I think, first a printed copy in a small quarto sheet, then

the original in Poe's hand on a single sheet of paper yellow with age. The poem, it was stated by Mr. Hoyt, I think, who sent it, was written at the University of Virginia when Poe was a student there. Stedman borrowed the original, and had it away for some time. There can be no doubt whatever that it was an original poem by Poe. One word was lacking in a line at the end of the second page ; but in Gardette's plagiarism this is filled in by some word, added by him. Owing to the demands of a very sick child, I have been unable to make a thorough search for my copy of "The Demon of the Fire," but I have written to Georgia, and hope to get another copy. The original was lost in moving some years after it came into my hands. I will lose no time in sending you the copy if it comes.

Gardette's publication of the verses under a different title is unfortunate, but I think not unprecedented by what happened in "Betsey and I Are Out" and "Beautiful Snow."

Yours sincerely,

W. FEARING GILL.

THE || POETS AND POETRY OF
AMERICA. ||

A Satire. || By Lavante. || Philadelphia : || William S. Young, — || No. 173 Race Street. || 1847.

Note from “ Passages from the Correspondence of R. W. Griswold : ” W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, 1898 : p. 88 :

“ The metrical satire referred to had the same title as Griswold’s book [‘ The Poets and Poetry of America. ’]. ‘ The poem, ’ continues the [*N. Y. Evening*] *Post* writer [July 8, 1893], ‘ which is signed “ Lavante, ” is written in heroic couplets and comprises about 950 lines. The fact of Poe’s authorship was pretty clearly shown a few years ago by an enterprising gentleman, hiding himself behind the *nom de plume* of “ Geoffrey Quarles, ” who unearthed the original Philadelphia edition in some out of the way place and carefully edited a reprint. ’ ”

The editor has copied one hundred lines of the “ Lavante ” satire from the Philadelphia edition of 1847, and herewith presents them to the reader for his judgment as to whether they are Poe’s or not.

“ And with his moral and religious views
Woos the wild fancies of an infant Muse,
Inspiring thoughts that he could not express,
Obscure, sublime ! his secret happiness. ”

CRABBE.

CLIME of the brave ! entire from sea to sea !
Vain is thy boast that thou art blest and free !

Oh servile slave to eastern rules and rhyme,
 Almost from Milton's blank to Chaucer's chime !
 Thy own proud bards behold ! a motley band
 To lead the music of their native land.
 Immortal Griswold ! thine the deathless name ¹
 Shall bear the palm of more than mortal fame !
 For thine the lofty boast at once to save
 The humble bard perchance from hapless grave,
 Weave with his crown thy fadeless laurel bays,
 And with thy nursling gain undying praise.

Yea, thine alone to search o'er Delphian height
 That which shall give to gods and men delight ;
 At once to snatch from each lone wand'ring Muse
 All which on earth could profit or amuse,
 Then rise and soar o'er loftier peaks away,
 And bask in Phoebus' pure effulgent ray !
 Blest be thy name ! nor grief thy pleasure mar,
 Nor fade thy life but with the morning star !
 Awake, Satiric muse ! awake in might
 To strike, for Poesy's insulted right !
 Awake in spite of *Saunders* and the fools
 Who think of thee, as I of Parker's rules,
 That thou art weak — and not that deathless fame
 Awaits thy course to crown thy empty claim !
 The chase is up ; arise and onward press,
 If mean the game, yet not the sport is less !
 Keen be the jest, yet just the pointed stroke,
 To silence folly in her shameless cloak ;
 Let impulse lead, not prudence guide the song,
 Nor laughter fail to cheer the muse along.

¹ It is the invaluable collection of *Griswold* that has formed the plot and ground-work of the *Tale*.

What age can boast improvements like our own,
When men to gods, and idiots bards have grown ?
No want of rhyme, though oft as light as chaff,
Vain as a bustle or a cenotaph ;
Dreams, clouds, or gas-light, all are made
At cheapest rate by Espy or a blade !
Oh wondrous age ! whose glories far excel
All which romancers dream or fictions tell !
When monster banks can raise a monstrous panic,
And infants gain their growth by means galvanic !
Thus population, like the mania, speeds
O'er western wilds and noxious prairie meads.
New states are born, new stars our banner bless,
And struggling realms are caught like men at chess !
Our green-house bard and critic puff behold,
With native lead to make them brave and bold,
" Whose tow'ring brow and eagle eye " might tell
With them undoubted genius, talent dwell !
Not in the past such lovely quacks were caught,
When Horace sung and elder Cato taught !
Oh ! had they lived that censor's scowl to claim,
Soon had they found the downward path to fame.
No trace were left to tell their sunken race,
In life as worthless as in dying base ;
Nor theirs the crime to wield the pointless pen,
Nor mine the task to lift the scourge again !

In modern times, who may not hope for praise,
When all we ask is but unmeaning lays ?
And thoughtless bards can suit the servile throng
With heartless verse and worse than worthless song ?
No theme Byronic, not the critic strain
Of reckless Pope, in thought and meaning plain ;
Nor joyous Hope, by Campbell taught to please

Alike when life is sad or wrapt in ease ;
 Not these the subjects which our times demand,
 To please the public and to curse the land !
 But all enough if but the poet paint
 Some fleeting shadow by a touch as faint,
 Recount those hues which in the autumn streak
 The woodland grove or distant mountain peak ;
 Some sickly dream relate to close the rhyme,
 The task is done — complete without a crime !
 No more we ask, no more the bard can give —
 In times like these can mind or merit live ?
 Can genius flourish, or but scorn the crew
 Such slaves to art and superficial view ?
 No ! but for this the poet yields his name,
 That public taste may canvass on his claim ;
 Condemn the false, approve the true to life,
 Or sink the whole to end at once the strife ;
 No genius he who not demands in pride
 That final word to be his future guide.
 Such is my crime before this righteous age !
 Too proud to stoop, or heed the critic's rage,
 I printed but to suit the present whim
 Without a preface or a suppliant hymn !
 Some others too have sought the luckless play ;
 To all I pledge the boon of health to-day,
 But ere I close let none repine to see
 That public trash is held most wondrous free.
 Oh ! for an arm less feeble than mine own
 To sweep from dust Apollo's sacred throne !
 Too much the chaff infests the precious grain
 When shall a Pope or Byron live again ?

.
 Dr. Kent does not believe that these lines are by Poe. — Ed.

TRANSLATION.

HYMN TO ARISTOGEITON AND HARMODIUS.

Attributed to Poe by Mr. J. H. Ingram ("The Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," J. C. Nimmo, London, 1884; Vol. iv., p. 330).

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

I.

WREATHED in myrtle, my sword I 'll conceal,
Like those champions devoted and brave,
When they plunged in the tyrant their steel,
And to Athens deliverance gave.

II.

Beloved heroes! your deathless souls roam
In the joy breathing isles of the blest;
Where the mighty of old have their home —
Where Achilles and Diomed rest.

III.

In fresh myrtle my blade I 'll entwine,
Like Harmodius, the gallant and good,
When he made at the tutelar shrine
A libation of Tyranny's blood.

IV.

Ye deliverers of Athens from shame!
Ye avengers of Liberty's wrongs!
Endless ages shall cherish your fame,
Embalmed in their echoing songs!

POE AND JOHN NEAL.

¹ POE AND JOHN NEAL. POE'S EARLIEST LETTER.
THE 1829 POEMS IN MS. THE MAGICIAN.
THE SKELETON HAND.

"THE Yankee ; and Boston Literary Gazette : New Series . . . No. 1: July, 1829," is the title of a rare periodical monthly edited by John Neal with a motto from Bentham : "*Utility*. — The greatest happiness of the greatest number," and devoted, in the twenties, to literature, art, science, and the drama. In some way Poe's attention was drawn to this publication after the issue of his Boston "Tamerlane" volume of 1827, and while he was engaged in preparing for the press the "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" of 1829.

He was barely twenty at the time, and scanning the horizon all around for a sympathetic friend, his gaze fell by chance, it seems, on John Neal and his periodical at a time when the partial rupture with the Allans rendered Poe peculiarly susceptible to sympathy. The result was that Poe began a correspondence with Neal

¹ The editor has been permitted to make this study of Poe's early literary relations with John Neal and "The Yankee" through the courtesy of the authorities of the Hallowell (Maine) Social Library, which owns the rare volume of "The Yankee" quoted. He would also thank Prof. C. F. Richardson, of Dartmouth College, for his kindness in locating and securing the use of the volume for him. — J. A. H.

which resulted in several contributions of poems to the magazine. The two poems we reproduce here — “The Skeleton Hand” and “The Magician” — appear, the former in the August number of “The Yankee” signed “P——,” the latter in the December number, signed the same way. Both are in our opinion boyish products of Poe’s muse, “The Magician,” a finely imaginative one; and as to the latter, the writer has the high authority of Prof. Richardson, who agrees with him that it is undoubtedly Poe’s. As to “The Skeleton Hand,” Prof. Richardson and Dr. Kent dissent; Dr. Kent, also, thinks “The Magician” is not Poe’s.

I.

THE SKELETON-HAND.

[From *The Yankee*, Aug., 1829.]

Lo ! one is on the mountain side,
While the clouds are passing by —
With their black wings flapping heavily,
Like eagles in the sky ;
Or lying up in the forest trees,
And waiting there for the mountain-breeze.

And now he passes through the clouds —
And up to the mountain-top,
Nor yet to look for the joyous sun
Does the hasty traveller stop.

But he leapeth down in the broken path
With a step as light and free —
As ever in his days of mirth,
In the dance and revelry.

Why endeth he his hasty speed?
Why stoppeth on his way?
In truth it is a fearful thing,
For human tongue to say.

He fears that toward him pointeth there,
A fleshless human hand;
Where the mountain rains have swept away,
Its covering of sand;
That hand his very soul doth stir,
For it proveth him a murderer.

Ay long ago on the mountain side,
The fearful deed was done;
And the murderer thought him safe, that none
Could see, save the broad bright sun,
As he rolled in the heavens the dead above,
And flooded the earth with his rays of love.

Now lifted he his clouded eye,
To the mountain crests behind;
And o'er them came the broad black clouds,
Upheaving with the wind;
And on them their thick darkness spread —
A crown upon the mountain's head.

And then shone out the flaming sun,
From the waters of the sea ;
And God's own bow came in the clouds,
And looked out gloriously ;
But its colours were of wo and wrath,
That threw their light o'er the murderer's path.

And now God's chariots — the clouds,
Came rolling down with might ;
Their wheels like many horsemen were,
In battle or in flight.
And yet no power to move hath *he*,
His soul is in an agony.

Over the murderer and dead,
They rolled their mighty host ;
Old ocean's waves come not so thick,
By northern tempests tost.

Forth from their mighty bosom came,
A flash of heaven's wrath,
And away the heavy clouds — and sun,
Rolled from the murder-path.

And the sun shone out where the murderer lay,
Before the dead in the narrow way —
With his hand all seared, and his breast torn bare —
God's vengeance had been working there.

(Signed)

P—.

II.

THE MAGICIAN.¹

[December, 1829.]

THOU dark, sea-stirring storm,
Whence comest thou in thy might —
Nay — wait, thou dim and weary form —
Storm spirit, I call thee — 't is mine of right —
Arrest thee in thy troubled flight.

STORM SPIRIT.

Thou askest me whence I came —
I came o'er the sleeping sea,
It roused at my torrent of storm and flame,
And it howled aloud in its agony,
And swelled to the sky — that sleeping sea.

Thou askest me what I met
A ship from the Indian shore,
A tall proud ship with her sails all set —
Far down in the sea that ship I bore,
My storms wild rushing wings before.

And her men will forever lie,
Below the unquiet sea ;
And tears will dim full many an eye,
Of those who shall widows and orphans be,
And their days be years — for their misery.

¹ The punctuation throughout is the author's — *by desire*.
— [John Neal's note.]

A boat with a starving crew —
For hunger they howled and swore ;
While the blood from a fellow's veins they drew
I came upon them with rush and roar —
Far under the waves that boat I bore.

Two ships in a fearful fight —
When a hundred guns did flash
I came upon them — no time for flight —
But under the sea their timbers crash
And over their guns the wild waves dash

A wretch on a single plank —
And I tossed him on the shore —
A night and a day of the sea he drank,
But the wearied wretch to the land I bore —
And now he walketh the earth once more —

MAGICIAN.

Storm spirit — go on thy path —
The spirit has spread his wings —
And comes on the sea with a rush of wrath,
As a war horse when he springs —
And over the earth his winds he flings —
And over the earth — nor stop nor stay —
The winds of the storm king go out on their way.

(Signed)

P——.

FAIRY LAND.

IN September, 1829, Neal in his notices "To Correspondents" aims the following dart at Poe — which incidentally mentions the poem now known as "Fairy-Land" by the "Baltimore poet" :

"If E. A. P. of Baltimore — whose lines about 'Heaven' though he professes to regard them as altogether superior to anything in the whole range of American poetry, save two or three trifles referred to, are, though nonsense, rather exquisite nonsense — would but do himself justice [he] might [sic] make a beautiful and perhaps a magnificent poem. There is a good deal here to justify such a hope :

Dim vales and shadowy floods,
And cloudy looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that — drip all over.

The moonlight falls
Over hamlets, over halls.
Wherever they may be,
O'er the strange woods, o'er the sea —
O'er spirits on the wing,
O'er every drowsy thing —
And buries them up quite
In a labyrinth of light :
And then how deep ! *Ob, deep !*
Is the passion of their sleep !

"He should have signed it, Bah ! . . .
We have no room for others."

In the November number, 1829, p. 280, Neal has the following notice :

“ TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“ Many papers intended for this number have been put aside for the next, from necessity, owing to the death of a man, who, occupying the place he did, and being what he was, could not be overlooked even for a month. Among others are Night — The Magician — Unpublished Poetry (being specimens of a book about to appear at Baltimore), Death of James William Miller, our late highly gifted and most amiable associate, and a long piece of poetry which may or may not appear.

“ Several other communications will hereafter be attended to, though a particular notice may not be given.”

The following month (December, 1829) a very interesting paper, which we quote entire, fills several pages of “The Yankee,” giving us not only the earliest known dated letter of Poe’s, but long and interesting quotations from “Al Aaraaf,” “Tamerlane,” and a minor poem. The verbal deviations, and the differences in punctuation, abbreviation, and italics from the text of the present edition, are numerous :

“ UNPUBLISHED POETRY.

[From *The Yankee*, December, 1829.]

“ THE following passages are from the manuscript-works of a young author, about to be published in Baltimore. He is entirely a stranger to us, but with

all their faults, if the remainder of Al Aaraaf and Tamerlane are as good as the body of the extracts here given—to say nothing of the more extraordinary parts, he will deserve to stand high—very high—in the estimation of the shining brotherhood. Whether he *will* do so however, must depend, not so much upon his worth now in mere poetry, as upon his worth hereafter in something yet loftier and more generous—we allude to the stronger properties of the mind, to the magnanimous determination that enables a youth to endure the present, whatever the present may be, in the hope, or rather in the belief, the fixed, unwavering belief, that in the future he will find his reward. ‘I am young,’ he says in a letter to one who has laid it on our table for a good purpose, ‘I am young—not yet twenty—*am* a poet—if deep worship of all beauty can make me one—and wish to be so in the more common meaning of the word. I would give the world to embody one half the ideas afloat in my imagination. (By the way, do you remember—or did you ever read the exclamation of Shelley about Shakspeare?—“What a number of ideas must have been afloat before such an author could arise!”) I appeal to you as a man that loves the same beauty which I adore—the beauty of the natural blue sky and the sunshiny earth—there can be no tie more strong than that of brother for brother—it is not so much that they love one another, as that they both love the same parent—their affections are always running in the same direction—the same channel—and cannot help mingling.

‘I am and have been from my childhood, an idler. It cannot therefore be said that

"I left a calling for this idle trade,
A duty broke — a father disobeyed" —

for I have no father — nor mother.

"I am about to publish a volume of "Poems," the greater part written before I was fifteen. Speaking about "Heaven,"¹ the editor of the "Yankee" says, "He might write a beautiful, if not a magnificent poem" — (the very first words of encouragement I ever remember to have heard). I am very certain that as yet I have not written *either* — but that I *can*, I will take oath — if they will give me time.

The poems to be published are "Al Aaraaf" — "Tamerlane" — one about four and the other about three hundred lines, with smaller pieces. "Al Aaraaf" has some good poetry, and much extravagance which I have not had time to throw away.²

"Al Aaraaf" is a tale of another world — the star discovered by Tycho Brahe, which appeared and disappeared so suddenly — or rather, it is no tale at all. I will insert an extract, about the palace of its presiding Deity, in which you will see that I have supposed many of the lost sculptures of our world to have flown (in spirit) to the star "Al Aaraaf" — a delicate place, more suited to their divinity.

Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile

Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthened air —

³ Flashing, from Parian marble, that twin-smile

Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,

¹ A poem by the author of "Al Aaraaf," mentioned in No. III: 168.

² This will remind the reader of the following anecdote. Your sermon was too long, sir — why did n't you make it shorter? *I had n't time.* — [Neal's note.]

³ Alluding to a prior part.

And nursled the young mountain in its lair :
Of molten stars their pavement — such as fall
Thro' the ebon air — besilvering the pall
Of their own dissolution while they die —
Adorning, then, the dwellings of the sky ;
A dome by linked light ¹ from Heaven let down,
Sat gently on these columns as a crown ;
A window of one circular diamond there
Looked out above into the purple air,
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
Save when, between th' Empyrean, and that ring,
Some eager spirit flapp'd a dusky wing :
But, on the *pillars*, seraph eyes have seen
The dimness of this world : that grayish green
That nature loves the best for beauty's grave,
Lurked in each cornice — round each architrave —
And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout
That from his marble dwelling ventured ² out,
Seemed earthly in the shadow of his niche —
Archaian [?] statues in a world so rich ?
Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis —
From Balbec and the chilly, clear abyss
Of beautiful Gomorrah ! — oh ! the wave
Is now upon thee — but too late to save !
Far down within the crystal of the lake
Thy swollen pillars tremble — and so quake
The hearts of many wanderers who look in
Thy luridness of beauty — and of sin.

¹ The idea of linked light is beautiful ; but the moment you *read* it aloud, the beauty is gone. To say link-ed light would be queer enough, notwithstanding Moore's "wreath-ed shell ;" but to say link'd-light would spoil the rhythm. [Note in *The Yankee*.]

² The word in the original was *peered* : we have changed it for the reason stated above. — [Neal.]

‘ Another —

— Silence is the voice of God —

Ours is a world of words : quiet we call

“ Silence ” — which is the merest word of all.

Here Nature speaks — and ev’n ideal things

Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings ;

But ah ! not so, when in the realms on high,

The eternal voice of God is moving by,

And the red winds are withering in the sky !

‘ From Tamerlane —

The fever’d diadem on my brow

I claimed and won usurpingly :

Hath not the same fierce heirdom given

Rome to the Cæsar — this to me ?

The heritage of a kingly mind

And a proud spirit, which hath striven

Triumphantly with human-kind.

On mountain soil I first drew life,

The mists of the Taglay have shed

Nightly their dews upon my head ;

And, I believe, the winged strife

And tumult of the headlong air

Hath nestled in my very hair.

So late from Heaven, that dew, it fell,

Mid dreams of one unholy night,

Upon me with the touch of Hell —

While the red flashing of the light

From clouds that hung, like banners, o’er,

Seem’d then to my half-closing eye

The pageantry of monarchy ;
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar
Came hurriedly upon me telling
Of human battle (near me swelling).

The rain came down upon my head
Unshelter'd, and the heavy wind
Was giantlike — so thou, my mind !
It was but man, I thought, who shed
Laurels upon me — and the rush —
The torrent of the chilly air
Gurgled within my ear the crush
Of empires — with the captive's prayer ;
The hum of suitors, and the tone
Of flattery round a sovereign-throne.

Young Love's first lesson is the heart :
For mid that sunshine and those smiles,
When, from our little cares apart,
And laughing at her girlish wiles,
I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears,
There was no need to speak the rest —
No need to quiet any fears
Of her — who ask'd no reason why,
But turned on me her quiet eye.

‘Tamerlane dying —

Father ! I firmly do believe —
I know — for Death, who comes for me
From regions of the blest afar,
(Where there is nothing to deceive)
Hath left his iron gate ajar ;

And rays of truth you cannot see
 Are flashing through Eternity —
 I do believe that Eblis hath
 A snare in every human path ;
 Else how when in the holy grove
 I wandered of the idol, Love,
 Who daily scents his snowy wings
 With incense of burnt offerings
 From the most undefiled things —
 Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
 Above with trelliced rays from Heaven
 No mote may shun — no tiniest fly
 The lightning of his eagle eye.
 How was it that Ambition crept
 Unseen, amid the revels there,
 Till, growing bold, he laugh'd and leapt
 In the tangles of Love's brilliant hair ?

‘ Passage from the minor poems.

If my peace hath flown away
 In a night — or in a day —
 In a vision — or in none —
 Is it therefore the less gone ?
 I am standing mid the roar
 Of a weatherbeaten shore,
 And I hold within my hand
 Some particles of sand —
 How few ! and how they creep
 Through my fingers to the deep !
 My early hopes ? — No — they
 Went gloriously away,
 Like lightning from the sky
 At once — and so will I.’

“Having allowed our youthful writer to be heard in his own behalf, — what more can we do for the lovers of genuine poetry? Nothing. They who are judges will not need more; and they who are not — why waste words upon them? We shall not.”

POE AND CHIVERS.

ONE of the strangest literary controversies of the time — a controversy which has been going on for fifty years, albeit all on one side — is the question whether Poe “stole” the form and rhythm of his “Raven” from Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers’ “To Allegra Florence in Heaven.”

Through the courtesy of Henry L. Koopman, Esq., librarian of Brown University, the editor has been enabled to study six of Chivers’ very rare volumes and reach certain conclusions which are set down in the following pages. These volumes, as far as we know, have not been accessible hitherto to students or have, at least, not been studied. Apparently, they were not accessible to Mr. Joel Benton when he wrote his interesting “In the Poe Circle,” or to Mr. W. C. Richardson, who reviewed in a recent *Boston Transcript* the perpetually recurring question of the “Precursor of Poe.” The following extracts from Griswold’s Correspondence, Cambridge, 1898, p. 40 seq., will instructively introduce our remarks :

“‘I have already,’ wrote Bayard Taylor in 1871, ‘seen one generation [of poets] forgotten, and I fancy I now see the second slipping the cables of their craft, and making ready to drop down stream with the ebb tide. I remember, for instance, that in 1840 there were many well-known and tolerably popular names which are never heard now. Byron and Mrs. Hemans

then gave the tone to poetry, and Scott, Bulwer and Cooper to fiction. Willis was by all odds the most popular American author; Longfellow was not known by the multitude, Emerson was only 'that Transcendentalist,' and Whittier 'that Abolitionist.' We young men used to talk of Rufus Dawes, and Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Grenville Mellen, and Brainard, and Sands. Why, we even had a hope that something wonderful would come out of Chivers! — Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of Georgia, author of 'Virginia,' 'The Lost Pleiad,' 'Facets of Diamond' and 'Eonchs of Ruby,' also of 'Nacoochee, the Beautiful Star,' and there was still another volume, six in all! The British Museum has the only complete set of his works — I remember a stanza of his 'Rosalie Lee': —

"Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee."

'The refrain of a poem called "The Poet's Vacation" was: —

"In the music of the morns,
Blown through the Conchimarian horns,
Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns,
To the Genius of Eternity
Crying 'Come to me! Come to me!'"

“ Dr. Chivers, according to a statement made to me [W. M. Griswold] by one of his daughters, was born at Washington, Georgia, in 1807,¹ and died at Decatur, Georgia, in 1858. Having inherited wealth, however, he practised but little.

“ While in Springfield, Mass., he fell in love with a Yankee girl sixteen years old. They travelled from one place to another, New York, Boston, New Haven, etc. This second marriage probably took place about 1850. In 1853-54 Chivers dwelt in or near Boston and was a frequent contributor to *The Waverley Magazine* and *The Literary Museum*. It is singular that not only Richardson's and the minor histories of American literature ignore Chivers, but that even L. Manly's book, which is devoted exclusively to Southern authors, does the same.

“ I insert a letter from Chivers to Poe, since it illustrates the spirit of the time, and shows that the influence of transcendentalism was not limited to New-England and *The Tribune*. Chivers' style is here tame and commonplace, having little of the verbal effulgence which later distinguished it, when, even in prose, it unconsciously surpassed the efforts of those most skilful in burlesque. Aside from his poetical pretensions, Chivers seems to have been a person worthy of great respect. His verses appeared in some of the best periodicals of the day, and if we may trust the extracts quoted by the publishers of his ‘Eonchs of Ruby’ he was not entirely without appreciation on the part of the critics. Here is the advertisement as it appeared in *The Literary World*: —

¹ This is a mistake, as will be seen further on.

Eonchs of Ruby.

A Gift of Love.

By T. H. Chivers, M.D.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

“ ‘ We might quote passages of even beauty throughout the book — passages replete with the loveliest developments of the divine poetic idea in the man’s soul. From his harp proceed master strains, which seem struck out often as a sort of Pythonic delirium.’ — *Message Bird*.

“ ‘ “ The Eonchs of Ruby ” is a treasure of classic and sublime poetry — a rara avis of a rich and ardent imagination. The author’s ideas partake more of the celestial than of the terrestrial ; and many of the best productions of this book are dedicated to beings who were once dear to him in life, but who were called away in the flower of their age to enjoy a world more glorious and perfect than this miserable earth. These lamentations of an afflicted parent so charmingly and truthfully expressed, may truly be called superior to anything of the kind ever written by any American or English poet.’ ” — *From l’ Eco d’ Italia*.

The *New York Quarterly*, however, took a somewhat different tone : — “ The quaint conceits of these title pages [Nos. 6 and 7] are a warning of the affectation and absurdity which nestle within the covers of the present astounding volumes. Such a farrago of pedantry, piety, blasphemy, sensuality, and delirious fancies has seldom before gained the imprint of a respectable publisher. If the reader can imagine the fusion of the Hebrew Prophets, Solomon’s Song, Jacob Böhme, Edgar A. Poe, Anacreon, Catullus,

Coleridge, and Isaac Watts, into one seething, simmering cauldron of abominations, he may form some idea of these fantastic monstrosities. The prose run mad in the prefaces prepares for the demoniac-celestial-bestial character of the poetry."

The editor of *The Knickerbocker* paid his respects to the work as follows : —

"We have read a little book of poems by a Mr. Chivers (what a crisp, sparkling name!) which is a casket overbrimming with the most incomparable gems that ever sparkled in Heaven's light. The author remarks in his preface, which is itself a prosaic bewilderment of all that is most precious in the verbal domain : 'As the diamond is the crystalline Revelator of the acromatic white light of Heaven, so is a perfect poem the crystalline revelation of the Divine Idea. There is just the difference between a pure poem and one that is not, that there is between the spiritual concretion of a diamond and the mere glaciation of water into ice. For as the irradiancy of a diamond depends upon its diaphanous translucency, so does the beauty of a poem upon its rhythmical crystallization of the Divine Idea.' We concur with the author in these views, although we never had the power to express them. A single verse from Mr. Chivers will show that he does not lay down principles by which he is not himself guided : —

' On the beryl-rimmed rebeds of Ruby
Brought fresh from the hyaline streams,
She played on the banks of the Yuba
Such songs as she heard in her dreams,
Like the heavens when the stars from their cyries
Look down through the ebon night air,
Where the groves by the Ouphantic Fairies

Lit up for my Lily Adair.
 For my child-like Lily Adair,
 For my heaven-born Lily Adair,
 For my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.'

"There is immortality in these verses, unless immortality is 'a figment.' "

It will be seen from the following list that Chivers' works number more than six volumes. Numbers 2, 8 and 9 are in the library of Harvard College, having belonged to J. R. Lowell. Numbers 1 and 3 are taken from the catalogue of the Harris collection.

(1.) Conrad and Eudora, or the Death of Alonzo, Phil'a, 1834, 144 pp.

(2.) Nacoochee (etc.) with other poems, by T. H. Chivers, M.D. — New York: W. E. Dean, Printer, 2 Ann St., 1837; 18°, 143 pp.

(3.) The Lost Pleiad. N.Y., 1845.

(4.) Facets of Diamond.

(5.) Eonchs of Ruby. N.Y., Shepard & Spaulding, 1851, 168 pp.

(6.) Virginalia, or Songs of my Summer Nights. Phil'a, Lippincott, Grambo & Co., 1853.

(7.) Atlanta, or the True Blessed Island of Poesy: a Paul (Prose?) Epic in three Lustra. Macon, 1855, 8°.

(8.) Memorialia, or Phials of Amber full of the Tears of Love. A Gift for the Beautiful. By T. H. Chivers, M.D. — Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co., 1853, 18°, 168 pp. This consists of 'Eonchs of Ruby' preceded by a single 12 page poem. The copyright date is 1851, so that it is probably the same as No. 5.

(9.) The Sons of Usna, a Tragi-Apotheosis, in

Five Acts. By T. H. Chivers, M. D. — Philadelphia, C. Sherman & Son, Printers, 1858; 8°, 92 two-column pages.

(10.) *Heroes of Freedom.*

Chivers' ten volumes are so rare that only the British Museum possesses a complete set of them. Individual volumes are in the libraries of the poets Stedman and Swinburne. Brown University (the Fiske-Harris collection) possesses the following: "*Conrad and Eudora*": Phil'a, 1834; "*Nacoochee, or the Beautiful Star, with other Poems*": New York, 1837; "*The Lost Pleiad; and Other Poems*": New York, 1845; "*Eonchs of Ruby, A Gift of Love*": New York, 1851; "*Virginalia, or Songs of my Summer Nights*": Phila., 1853; "*The Sons of Usna, A Tragi-Apotheosis in Five Acts*": Phila., 1858.

These six the writer has carefully examined, making copious excerpts in the course of the examination. This examination reveals a singular state of things: Chivers has appropriated not only many of the quotations used by Poe to introduce his writings, such as the Greek quotation from Plato introducing the "*Morella*," the quotation from Bishop Henry King prefixed to "*The Assigination*," the pseudo-quotation from Sale's *Koran* on *Israfel*, etc., but he has appropriated Poe's themes, proper names, verbiage, diction, and singularities of expression, leaving it beyond a doubt that the Georgian poet was the original sinner.

In detail:

We know from Kennedy's letter to T. W. White (April 13, 1835) that Poe was engaged, in that year, on a tragedy. This tragedy was "*Politian*," and a poem from it — "*The Coliseum*" — gained the

Baltimore Visiter prize for the best poem in the memorable competition which awarded the prize for the best prose tale to "A MS. found in a Bottle," October 12, 1833. "Scenes from Politian" were, however, not published in the *Messenger* until December, 1835, and January, 1836, though a fragment from it had appeared in *The Visiter*, in 1833, and in the *Messenger* in August, 1835.

Chivers' "Conrad and Eudora" bears the date 1834 and is a tragedy founded upon the same theme as Poe's. "The incidents of this drama" ["Politian"], says Mr. Ingram, who owns the poet's MS., "were suggested by real events connected with Beauchampe's murder of Sharp, the Solicitor-General of Kentucky [in 1828], the facts of which celebrated case are fully as romantic as the poet's fiction. Poe appears to have written a portion of 'Politian' as early at least as 1831, and to have first published some fragments of it in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of 1835-36 as 'Scenes from an Unpublished Drama.' " (I., 111-114.)

The singular part of this circumstance is that, though absolutely unlike, the two tragedies should, by a strange coincidence, have been written by two young poets who had fallen upon the same theme without each other's cognizance, men whose after fates were continually to be thrown into fantastic juxtaposition.

The selection of subject was the merest accident: Charles Fenno Hoffman and William Gilmore Simms had also been struck by the tragic and romantic aspects of the murder, and had each written a novel embodying them. There is no suspicion of plagiarism here: mere coincidence is the explanation.

But in 1831 Poe published his West Point volume
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containing the quaint and beautiful poem "Israfel," with the following note: "And the angel Israfel, who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures : *Koran.*"

"The passage referred to" (remarks Prof. G. E. Woodberry, *Life of Poe*, p. 97) "is not in the *Koran*, but in Sale's *Preliminary Discourse* (iv. 71). Poe derived it from the notes to Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,' where it is correctly attributed to Sale. At a later time he interpolated the entire phrase, 'whose heart-strings are a lute' (the idea on which his poem is founded), which is neither in Moore, Sale, nor the *Koran*; and with this highly original emendation, the note now stands in his *Works* as an extract from the *Koran.*"

In Chivers' "Lost Pleiad," published in 1845, Israfel is mentioned in the first poem. The book is a thin pamphlet of 32 octavo pages, containing poems dated 1836, 1839, 1840, etc., and, among others, "To Allegra Florence," dated "Oak Grove, Ga., Dec. 12, 1842." In the "Song to Isa Singing," (undated) occurs the stanza :

" Like an Æolian sound
Out of an ocean shell
Which fills the air around
With music, such as fell
From lips of Israfel."

Then follows the note: "The angel Israfel, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."
— *Sale*.

In "Eonchs of Ruby," published in 1851, Israfel is again mentioned, with the same quotation from

Sale, in the poem "To Cecilia," p. 81. Again, at p. 167, Israfel crops up in the "Sonnet on Reading Milton's Paradise Lost." In the poem "Bessie Bell" Israfel comes again.

But "Virginalia," Phila. : 1853, contains the crowning appropriation of Poe's idea :

" Out of the *lute-strings of her heart she wove,*
Like Israfel in Heaven, with her sweet singing,
 A subtle web of Poesy, which Love
 Around my heart then wound, wherewith upspring-
 ing,
 She to the Mount of Fame her way with me went
 winging."

Una, p. 15.

Again :

" My knowledge comes to thee down-flowing,
 As does an angel's free from earthly sin,
 Out of the life divine of God all-knowing —
 Ours from without — thine to thy soul within —
 And Angel-like, although thy lips are mute,
Like Israfel in Heaven, thy heartstrings are a lute."

The Beautiful Silence, 1851.

The "Song of Seralim," dated 1836, is a direct imitation of Poe's Israfel, and the heart-strings *motif* reappears again at p. 62.

The influence of Poe on Chivers in this one poem — "Israfel" — was profound, almost ludicrous, for Chivers goes on with his "Israfelia" (actually the name of one of his poems — the adjective "Israfelian" also occurring) after Poe is dead, in "Eonchs of Ruby" and "Virginalia," dated respectively 1851 and 1853. The Greek quotation "Αυτο καθ' αυτο μεθ' αυτου, μονο ειδες

aut ov" (sic), (from Plato), which is found on the title-page of "Virginalia," is taken from Poe's "Morella." Poe has poems to "Eulalie," and "To One in Paradise;" so has Chivers.

The reader may judge for himself of the Poeian echoes in the following stanzas from the collections of 1851 and 1853:—

ISADORE.

"I approach thee — I look dauntless into thine eyes.
The soul that loves can dare all things. Shadow,
I defy thee, and compel." — *Zanoni*.

WHILE the world lay round me sleeping,
I, alone, for *Isadore*,
Patient Vigils lonely keeping!
Some one said to me while weeping,
"Why this grief forever more?"
And I answered, "I am weeping
For my blessed *Isadore*!"

Then the Voice again said, "Never
Shall thy soul see *Isadore*!
God from thee thy love did sever —
He has damned thy soul forever!
Wherefore then her loss deplore?
Thou shalt live in Hell forever!
Heaven now holds thine *Isadore*!

Like two spirits in one being,
Were our souls, dear *Isadore*!
Every object singly seeing —

In all things, like one, agreeing
 In those *Halcyon Days of Yore*.
 We shall live so in our being
 Up in Heaven, dear *Isadore*!

Myriad Voices still are crying
 Day and night, dear *Isadore*!
 Come, come to the *Pure Land* lying
 Far up in the sky undying —
 There to rest forever more!
 Purified, redeemed, undying —
 Come to Heaven to *Isadore*!

Adon-ai! God of Glory!
 Who dost love mine *Isadore*!
 Who didst hear her prayerful story
 In this world when she was sorry —
 Gone to Heaven forever more!
Adon-ai! God of Glory!
 Take me home to *Isadore*!
 Eonchs of Ruby, p. 97.

BESSIE BELL.

[*Second version, from Virginalia : Phila., 1855.*]

Do you know the modest Maiden,
 Pretty, bonny Bessie Bell,
 Queen of all the flowers of Aiden,
 Whom my heart doth love so well?
 Ah! her eyelids droop declining
 On her soft cerulean eyes,
 Like an unbought Beauty's, pining
 For the Harem's Paradise.

All her soul seemed full of blisses —
All her heart seemed full of love —
Which she rained on me in kisses,
Like Heaven manna from above.
Sought, the young Fawn in her wildness
Is not wilder in the Dell ;
Unapproached, the Dove in mildness
Is not mild as Bessie Bell.

Like the sweetest of Heaven's singers,
Israfel about his Lord,
Music smote her lily-fingers
From her Heavenly Heptachord.
You should know this modest Maiden.
Pretty, bonny Bessie Bell,
Queen of all the flowers of Aiden,
Whom my heart doth love so well.

Like some sorrowing soul atoning
For her sins with sobbing sighs —
Wasting, wailing, melting, moaning
Out her heart in agonies ;
Sang this saintly modest Maiden,
Pretty, bonny Bessie Bell,
Queen of all the flowers of Aiden,
Whom my heart doth love so well.

Like the psychical vibration
Of the Butterfly's soft wings,
Dallying with the rich Carnation —
Played her fingers with the strings.
Israfelian in its clearness —

All her heart's deep love to tell —
 Bell-like, silver in its clearness,
 Fell the voice of Bessie Bell.

.

Chivers indeed was a poet run mad with the sense of rhythm : it made no difference to him whether his combinations made sense or not, if only there were an exquisite melliflence of sound. His peculiar crotchet was the feminine rhyme — the melodious terminations in — *ing*, — *ation*, combined with a passion for vocalisms — open vowel sounds — and for luxurious alliterations. All this he shared with Poe, though he did *not* share with Poe the artistic self-restraint necessary to make these crude elements of poetry a success. On all the moon-struck sea of Chivers there sails not a barque that has survived his whirlwind of words — 1,500 pages of verse ! We might mention as graceful and musical the “Boat-Song,” “Bessie Bell,” “Invocation to Spring,” “Serenade,” “The Poet of Love,” “The Comforter,” “The New Moon,” “The Angelus,” “Euthanasia,” “The Heavenly Reaper,” “Avalon,” “Mary’s Lament for Shelley,” “The Wife’s Lament for the Husband lost at Sea ;” “The Soaring Swan,” is highly poetical, and “Neah-Emathla” is deeply pathetic and beautiful in parts ; but the general run of the thousands of lines is a wild orgy of words — mere protoplasm, not proto-Poe — a jellied unintelligibility, without form and void : such poems a sea-squib might write, shooting its ink into inarticulate speech.

Whatever Poe did, Chivers thought he must at least try : thus Poe’s Queen-Mablike “Al Aaraaf”

(published in 1829) is a star-poem, treating of Tycho Brahe's wondrous disappearing star. Chivers too has a "Nacoochee, or the Beautiful Star," "The Lost Pleiad," and "Song of Leverrier on discovering a New Planet." Poe has "The Fall of the House of Usher;" Chivers has a poem on "The Fall of Usher" (Virginalia, 1853). Both have an "Irene," both have a "Eulalie." Chivers' "Vigil in Aiden" (Eonchs of Ruby, 1851) appropriates a theme of Poe's. "Isadore" is one of the poems attributed to Poe; Chivers literally harps — dotes — on the name. Poe's well-known "Catholic Hymn," first appearing in April, 1835, is echoed by Chivers, "Catholic Hymn to the Virgin," in "Eonchs of Ruby" (1851). Chivers' "Rosalie Lee" is a mixed appropriation of Poe's "Annabel Lee," and Philip Pendleton Cooke's charming "Rosalie Lee" whose title it filches outright. The wild tragedy of "Usna," (1858) with its furious storm of words and imagery running a-muck, purloins Poe's idea, in "Morella," of a dying woman transferring her soul to her unborn child.

Chivers' claim to the exclusive possession of certain refrains as old as Poetry itself and his assertion that Poe "stole" them from him are indefensible: there is not the slightest foundation for either claim or possession. The testimony of these volumes indeed is that Chivers was a very illiterate man, possessed almost demoniacally with a sense of music, a kind of Blind Tom of the lyre, to whom metrical expression, literate or illiterate, was an urgent need, and who did not care whether his verbs agreed with their subjects or not, or whether a given word was an adverb or a conjunction; for example, converting *exeunt* into a verb of the third

person singular : "exeunt Doctor ("Conrad and Eudora," pp. 73 and 54); using such expressions as "Come *thee* out this way" (*Ibid.*, p. 63); "why *art* all these tears?" (*Ibid.*, p. 67); "like I and thou" (*Ibid.*, p. 20), using *like* as a conjunction; rhyming *there* and *are*, *care* and *are* (in the fashion of the Georgia "Crackers"), etc., etc. If only the expression was a musically-sounding one, sense — to him — might fly to the four winds.

What one notices, however, especially in Chivers, is his intense tenderness of soul and passionate devotion to his mother and children. It would be difficult to say how many of these hundreds of poems are consecrated to them, in lament, in elegy, in threnody, in every chord that Grief can strike or Sorrow conceive. "The Lily of Heaven," "The Violet in the Valley of Death," "To Allegra Florence in Heaven" — the titles run through the whole gamut of delirious lamentation, in every variety of metre. His muse is essentially elegiac: it dwells in Heaven, in Aidenn, far more than on earth, among the prosaic realities of the world. Reams of paper are filled with rhyming meditations of this kind: nearly all the poems in the 1837 volume are of the Scriptural, elegiac, or devotional character; one of them incidentally fixes the date of the poet's birth, which is inaccurately given in all the manuals. On p. 90 of this volume (1837) he addresses a poem "To My Precious Mother, on the anniversary of my Twenty-Fifth Year," and subscribes it "written at Philadelphia, October 18, 1834." One curious poem of 1833 in this collection, entitled "Medora of Ultramontane," has the refrain,

"Come, hear sweet Medora sing ultramontane."

The peculiarly Poëtsque words "Aidenn," "Auber," "Weir," are never used in the first three Chivers books, but are abundantly employed in "Eonchs of Ruby" (1851) and "Virginalia" (1853): volumes saturated with Poc.

Incidentally the present writer must incur the gratitude of etymologists for discovering the meaning of "Eonch"—horn, shell: if, indeed, it is not a misprint for conch.

"In the May-Morn, when I sought her,
 Freely to know,
 From the acromatic [sic] water,
 Ruby-tinct, low,
 Did this Dian, Heaven's sweet Daughter,
 Bring to me now
 This sweet Eonch, which I taught her
 Loudly to blow." (p. 60.)

Again :

"In the sweet time that was floral,
 With her lips so —
 She this Eonch of sweet coral
 Loudly did blow." (p. 60.)

The field of Chivers' metaphors is one that no rhetoric or rhetorician could adequately cover: they would require a separate appendix by themselves. Still, our readers might like to obtain one glimpse of the amazing enginery used by this poetical soul:—

And Lena was divinely fair,
 But he had swapp'd her for despair.
Alamo, p. 125.

He dug his heart a cruel ditch,
Because his parents made him rich.

Alamo, p. 125.

Grapes of glory there to gather,
In the bosom of the Father.

Eonchs of Ruby, p. 21.

Byron, that Bird of Jove,
Perched on the Andes of immortal fame!

Ibid., p. 38.

Chivers' vocabulary is often as singular as his metaphors. Here are a few of his words and word-combinations: "Cydonian suckets," "melphonic rhyme," "Chrysomelian Hours," "Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns," "Corybantine Hours," "Conchimarian Horns," "empyrean heights," "diaphane dew," "hyaline," "azure sound," "dædal," "earthquake of sweet joy," "Miriam jubulations," "red-litten," "anastasis," "Christ-couching of our mortal sight," "Ouphantic fairies," "choirs of Cherubinal Willows," "Edenic," "pyrotechnical joy," "the luscious vineyard of her clustering curls."

"So do I hope to gather golden grain
Into the Adamantine Pyramid Bins
Of Heaven."

Usna, 44.

"I feel these inspirations are
But tokens from above,
To lift my parting spirit near
The paradigms of love."

The Dying Poet, p. 47.

Occasionally a highly poetical expression or passage occurs :

“ For now it seems
As if the words were syllabled in stars
Of living light.”

Death of Time, p. 32.

“ Brother, in the fleecy bankments of the sky,
No angels lean to listen to the soul that now repines.”
The Soaring Swan, p. 37.

This last poem is exceedingly poetical and has evidently influenced Rossetti.

“ For they [waves of melody] shall fall as soft upon
that lake
As if an angel's hand had stricken them
From out the leaning rainbows, which were made
A rainbow-harp, whose seven strings were hues.”
The Soaring Swan, p. 39.

In 1842 Dr. Chivers wrote a poem addressed to
“ Allegra Florence in Heaven ” which we reproduce
in full as the Chivers school claim it to be the “ original ” of “ The Raven ” written in December, 1844,
and printed in 1845.

TO ALLEGRA FLORENCE IN HEAVEN.

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS.

"My life, my joy, my food, my all-the-world." — *Shakspeare.*"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me." — *Bible.*"But the grave is not deep — it is the shining tread of an Angel
that seeks us." — *Jean Paul Richter.*

WHEN thy soft round form was lying
On the bed where thou wert sighing,
I could not believe thee dying,
Till thy angel-soul had fled;
For no sickness gave me warning,
Rosy health thy cheeks adorning —
Till that hope-destroying morning,
When my precious child lay dead !

Now, thy white shroud covers slightly
Thy pale limbs, which were so sprightly,
While thy snow-white arms lie lightly
On thy soul-abandoned breast ;
As the dark blood faintly lingers
In thy pale, cold, lily fingers,
Thou, the sweetest of Heaven's singers !
Just above thy heart at rest !

Yes, thy sprightly form is crowded
In thy coffin, all enshrouded,
Like the young Moon, half enclouded,
On the first night of her birth ;
And, as down she sinks when westing,
Of her smiles the Night divesting —
In my fond arms gently resting,
Shall thy beauty to the earth !

Like some snow-white cloud just under
Heaven, some breeze has torn asunder,
Which discloses, to our wonder,
Far beyond, the tranquil skies ;
Lay thy pale, cold lids, half closing,
(While in death's cold arms reposing,
Thy dear seraph form seemed dozing —)
On thy violet-colored eyes.

For thy soft blue eyes were tender
As an angel's, full of splendor,
And, like skies to earth, did render
Unto me divine delight ;
Like two violets in the morning
Bathed in sunny dews, adorning
One white lily-bed, while scorning
All the rest, however bright.

As the Earth desires to nourish
Some fair Flower, which loves to flourish
On her breast, while it doth perish,
And will barren look when gone ;
So, my soul did joy in giving
Thee what thine was glad receiving
From me, ever more left grieving
In this dark cold world alone !

Holy angels now are bending
To receive thy soul ascending
Up to Heaven to joys unending,
And to bliss which is divine ;
While thy pale, cold form is fading
Under death's dark wings now shading
Thee with gloom which is pervading
This poor, broken heart of mine !

For, as birds of the same feather
On the earth will flock together,
So, around thy *Heavenly Father*,
 They now gather there with thee —
Ever joyful to behold thee —
In their soft arms to enfold thee,
And to whisper words oft told thee
 In this trying world by me !

With my bowed head thus reclining
On my hand, my heart repining,
Shall my salt tears, ever shining
 On my pale cheeks, flow for thee —
Bitter soul-drops ever stealing
From the fount of holy feeling,
Deepest anguish now revealing,
 For thy loss, dear child ! to me !

As an egg, when broken, never
Can be mended, but must ever
Be the same crushed egg forever —
 So shall this dark heart of mine !
Which, though broken, is still breaking,
And shall never more cease aching
For the sleep which has no waking —
 For the sleep which now is thine !

And as God doth lift thy spirit
Up to Heaven, there to inherit
Those rewards which it doth merit,
 Such as none have reaped before ;
Thy dear father will, tomorrow,

Lay thy body, with deep sorrow,
In the grave which is so narrow —
There to rest for evermore !

Oaky Grove, Ga., Dec. 12, 1842.

Is there anything in the above poem even remotely resembling the music, the mystery, the fantastic horror, the weird beauty and the elements of subtle charm which have preserved "The Raven" for immortality ?

Poe has confessed in the frankest manner that the metre of the single line in "The Raven" was not original with him ; that it had been used repeatedly before, and was suggested in his particular use by a line in Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

"The late Buchanan Read," (says Mr. J. H. Ingram, I., 276) "informed Robert Browning that Poe described to him (Read) the whole process of the construction of his poem, and declared that the suggestion of it lay wholly in a line from 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.'

"'With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain,' etc."

"Of course" (says Poe in "The Philosophy of Composition"), "I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm, or the metre of 'The Raven ;' what originality 'The Raven' has is in their [the forms of verse employed] *combination* into stanzas ; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted."







